

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 21

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ld.) Proprietors. }
Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1893.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. } Whole No. 281
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Around Town.

The Protestants of New Brunswick are alarmed lest their victory over the Separate schools is likely to be nullified by the machinations of the Catholic clergy of that province. Just what the meaning of the local fight in Bathurst, N.B., is, is of slight importance to the people of the Dominion, but if there is a determined effort being made by clerical influences to nullify our secular and national school system it is everybody's business. Even the *Globe*, which is not apt to become alarmed when the interests of its Roman Catholic allies are concerned, had reason to deal extensively with this subject in last Monday's issue. These alarms do the country no good and if I as a Protestant am permitted to make the suggestion, can ultimately do the church of Rome no good. If the priests and people who are guided by the Papal will are to be suspected of continually conspiring against a non-sectarian school system, they cannot be regarded favorably by those who would be glad to have this everlasting broil left out of their daily life. We have enough to worry us in getting through this world without being tortured and tormented and harassed by the over zealous people who think they know the only way to get to heaven. If we are conducting ourselves so as to be worthy citizens of the glorious hereafter we are very apt to get there no matter along what road we are traveling, and it does not seem to me worth while that the public should be nauseated with doctrines and arguments, that a child should be loaded with prejudices and separated from its natural playmates in order to please a priesthood of any sort. I am too tired of this question to deal with it patiently. The whole thing is based on superstition; it is a feud aggravated by agitators; the profit finds its way to the pockets of those who preside and the damage is all assessed against the Dominion. I have no objection to any man or woman having peculiar views as to the shortest cut to the golden gates. I have my own notions with regard to it, that we are the ones concerned and individually we are struggling for the same object; we all want to gather under the Tree of Life and within sight of the Great White Throne. I do not know that this is an exact description of everybody's heaven, but I at least want to get some place where I can rest, where the sound of the timbrel and the harp and the glories of everlasting goodness and joy may be shared by my unimportant self with the people who have more or less successfully tried to mind their own business.

It is not a pleasant attitude to be forced to occupy in this life, that of everlastingly watching somebody force his opinion of getting to heaven into our politics. The result has been that politics and getting to heaven are just as far apart as the poles; the more religion we cram into our disputes the less religion we exemplify in our political conduct. People who enjoy disputes as to where heaven is or how to get there are entirely at liberty to spend all the time that is not necessary to earning a living in arranging for their future, but I do object to them arranging for mine. I object to having my civil rights interfered with by anybody and whether he be Anglican or Romanist, Presbyterian or Jew, his opinion of heaven is his own and the moment he begins to conspire with his co-believer either to control my opinion or to split the country into factions, I have a perfect right under the constitution and with a reasonably clear view of how we have to act in order to be neighbors to object. If the Catholic church desires to be a people apart from those amongst whom they live, the Catholic church is wrong politically though they may be right spiritually. If they want to have a country by themselves let them go to South America or Mexico, or take the south of Ireland, or Spain, or Italy, where everybody agrees with them as to the route to heaven. If they cannot be a part and parcel of this country politically and socially and educationally (outside of religion), let them move their children to a land where everything is unanimous. Meetings, too, which tend to disturb the peace of the community would then probably cease; party airs and fanatical flute players would no longer distract us.

We are too confoundedly religious in this country. Supposing the Catholics, who have such a dreadful anxiety to destroy our school system by splitting it in two, were to go to Spain, or Mexico, or Italy, what would they find? They would not be met by Protestantism, but by the opinion of the people that sectarian education is not within the province of the state. They could not claim to be persecuted there, and yet when we ask to have these things settled and to have them left settled, as the New Brunswick school question was settled, it is persecution.

I am not unwilling that they use every right that they have got by treaty or cunning. No citizen of this country cares a continental what a man's religion is if he behaves himself, but we do—and I think I speak for the majority on both sides of the religious line—want the subject dropped out of our politics. Perhaps the only way to drop it out is to fight it out. If so, let us fight it out and do it quickly. I am willing to be either a Catholic or a Protestant so long as I am left at peace. I have just as much belief in one as I have in the other; the two parties seem to be conspiring for political preferment more than for the safety of souls. But in the name of all that is good, why should every schoolhouse orator, every stump speaker, every man who

harangues the public be forced to drag religion into the discussion of drains and water courses, tariffs and treaties? What the dickens has it got to do with such matters?

Of course anyone who writes so freely about the subject will at once be set down as an infidel. A man is necessarily no such thing. I believe in God and the glorious mission of His Son, in religion and churches and in a future life, but I hate this confusing sectarianism; it is the curse of the earth. The Papal power at Rome has seen fit to re-organize itself in the United States, to liberalize almost by force the Ultramontanism of some of its bishops. It cannot too quickly interfere to prevent in Protestantism indirectly and Catholicism directly further encroachments in Canada upon what the people have decided

sick of it to stamp it all out?

One section of the Orangemen are condemning the other section because they are not sufficiently Protestant. An organization has arisen called the Protestant Protective Association, which is said to be more intensely partisan than the noisy North-of-Irelanders. Aldermen are elected, Assemblymen chosen, members of Parliament selected on account of the agility with which they trick these elements or trade on these religious and fraudulent cries. Professional religionists who could not buy a loaf of bread on credit or get ten days' option with a tailor, parade in the front of the political procession as guides and counselors and leaders of public thought. Without sectarianism these men would be making shoes or in the penitentiary, and yet our supersti-

honest man think in looking at it except that morals and religion are both but humbugs used by charlatans to mislead the populace? Those who are honest and believe what they believe, and refuse to be engaged in the petty strifes which are rending Canada from end to end, are denounced as heretics, as sceptics, as dangerous people, and yet nine out of ten believe in all the elements of Christianity and have too profound a respect for sacred things to view with anything but disgust, contempt and fear the war which is being waged by men who are without conscience and without fear of God. When the time comes, as it will come, these people who hate sectarianism will be found to be the most conservative element, to be the restraining power which will prevent scepticism and its attendant evils and vices from becoming dominant. When will the

and the neglect of citizenship in Canada will produce a similar result.
Don.

An interviewer on one of our evening papers the other day made a somewhat novel discovery in the shape of a wealthy farmer who was in town for the purpose of arranging for the college education of his sons, who, nevertheless, were designed to become farmers. It is not often that a man who has the money and the inclination to give his sons a college training is content to plan for them a future as agriculturists. It is the custom to suppose that all a farmer needs is physical strength, and farmers who possess this only and human intelligence in its uncouth state are the ones who most strongly uphold this view and put it into practice with regard to their sons. Such a man will have envied the good clothes and apparent leisure of the doctor, the lawyer and the minister, and he will give his three brightest boys an education, fitting them for the professions. His fourth son he will design for the farm, and all the schooling he will consider him in need of will be enough to enable him to sign his name to a mortgage and figure out the value of forty bushels of wheat at eighty-six cents a bushel. This is going on all over Canada. It is a saying that it's a mighty poor family that cannot support or a gentleman—the word gentleman signifying nothing more than good clothing and laziness. Agricultural machinery has done away with the necessity for more than one or two men for a hundred acre farm, and so a farmer sends all his sons but one into town. If he, by grinding and starving all upon the premises, including the dissatisfied boy who is kept at home to be the family drudge, can get together enough money, he will make one boy a doctor, another a lawyer and another a clergyman or school teacher. When he dies the mortgaged and run-down farm will be left to the son who stayed at home, who will also have debts and legacies to pay and sisters to provide for. The old man will not have nicely coiled off in his grave before this son, in whom the town fever has been sizzling all these years, will auction off his farm and all upon it and move into town. His little stock of money soon goes and he joins the immense army of starving unemployed.

It cannot be wondered at that farming is despised by farmers' sons, when every one of them who displays a little bit of more than average brightness is pronounced too good to follow the plow and is sent off to college, whence he occasionally swoops down upon his native settlement, wearing silk hats, canes and a cockney accent. The boys who stay at home affect to laugh at the airs of this glided creature, but in their hearts they envy his clothes and his cane, his easy time and that profanity of his, compounded with all the modern improvements and flavored with a spice of classicism. Nine fathers out of every ten possessing the means educate their sons for a profession, and although vast numbers of them go to the United States, still Ontario is swarming with lawyers and doctors, so that it may be said that there is but an average of half a practice for each practitioner. I believe that only ten per cent. of those who secure a special education are competent to succeed in specialties. It is better to give a boy a solid foundation of industry than anything else. If he has something in him it will mount up and carry him up. It is easier for a grown man to acquire a neglected education than for an educated and indolent man to acquire habits of industry.

In Germany the over production of professional men is more marked than it is here. The subject was discussed in a recent number of *The Forum*, where it was said that it has long been an axiom that the chief duty of the state is to make education easy, while now the problem has arisen as to what can be done with the educated. Taking the career of law in Prussia, it is found that there are eighteen hundred and fifty one men who have not only passed through the gymnasium and the university but have already served the state gratis for about five years, while the annual average demand is one hundred. There are more than seven thousand examined architects without any fixed employment; it is the same with engineers, teachers in classics, mathematics, etc. Most of these people crowd into the cities, and parents in the country, unaware of the true condition of affairs, keep sacrificing their sons on the altar of the genteel professions. It is said on positive authority that there are lawyers, physicians and doctors of philosophy among those who are regularly relieved by the Berlin Poor Board. This state of affairs is in its initial stages in Canada. But it is useless to write about it, or to give figures or to tender advice. A false glamour surrounds the professions which words cannot dispel. The whole course will require to be run here as in Germany, thousands living in educated beggary, vice, squalor and suicide. If a boy is taught agriculture or a trade and has commanding talents in him he will find his true position despite every obstacle, but if a boy is educated for a select profession he cannot find his true level in trade or agriculture. If he is a lawyer he descends until he becomes the accomplice of swindlers; if he is a doctor he turns his knowledge of medicine to account in perpetrating crimes against law and nature; if he is a clergyman he is rejected and booted about from one undesirable parish to another, losing his own faith in religion and bringing it into disrespect with others. The parent who would equip his son for the struggle of life and leave him free to attain his greatest possibilities should give him early habits of industry, self-reliance and such education as can be lacked thereto.
Mack.



BELLE OF THE BALL.

is the proper way of conducting our educational affairs.

We shall be torn up in this country into furious factions if this thing goes on. If the bishops countenance the continual conspiring and undermining of the priests, religion itself will be voted a curse and as in France the people may be led to sneer at everything that is supposed to be Godly. Talk about tariff if you will! Tariff does not divide the people of this country; it is creed. The meanness of those who desire to grow rich out of customs taxes is not to be compared with the destructive littleness of those who hanker for cheap glory in religio-political affairs. We are rent and torn by these factional feuds. Protestants as well as Catholics are guilty of the most destructive tactics. Priest and parson alike seem to think that we are to be herded and driven like a lot of pigs into a pen. When will the country get sufficiently

tions are worked upon to maintain them in power and to prolong what is nothing but an infernal contest.

Is it not enough to set the whole nation against religion? How can "pure religion and undefiled" exist in a community where it is so defiled by politics? What is the history of Italy, Spain, France, Latin America, but a story of infidelity, atheism! What other result can there be in Canada?

Of course Protestants blame the Catholics for it all, but they are quite as much to blame themselves. In season and out of season they are lugging it in, until the thoughtless and those whose faith is not well founded are beginning to laugh at the whole business as a farce. Prohibition, Protestantism, Catholicism, all of it is used as the toy of the partisan, as the tool of the pretender, as the trick of the deceiver. What must the

priests and preachers learn that they are preparing their own overthrow? When will it be understood that there is always a point, a period, when reaction follows excess?

The country is drunken with sectarianism. We are going through a debauch which can have but one end, the trembling uncertainty and nervousness, the suspicion and deceit of a constitution ruined, degraded, by too frequent potations from this cup of uncharity filled from the bottle of prejudice, partisanship and passion. Where does citizenship come in? Where did it come in in France? What was the result? After it being so long neglected, instead of them calling one another neighbor or friend it was always Citizen This and Citizen That. It was the neglect of citizenship, of proper, united citizenship that produced the Revolution, that produced the infidelity, the atheism of what was once a devoutly religious country,

A HIGH CLASS CONCERT

Written for Saturday Night by Rev. J. Smiley, M.A.

On every dead wall in Dinglewood, on the telephone poles, in the shop windows, in the hotels, and nearly everywhere where there was space to post them up, great streamers, as they are technically called, might have been seen with the above title in bold display type at their head.

The bill went on to announce that on January 27, 1893, a high-class concert would be given in the Methodist church, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, at which the chief attraction would be Prof. Warrington, the celebrated baritone, of Toronto, assisted by an attractive programme of local artists and artists.

In the meantime the ladies were at work like beavers, organizing the local talent, practicing and rehearsing for the occasion. The church was turned into a workshop, while a huge platform was being erected across the entire northern end. When erected it had to be carpeted, a grand piano provided, and a couple of alcoves constructed, one on either corner of the platform. These latter were works of art, with a scarlet curtain for the foundation, over which fell, in graceful festoons, lace curtains of the most delicate texture and the richest cream in color.

When all was in readiness no eye could look upon the platform without a sensation of pride in the work of the brains which had designed and the hands which had executed it. It seemed to glorify the church and more than one expression of pity was indulged in that it could not be left there perpetually just as it stood, to lend its added attraction to the ordinary Sunday services.

But there was one drop of wormwood and gall in the cup of the enjoyment of the ladies, which would otherwise have been sweet enough in the contemplation of their handiwork.

The flaming headline of the posters had provoked wide-spread and unfavorable criticism in the village. The "boys" who gather around the stove in the grocery of an evening would tilt up their noses skyward as they remarked: "H'm, a high-class concert d'y'e mind! I guess they don't want you 'r me there, Bob. But our quarters would be just as good as the toney feller's. All the same they're not a-goin' to get mine." And so said they all.

If there had been only a few who indulged in this species of criticism, little notice would have been taken of it. But it was declined and conjugated through all its moods and tenses, not only in the groceries but in the workshops, in the hotels, at the street corners, and wherever men do congregate. There seemed to be all but a universal disposition to misinterpret the heading and resent the idea which it seemed to imply that Jack is not as good as his master.

The ladies were in despair. "It's going to be a failure sure," was the spoken and unspoken thought in many a heart. All the same they did not relax their efforts one iota to make it a success.

When the tide of popular disapprobation was at its height, the Rev. J. Y. Miles, the Methodist minister, dropped into the telegraph office one evening and found himself among a nest of the "boys," who at once began to chaff him on the all-absorbing topic of the day.

"Here comes one of the high-class feller, boys. Guess we'd better keep a respectful distance," and they stampeded to the other side of the stove.

"All right, boys, I am just around taking the names of all who consider they belong to the low class in this community. I never would have put any of you among them, but you seem to put yourselves in that class. However, that I may be very sure you mean it, I will ask all who belong to the low class to hold up their hands."

Not a hand went up.

"Well then, I want to know how many of you have been to school?"

Every hand was raised.

"And how many of you can tell an adjective from a noun?"

Again every hand went up.

"Is high class an adjective or a noun?"

"An adjective."

"What does it modify?"

"Concert."

"And what is the concert? Is it the audience? Is it the performers? Or is it the music?"

There was no response.

"Do you give it up? Well, then, I'll tell you. There may be a high-class concert given by low-class performers, and listened to by a low-class audience. But in point of fact, we expect high-class music rendered by high-class performers and appreciated by a high-class audience, and we expect every one of you to be there."

That is all that was done to turn the tide. Whether it was a success or not, the sequel must show.

When at length the eventful evening arrived and the doors were thrown open to the public, there was no public to respond. With beating hearts and bated breath the promoters of the entertainment gathered around the stove in the church and awaited developments, too distrustful even to discuss the probabilities.

Ten minutes passed and about a dozen had arrived. Three minutes more, there were twenty. In fifteen minutes there were fifty. The mercury began to rise, then came a rush. The doors were blocked. The doorkeepers were more than busy making change, taking tickets and passing in the expectant throng. By eight o'clock every seat was filled. The draw seats were called into requisition, and the countenance of each several promoter of the entertainment was radiant with smiles.

But there would have been a larger crowd and broader smiles if everybody had known what was going to happen. Nobody, however, knew. Not even the principal actors.

These were Robert Denton and Nettie Carpenter, the tenor and alto of the village choir.

There had for a long time been an impression on the part of onlookers that these two were "keeping company." These impressions found expression in the usual amount of "chaff" to which either was occasionally subjected about the other. In a place where there is so little

to talk about as in a Muskoka lumbering village, imagination often furnishes a subject where there is very little foundation in fact.

In this case the foundation was so slight that neither of the parties themselves was aware of the fact, and the general public was considerate enough not to "chaff" them in one another's presence.

Robert Denton was just a workman employed as a shingle packer in one of the saw-mills which constituted the principal industry of the village. At this business he could earn about \$2.50 per day during the season. At the close of the cutting season he was much sought after as cook in one of the lumbering camps, where he could easily command \$40 per month and board.

He had saved a snug little pile of money. His associates were accustomed to speak of him with respect, the acme of which found expression in the belief that any day in the week he could lay his hand on \$500 or \$600 if he pleased.

But his financial superiority was not the only consideration that entitled him to respect.

First of all, he was a fine-looking specimen of a man. True, his hair was of the shade vulgarly called red, although the tint was only a suggestion of that malignant color. It might almost as accurately have been described as brown, but the true designation would have been auburn or golden. His complexion corresponded. It was that delicate combination of pink and white which never arrives at perfection except among the dimples of the fair sex. But in his case the only thing that marred its perfection was a number of rather large though faint freckles, which were invisible at long range.

But it was the muscular development of the man which, beyond all else, inspired the respect of his companions. Whenever there was a heavy lift Bob was as good as a team. He could play with the dumb-bells which hardly anyone else could raise to the shoulder. In boxing, jumping, football and all athletic sports he had no peer. In personal courage he seemed a stranger to fear. He would plunge into the rapids in the river without a moment's hesitation if a life was in danger, and had already saved two or three lives in this way.

In addition to all this he was a model of propriety as far as conduct is concerned. There was not only nothing rude or boisterous or profane in his language, but he was thoroughly gentlemanly in his deportment towards his associates, and very deferential, though bashful, in his intercourse with ladies. This feature of his character had its influence in elevating the tone of the entire camp life which had the good fortune to secure his service.

In the matter of dress he was fastidious almost to a fault. Indeed, most young men in the lumber camps are, that is, when they pretend to be dressed at all. It would be a revelation to many who are accustomed to think of them as little better than semi-savages, to see them out for a good time on the Queen's birthday, the Twelfth of July, Dominion Day, Sunday or any other holiday. Their clothing is of the best material and made up in the latest style; their boots of the finest calf; their hats of the softest and most expensive felt, and their linen immaculate. Many wear a heavy gold chain where it will show to most advantage. Even kid gloves not rarely adorn their hands, though it must be confessed they do not appear comfortable in them.

Robert Denton was all this and more, for unlike most of the others he was well dressed every day, even at his work, and it was a common thing to remark, as he sat in his place in the choir facing the congregation, that he was the best dressed man in the church.

And Nettie Carpenter, the boy's called her a "daisy," which expressed the ultimate of all that could be embodied in admiration and expressed in human language.

Was she a beauty? They would to a man have resented the question as an impertinence. Of course she was a beauty to their eyes at least, although candor compels us to confess that an artist might have pointed out several flaws in her features. She was almost a perfect contrast to Robert Denton. Petite in figure, though well and proportionately developed; hair dark as Erebus and eyes to correspond; a plain little face which no one would care to take a second look at unless they happened to see it lit up with animation, as it nearly always was. Then it was fascinating. You could see shining through it the soul as pure as an angel's. You could discover behind it a great, big, tender, womanly heart, and noble and lofty ideals of life and duty. She was better than a beauty a thousandfold. Her smile was pure, warm sunshine, her laugh like the music of the spheres.

She was the only daughter and the only child of a retired clergyman, who, for the salubrity of its climate, had taken up his abode in Dinglewood. She had a thorough training in music and French, besides the usual English branches, and by assiduous attention to a large class of pupils was able to more than double her father's income. But she was as humble and unaffected as a child. She would smile sweetly upon, and speak as pleasantly to, the roughest of the boys around the mill when meeting them on the street or elsewhere, as she would have done to the son of a duke if there had happened to be one within the circle of her acquaintance.

No wonder the boys worshiped her. But she seemed as far above their reach as the stars of heaven.

And Robert Denton was no exception. Ever since he had set his eyes on her he had been her slave. But he, too, realized the immeasurable gulf there was between them.

Yet she was kindness and affability itself. To all, without exception, this was true. But ever since Robert Denton had been in the choir it seemed to the jealous eyes of the rest of the boys that he had easily the inside track.

And yet they had no real foundation for this feeling other than that which their relative positions in the choir seemed almost to necessitate. His gentlemanly instincts would prompt him to find the places for her in the music books, to help her on with her wraps at the close of the service, and sometimes to see

her home.

This latter was the sole evidence upon which to base the gossip that they were "keeping company." Bob used to fervently wish it were true, and yet when any one would chaff him about her, his big hands would clench and the muscles about his mouth grow rigid as if he were about to resent as an insult to her the bare mention of her name by ignoble lips.

There were some, however, who encouraged him to try his fortune, and did their best to persuade him that a refusal was not by any means a foregone conclusion. The evidences on which this opinion were based were of the slightest. Still they were something. For instance, she would smile when chaffed about him, and instead of showing annoyance seemed rather pleased. And then some people had fancied she looked quite proud of him when standing by his side in a duet. But he was slow of heart to believe that she could waste a second thought on him.

This was the position of affairs on the eventful night of the high-class concert aforesaid. An elaborate programme was fluttering in the hands of the expectant audience. The chairman, who, by the way, was the local M.P.P., and who had contributed himself \$10 to the enterprise, after a neat little address introduced the first number, entitled Light and Gay, a sweet little chorus effectively rendered by the choir. This was followed by an instrumental duet, The Electric Polka, by two local artists. Then came the attraction of the evening, Prof. Warrington; True Till Death was its title, which was vociferously encored, as indeed were all his subsequent numbers. He obligingly responded by giving The March of the Cameron Men. Then came the episode on which this story is based.

The number next in order on the programme was a vocal duet, A, B, C, by Robert Denton and Miss Carpenter. This also was encored to the echo. After an interval during which the applause continued, they re-appeared in a Scotch piece in which the masculine lover is about to go back to Germany, and when it came in order for Miss Carpenter to sing:

"Be my guide man yourself, Jamie,
Be my guide man yourself laddie."

she was looking up at him with such ineffable love in her eyes and such special pleading in the tones of her voice that he quite forgot his part and lost his head, as we say. Instead of protesting that he had "a wife and bairnies three" in Germany, as everybody knows would have been the correct thing to do, he just stood a moment as if dazed, then opening his arms as if to clasp her, and apparently oblivious of the fact that five hundred pairs of eyes were gazing at him, he simply said:

"Good Lord, would you have me Nettie?"

Whether she allowed him to embrace her or not, the public was not allowed to witness, for the curtain was drawn abruptly, and whether they said anything more behind it or not does not matter to us, for it could not have been heard for the storm of applause which would have put a thunderstorm to the blush.

The balance of the programme was rendered as printed and voted a great success, except that the next number in which they were to appear was canceled and they remained for the balance of the evening invisible.

Speculation was rife during the week as to whether anything would come of it. On Sunday they were both in the choir as usual, just as if nothing had happened. If anything did happen other than what we have chronicled, nobody was any the wiser. But it was very evident to all that they were not any the worse friends on account of it.

There is this to be said, however, in addition. Robert Denton is superintending the erection of a new house for himself, which is to be finished by the middle of May, and Nettie Carpenter has given notice to her pupils that she will not teach any more at the end of the current quarter. It is also said that one of the shingle mills will be owned and operated during the coming summer by Denton & Co.

The one thing we are certain of is that the high-class concert was a great success after all, and the other, although we are not quite so certain of it, is that there are no low-class people in Dinglewood.

A Nonbeliever.

"Do I believe in signs, and luck, and superstitions, and all that blooming nonsense? Of course not," said fat and jolly Henry Thornburgh at Hurst's hotel to a group of philosophers. "I have some sort of respect for the people whose superstition is a religion. The Egyptians, who worshiped the dog and cat, and even the crocodile; the Romans, who put their faith in divination and oracles and magical power of amulets; the Greeks, who deified bees and ants; even the mysteries and absurdities of astrology and alchemy all have my

Outraged Love.



"Go Gladys Ethelwynne! basely have you betrayed your plighted troth. And for whom? A richer suitor forsooth! but remember—when the vain affections of pomp and fashion pall, and when satiated with the empty pleasures of wealth and luxury—remember then with remorse, the heart you have so cruelly broken."

sympathies and at least respectful consideration.

"But the horrors of the dreadful figure 13 and the fears some people have of making one of that number; the refusal to start a journey or undertaking on Friday; all sorts of ghosts and spectral warnings, with second sight, etc., have my supreme contempt. I have known men to shudder upon seeing two magpies at the same time; a friend of mine left my table not long ago because one of my children spilled some salt while moving his plate; one of the firm in our house would rather suffer fine and imprisonment than to put on his left shoe first when he gets up in the morning. And in most respects these people are all sensible people. Stop! Don't walk in front of me; there's a pin on the floor right there with its head toward me. You say what of it? Why, don't you know it is a sign that— What's that? Superstition! Oh, well, you know there are some things— Well, all right. Shut up! What'll you have?"—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Rurally Buscoid



Farmer Fodderstraw—Just keep yer eyes glued on that bull, friend.

Cooley (the drummer)—What's he going to do?

Farmer Fodderstraw—He sheds his horns every once in a while, an' if I ain't mistaken this is his day.—Judge.

A Family Privilege.

Polly had been making herself a general nuisance in the kitchen all the morning. At last Bridget, who had a bad temper, could stand it no longer. "Get out o' here, you sassy little brat, you!" she cried. Little Polly drew herself up with some dignity. "I never allow anyone but my mother to speak to me like that," she replied.

W. LAUDER & CO.

Successors to J. Evelei & Co.

39 King Street West

THE LEADING HOUSE FOR

FINE TRUNKS

AND

TRAVELLING BAGS

All Kinds of Traveller's Requisites.

Pocket Books

Shopping Bags

Dog Collars

Repairing in all Branches

Telephone 7914.

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

General Steamship and Tourist Agency.

Different Canadian and New York Trans-Atlantic Lines, Local European and Foreign travel. Personally conducted on independent tours as passengers may elect.

72 Yonge Street, Toronto.

MISS PATON

Is now prepared to offer her friends and patrons artistic, fashionable Parisian Dinner and Evening Dresses at her Fashionable Dressmaking Parlors at

R. WALKER & SONS,

33 to 43 King Street East.

R.M. MELVILLE

Toronto General Steamship Agency

28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD BRANDS

CIGARS

MUNGO - - - - 5c.

CABLE - - - - 5c.

EL PADRE - - - 10c.

AND

MADRE E HIJO 10 & 15c.

The Best Value

The Safest Smoke

The Most Reliable

THE PUREST OF THE PURE

NO CHEMICALS

NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING

THE BEST VALUE

Swell Shoes

McPherson's Specialty

WE CLAIM FOR THIS HOUSE

The Most Glove-like Fit

The Nattiest Style

The Best Value

GEORGE MCPHERSON

186 YONGE 186

LOOK! LOOK!

Everybody should go and see the grand display of

Plants AND

Cut Flowers

Fresh from Brampton Greenhouses daily.

GRAND SHOW OF HYDRANGEAS

ALL PRICES

H. DALE

238 Yonge Street Telephone 783

REMOVAL - - ELDRIDGE STANTON

Has removed his Photographic Studio to

11 King Street West

1892 MODEL

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

Machines Rented. Operators Supplied

Telephone 120

GEO. HENCOUGH

10 12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

ATHLETE

AND DERBY

CIGARETTES

ARE

The Sweetest of the Sweet

The Purest of the Pure

The Best

D. RITCHIE & CO.

MONTREAL

MARTIN McMILLAN

GROCER

Tel. 641 431 Yonge St.

I have just received my first consignment of

MAPLE SYRUP

From the best Quebec makers.

My TEAS and COFFEES are unequaled for flavor, with prices to suit all.

pongor, with narrow bands bodice cut in blue and blue fastening; with hat with other pretty pink cashmere cascades of cr Watteau back lace, and shou garniture finis A carriage d dark violet velvet skirt, with p draped with v corselet of v colored silk a metallic cord. made by Miss chic trousseau

Some lovely gree, were tu prominent of some copper ar sleeves, and tr was destined fied presence v ffection. A r costume was bands of metal meeting in a sh blonde beauty costume.

The new glo split of the s vogue. Every match the spi egg yellow Jo vernal good th yard. Delicat shades are al shades. The t the white or and stitching and, the pun large flat all These come l bound to be in and quite the r Paris Glove St of all these sty gloves, both h much liked fo ing suits so m

Everyone wh the spring mee out the latest and capes. So these articles department. I must be enorn their gignot, re the pretty bodi and body-form whole length cape, of cloth v lining, is anoth when a slight little cape of s and a pale, co various rich d

The styles in devoid of the p ly. Soft outl and sometimes are shown; the "half mast," s stylish women artistic arran bun." The ten is decidedly to pokes and lowe if some kind f horror of the season is over, and little han ing to prophe the sensible tal shirt waist and

Carlsbad is t usual beauty two hundred t

Forty thous admission to Pope's Golden

Queen Victo celebrated pal The Roll call

The Khediv Vienna and s England. On adopted the K

The Pope of recently: "Mi men in activ the ones who l

Dr. Hamilto Anderson Nav offely ill at th step-daughter, declining year

Mademoisel comparable Je gree of her fr She has been her native S nounced succe

Miss Anna G 1, to carry out tain at the W fountain is un a little girl of thirty multitu

Mrs. Schult and convicted ancient penal Jersey, was

Bridal Finery.

SEVERAL very elegant gowns have been turned out during the last fortnight for Toronto brides, and a few have also been sent out of town. Let me tell you of some of these pretty things. A morning dress, for the shopping hours, of ecru pongor, with a wide skirt trimmed with three narrow bands of bias navy blue satin, the bodice cut in an Eton jacket, with revers of blue and blue cuffs, large flat pearl buttons as fastenings; with this frock goes a rustic straw hat with standing bows of blue velvet. Another pretty confection was a tea gown of shell pink cashmere with accordion pleated front and cascades of cream Irish point on either side, a Watteau back and high collar finished with lace, and shoulder bretelles of the same pretty garniture finished a bright and dainty negligee. A carriage dress of soft gray cashmere and dark violet velvet was formed of an umbrella skirt, with panels of velvet; the bodice was draped with wide Bourdon lace, the cuffs and corslet of violet velvet, faced with canary colored silk and the edges finished with a metallic cord. These three stylish gowns were made by Miss Paton, and formed part of a very chic trousseau.

Some lovely gowns, rich and elegant to a degree, were turned out by Stitt for the most prominent of Toronto's beau monde. A hand some copper and black whipcord silk, with gigot sleeves, and trimmings of black velvet and jet, was destined for a grande dame whose dignified presence will well become the stately confection. A remarkably delicate and dainty costume was of heliotrope red, with lovely bands of metallic embroidery on the wide skirt, meeting in a shaped point on the front gore. A blonde beauty will wear this suitable and rich costume.

The new gloves are almost all in suede, in spite of the attempt to bring glace kid into vogue. Every shade imaginable can be had to match the spring frocks. Spinach green and egg yellow jostle each other, suggestive of vernal good things and enterprise in the hen yard. Delicate blues, heliotropes and old rose shades are also shown, arranged in assorted shades. The most novel and pretty fancy is the white or colored suede with vamps and stitching of some contrasting color, and the pure white outing glove with large flat silver, pearl or black buttons. These come in four-button lengths and are bound to be in great demand, being very stylish and quite the newest thing in hand wear. The Paris Glove Store shows a lovely assortment of all these styles, and also a lot of glace gauntlet gloves, both laced and buttoned, which are much liked for the neat tailor-made and morning suits so much worn at present.

Everyone who intends being in the swim at the spring meet of the Jockey Club is looking out the latest designs in mantles, box coats and capes. Some pretty designs are seen for these articles in Walker's immense mantle department. If any sleeves are possible they must be enormous to enclose the gown, with their gigote, revers and bretelles, and not crush the pretty bodice. Therefore sleeves are ample and body-forms loose and generally open the whole length down the front. The tri-fold cape, of cloth with its changeable or plaid silk lining, is another style which obtains for days when a slight wrap is comfortable. A chic little cape of silk velvet with a Columbus frill and a pale, contrasting lining, is shown in various rich dark shades.

The styles in bonnets and hats are generally devoid of the perk effect which obtained lately. Soft outlines in pokes, with ample brim and sometimes even a wee curtain at the back, are shown; these styles go with the coiffure at "half mast," so to speak, and some of our stylish women have already adopted the in-artistic arrangement of hair known as "the bun." The tendency in coiffure and headgear is decidedly toward the wide brims, forward pokes and lowered hair of fifty years ago, and if some kind fate does not interfere the old horror of the chignon will arrive before the season is over. The wide skirts, shoulder frills and little handkerchief bags are here according to prophecy, but only intermittent with the sensible tailor-made dress and the blessed shirt waist and Eton jacket styles.

LA MODE.

Individualities.

Carlebad is to have a new bath-house of unusual beauty and elegance, which will cost two hundred thousand dollars.

Forty thousand people were unable to gain admission to the recent celebration of the Pope's Golden Episcopal Jubilee.

Queen Victoria has consented to loan the celebrated painting by Lady Butler, entitled *The Roll Call*, to the World's Fair.

The Khedive of Egypt was educated at Vienna and spent some time in Paris and in England. On his return home he sensibly adopted the European manner of living.

The Pope of Rome is reported to have said recently: "Mr. Gladstone and I are the oldest men in active public life, but we seem to be the ones who have the most new ideas."

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, step-father of Mary Anderson Navarro, is reported to be very seriously ill at the English home of his famous step-daughter, with whom he is passing his declining years.

Mademoiselle Lind, a young cousin of the incomparable Jenny Lind, inherits at least a degree of her famous relative's musical charm. She has been singing in Paris this winter in her native Swedish and French with pronounced success.

Miss Anna Gordon sailed for America on March 1, to carry out her plans for a children's fountain at the World's Fair. The design for the fountain is unique and beautiful, representing a little girl offering a cup of cold water to the thirsty multitudes.

Mrs. Schultz, of Hoboken, was recently tried and convicted of being a common scold. The ancient penalty for this offence, at least in New Jersey, was a dip in the ducking-stool; but

Mrs. Schultz was simply reprimanded severely and fined by the judge.

On a recent stormy day the girl students of Ann Arbor University, Michigan, appeared dressed in the Jennes-Miller "rainy-day costume," which has skirts reaching half-way between the knee and ankle, and long gaiters covering the shoe-tops and extending to the knees.

If the circus is to be taken seriously, what an era of dullness will follow. In a certain Southern State a bill has been introduced into the legislature by the provisions of which circus companies are to be forbidden, in that State, to exhibit pictures of feats which they do not perform.

Minnie Hauck, one of the real old-timers of the operatic stage, has returned to this country with her husband, a French cook—who insisted on having her life insured against assaults of American Indians—a train of German maids, and a wonderful set of silver plate which she says was presented to her by the Casarina.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, a negress who is also a sculptor, has been commissioned by the negro women of Alleghany, Pa., to execute a statue for the World's Fair. She has selected as her subject Phillis Wheatley, an educated negro woman who lived in New England a century ago. Miss Lewis is now at work upon the statue in Paris, France.

Miss Anna Larson, a Swedish country girl who some years ago emigrated to this country, last fall returned to her native town with a diploma as physician earned at a woman's medical college. She is now perfecting herself in medicine and surgery under competent instruction, and intends when through to go as American missionary to China.

Miss Jennie Farwell, who last year went to Santiago as art teacher for the mission school there, writes enthusiastically of the warm interest shown in china painting among her pupils. They had no idea that such beautiful effects could be produced; and her exhibition of hand-painted china, the first ever given in Chili, received full and appreciative notice in two Spanish newspapers.

Miss Jewett, whose stories of New England life have made her famous, contrary to the custom of most writers does her work in the afternoon; she usually devotes four hours to a sitting, turning out an average of between three and four thousand words per day. Sometimes, of course, the amount is much greater. She is very systematic, and her story is usually formed in her mind before putting it on paper.

Camilla Collett, the Norwegian writer, who has been called the "Mademoiselle de Sevigne of Norway," was eighty years old a few weeks ago, and a great festival was held in Christiania to celebrate the day. She has worked all her life for the enfranchisement of women. Henrik Ibsen was present at the banquet given in her honor, and the town was illuminated by a long procession of students bearing torches.

Mrs. Cleveland has a private secretary at the White House. This assistant, who was recommended by Mrs. Whitney, is a Mrs. Tuomey of Washington, a widow, who has traveled a great deal and is mistress of several languages besides English. It is said she has arranged with Mr. Cleveland to attend to his voluminous correspondence of the social side of the White House for the sum of two thousand dollars a year. She is to be engaged between the hours of nine and two each day.

The Japanese Major Fukushima has just completed his much spoken of ride across Asia. The Major reports that his journey was comparatively easy until he entered China, where often he was forced to go without food or shelter. While sojourning among the Mongolians he slept always with his sword and his loaded revolver at his side. Between Altai and Urga, a distance of 1,240 miles, he took only four days of complete rest. For fifty days he rode almost without interruption, taking only occasional catnaps in the tents of Mongolian wayfarers. During his rides by night he contrived to keep his way by following the line of the telegraph.

No Cause for Tears.



Kind Old Gentleman—What are you crying for, little boy?
The Little Boy—Oh, my!—the parrot got out of the cage and—and—I'll catch it when—I—
Kind Old Gentleman (in disgust)—Catch it when you get home! Well, why don't you go home and catch it! What are you standing bellowing here for!—Puck.

Ungrateful.

"Our lives are full of disappointments," remarked my friend, the surgeon, who is famous for his ability to joke with patients of any nationality in their own language and make them forget their misery for the time. "And I thought up to last week that I had had my full share of them."

"Now I believe that I am way over on my allowance. See if you do not agree with me."

"Early last summer," he began, "a charming young lady was brought to my office from a Western state in a pitiable condition. She had dislocated her ankle some months before, and from unskilled treatment it had been put in such a shape that I thought at first that amputation might be necessary. She was wasted



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

BUILDING SALE

Contractors are hard at work, somewhat to our discomfort, for it means the moving and handling of immense stocks unless you handle them for us. Pay you to do it at the price.

Oxford Tan Shoes; children, 65c; misses, 75c; ladies, 90c.
Fine line Men's Tan Shoes, \$1.25.
Ladies' Felt Handbag, self-closing, many colors, 25c.
Men's Bathinggown underwear, 45c, regular 75c goods.
Ladies' Cotton Hose, absolutely black, 2 pairs 15c.
Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.
English Linoleum, 30c. square yard.

Ladies' Capes \$1.75, New Coats \$3.

These are the New Mantle Stocks. We're sacrificing the price of every mantle in the house—spring stocks just opened.

Children's Reefers, new, \$1.
Ladies' Print Wrappers, 85c.
Rilk Striped Delaines, 25c, regular price 50c.
44 in. Scotch and English Tweeds, 50c.
42-in. shot & flocks 50c, regular price 65c.
Fancy prints, English, 5c; great values 7 1/2c.
A visit to the Millinery Rooms is a delight to the ladies. Building Sale prices rule for new millinery.
Order anything by letter.

R. SIMPSON

S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto.
Entrance Yonge Street.
Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Miss HOLLAND

112 YONGE STREET,

(2 Doors South of Adelaide Street.)

On and after MONDAY, MARCH 20, I will be prepared to show a Choice and Well Selected Stock of MILLINERY, to which all ladies are cordially invited.



PROF. DAVIDSON
The well-known Chiropodist has returned from his trip. Those who are suffering from Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Toe Nails will find him at his Residence, 251 Jarvis Street.

AHEAD OF TIME!



That is the way every woman comes out with her washing who uses LESSIVE PHENIX. It does half the work by itself, and is not only the most economical and satisfactory articles for washing clothes, but cleans and brightens everything in the house—floors, cupboards, sinks, pots and tinware, silver and glassware. Ask any grocer for sample packages.

away to seventy-five pounds and a mere wreck of her former self.

"I was luckily able to save the foot and bring her back to perfect health, and she blossomed into one of the prettiest girls I have ever seen. She and her mother called on me to say 'good-bye' recently, and she was in the highest of spirits. She danced around the room to prove that her ankle was perfectly strong again, and gave me this handsome silver inkstand for a remembrance. As I accompanied them to the stoop she paused on the upper step and took my hand again. 'Doctor,' said she, 'beyond the check which papa will send me and the eternal gratitude of mamma and myself, I feel that you deserve some further reward.' Leaning toward me she went on impressively. 'You deserve a reward that most men would risk their necks to gain! You deserve a kiss. Mamma, kiss him,' and before I could get the pucker out of my lips she was down in the street sending up at me the most tantalizing laugh I have ever heard."

"Yes, as I said before, we all have our disappointments. Try a little of this Burgundy."—*New York Herald.*

Incurable.

Visitor (in the asylum)—That seems to be a rather intelligent-looking man. What's his delusion?
Attendant—He is afraid he's going to live to see his son break his will so that all his property won't go to the lawyers.

He's no Pugilist.

"What makes you think he's not a pugilist?"
"I heard to-day that he had declined a theatrical engagement."

ESTABLISHED 1843.

De Score & Son
LADIES TAILORS
77 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MODERATE PRICES.

TELEPHONE 1289

Misses E. & H. Johnston

MODES

122 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE

Mrs. THORNHILL

EARLY SPRING BONNETS

The Newest Turbans and Walking Hats, Evening Bonnets, Veils, Laces and Nets.

374 1/2 Yonge Street

TORONTO

Miss Paynter

103 KING STREET EAST

(Over Ellis' Jewelry)

has just returned from New York after procuring the newest and most fashionable novelties in

MILLINERY

The ladies are cordially invited to call and see our splendid assortment.

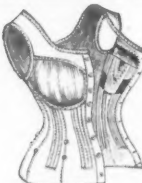
Dressmaking Department in connection.

ARTISTIC : DRESSMAKING

MRS. J. P. KELLOGG, 636 Church St.

Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty

High class costume after French and American measurements.



THE AMERICAN

Corset and Dress Reform Co.

318 YONGE STREET

Having secured the exclusive agency of the Jennes-Miller Patterns, also the control of the Geo. Frost Dress Reform Waist, respectfully invite the inspection of the same, Yviant Union Suits in all styles.

PEMBER'S HAIR STORE

127 Yonge Street.

Ladies desiring their hair Trimmed, Singed, Shampooed, Dressed, will receive perfect satisfaction and Latest Styles at PEMBER'S, 127 Yonge Street.

Bleaching and Dyeing a specialty.

A full line of (hair goods) Bangs, Waves, Wigs and Switches, made only from finest 1st quality cut hair.

A large assortment of Hair Ornaments in Latest Designs.

W. T. PEMBER

Telephone 2315 127 Yonge St.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE

"MONSOON" TEAS

Indian and Ceylon

The most delicious Teas on the market.

STEEL, HAYTER & CO.

Why Buy a Boot or Shoe that Does Not Fit

Why punish yourself in attempting to form your foot to a boot or shoe?

We make our Boots and Shoes from 2 to 6 different widths.

ASK FOR THE

J. D. KING CO., Ltd

Perfect Fitting Goods

AND BE HAPPY



"UNEQUALLED"

IS THE VERDIOT

OF

All Those Who Have Used the

STANDARD

DRESS BONES

The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior satin. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.

Ask for Them

They are the Best

SOLD BY

All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE.

Ladies' Fashionable Postiches

In Fringes, Bangs, Puffs, Curls, Chignons, the Long Hair Switches and Branches. Ladies' and Gent's Wigs and Toupees made to order on shortest notice.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSING for Weddings, Balls, Concerts, Receptions, etc. Ladies' Hair Trimmed, Singed and Shampooed. SCALP AND HAIR SPECIAL TREATMENT after fevers, illnesses, etc.

Armand's Instantaneous Hair Coloring is the best preparation for restoring gray or bleached hair to their original color, \$3 00.

ARMAND'S PROGRESSIVE HAIR REGENERATOR is also a great improvement on the old fashioned compositions of Hair Restorer. It is not a dye, and positively does not contain any injurious drugs or sulphur. Regenerates any gray hair. It never fails. Price \$1.

Armand's Dermatological Department. Face Steaming, and Face Massage, External Skin Treatment and Manicure.

J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO., 441 Yonge Street and 1 Carlton. TELEPHONE 2108, TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

HAIR GOODS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN REQUIRING

WIGS, TOUPEES, BANGS

WAVES, SWITCHES, &c.

Should inspect our stock. The very latest styles in stock or made to order. Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors always open. Only first-class artists employed. Hair ornaments of all kinds. Prices low.

AT

DORENWEND'S

103 & 105 Yonge Street, Toronto

Send for illustrated catalogue.

BARBOUR'S

Linen

Threads

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

FRENCHMADE

Social and Personal.

The dance given by the Harmony Club at St. George's Hall on Monday evening last was one of the most enjoyable and prettiest of this season, the club's members, with few exceptions, appearing in their Falsa costumes. Miss Minnie Gaylord looked chic in the Russian uniform which Toronto play-goers admired at the Grand last week. Miss Beach wore a becoming white silk with pale pink Empire trimmings. Miss Tootie Howard was dainty in a short white gown with green ribbon trimmings. Miss Madge Doda, a graceful dancer, won much admiration. She wore a gypsy dress of rose satin and small *chapeau* of rose gauze. Our charming singer, Miss Jardine-Thomson, was *piquante* as a gypsy queen, other maidens of the dusky tribe being Miss Margaret Lash and Miss Parkyn. The Misses Hedley, Lya, Horetzki and Scott wore handsome court gowns with *coiffure a la poudre*. The Misses Crawford, Bostwick, Newbigging, Patterson, Loundes, Palmer, Thompson, Macdonald and Chadwick presented a pretty picture in their pure white bridesmaid gowns, with violet garniture. Miss Violet Seymour wore black and gold; Mrs. George Dunstan, a pretty evening gown of striped material; Mrs. Gus Foy, reseda green and black; Mrs. Peterson White and Mrs. Henry Daggan, palest pink silk; Mrs. Vankoughnet, pale blue satin-striped gauze; Mrs. Pringle was handsome in an Empire gown of white silk, with shoulder train and dainty touches of green on the corsage; Mrs. Nicholson, white pounce, with puffed sleeves of hunter's green velvet. Among those of the sterner sex were: Mrs. Boulton and Parkyn, Lieuts. Willis and Pringle, Messrs. Beatty, Chisholm, Minty, Nelles, Macdonald, Ritchie, Scovell, Rex Stovell, Wilson, Persae, M. Fahy, Fahy, Sweeney, Geddes, Kirk, Caniff, Ford, Gibson, Loundes, Muntz, Rundle, Mair, Hulme, Pegley, Donald, Hay, H. Daggan, George Dunstan, Wylie Grier, W. H. Cawthra and W. F. Rochester. At midnight a dainty supper was served by Webb, and throughout the evening Corlett supplied the music.

Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick, of the Merchants' Bank of Canada, Prescott, was recently in town. Rumor has it that he has won the heart of a St. Louis, Mo., belle, and there are whispers of a wedding in the near future.

Mr. Willie Dunsford has gone to England for his health, which has been unsatisfactory for some time past.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers, Rosedale, gave a family dinner on Tuesday evening as a farewell to Mr. W. Dunsford on the eve of his departure for England.

Mr. James Vance of Ingersoll was in the city for a few days last week.

A most successful entertainment was given on Wednesday evening by the members of the Sunbeam Club, at the residence of Mr. J. D. Edgar, in aid of the Old Folks' Home, 223 Elizabeth street. The members of the club who assisted were: The Misses Howland, Miss Sydney Stevenson, Miss Muriel Waitney, Miss Evelyn Robertson, Miss Ida Homer Dixon, Miss Constance Temple, Miss Helen Macdonald, Miss Florence Baird, Miss Esther Case, Miss Olive Page, Miss E. H. Wilkes, Miss Beatrice Edgar and Miss John. Miss Gzowski kindly gave her services as accompanist, and Miss Alma Parsons contributed a violin solo. A collection was taken up in aid of the Home, which was liberally responded to.

The fancy fete given in St. George's Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings of last week in aid of St. Stephen's schoolhouse was a great success in every respect. The programme commenced with a selection by the popular Trinity Banjo and Guitar Club, which received hearty applause. Miss Dottie Lamont, who wore a pretty pale green dress with violets, gave the Butterfly Dance in a most graceful manner. The March of the Nations followed, which was performed by a number of young ladies who were gowned to represent different nations, each carrying a flag. The Misses Florence Hicks, Minnie Clark, Katie Stewart, Tillie Connerly, Mary Morrison, Annie Andrews, Gussie Smith, Maggie Connerly, Ethel Hicks, Maud Chubb, Florence Armstrong, Florence Jones, Isabel Stewart, Evelyn Connerly and Maud Howard were those who took part in the march. Miss Francis, who sang a solo, wore a very becoming primrose colored gown with cream lace. Mr. J. Elgar Ebbels gave two recitations which were much appreciated. Miss Dinna Lamont danced the Highland fling with infinite grace. Mrs. A. H. Garrett sang charmingly; she wore a pretty gown of black lace with white flowers. Miss Mona Pyne in a pretty white and blue frock gave a little fancy dance and received great applause, as did also little Miss Beatrice Francis and Master Garnet Genereux in their quaint little dance. The last portion of the programme consisted of a comic opera entitled *The Foeman of the Yard*, which was written by Mr. M. de S. Wedd for the Ebony minstrels. It is needless to say how funny the opera is and how well all those taking part acquitted themselves. Mousie Fletcher in his musical selections brought down the house. Some acrobatic feats were given by the Vale brothers which were cleverly done and a source of great amusement to all present. The music during the evening was bright and pleasing. Among those in the audience I noticed: Mrs. Skae, Mrs. Mitchell, the Misses Shanly, Mrs. and Miss Francis, Rev. Mr. Broughall, Rev. V. Stevenson, Mr. and Miss Montizambert, the Misses V. and B. Mason, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Clark, D. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. R. A. Pyne, Mrs. and Miss Wedd, D. McArthur, Mrs. and Miss C. Harrison, Miss Strathy, Dr. Dawson, Mr. W. Minty, and Mr. Wade. Rev. G. Plummer was the accompanist and played very efficiently.

Mrs. Jas. Vance of Ingersoll is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. P. J. Durkin of 104 Borden street.

Among the two hundred lovely gifts at the Strickland Bright wedding was one from the staff of the Quebec Bank, a very elegant and costly piano lamp and music stand, which was much admired. Some of the guests were most

elegantly gowned, and among the many present I remarked: Mrs. Bright, in an exquisite gown of opal shot silk and Honiton lace, and carrying a bouquet of pink carnations; Mrs. J. P. Strickland looked beautiful and stately in a handsome gown of black silk and jet trimmings; Spanish lace cape and pale yellow poppies; Miss Violet Strickland wore a very pretty dress of mauve cloth with silver trimmings; Miss Hall of Peterborough looked extremely pretty in a dress of ashes of roses cloth and velvet, straw hat and pink carnations and feather box; Mrs. Sprague was in mauve and black lace; Mrs. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, in gray and blue; Mrs. Boulton wore black silk and lace cape; Mrs. Arthurs, a green brocade silk; Miss M. Arthurs was in golden brown and green; Miss Arthurs, in black and cream; Miss Boulton, in black and cream lace bonnet; Miss Boulton, in green and cream; Mrs. Murray wore tweed and brown velvet; Mrs. Donald Ridout was in black silk and jet; Mrs. Wadsworth, in gray and blue velvet cape; Miss Sybil Walker wore gray and silver with blue trimmings. The bride's going-away gown was a tweed tailor-made dress, brown coat and velvet cape and brown straw hat with pale pink poppies.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Jarvis, nee Kathleen Kerr, will be interested in hearing that Mr. Jarvis has been transferred from Tacoma to St. Paul, where they have taken a house on Laurel Grove avenue in the west end of the city.

Mr. J. C. Boyd of Simcoe was in town recently.

Miss Birdie Mason is visiting Miss F. Beatty of Abilene, Lambton.

D. Selwyn of Ottawa was in town the latter part of last week.

Mr. F. W. Part of Vancouver, B. C., was in the city last Saturday.

Mrs. S. T. Bastedo gave a pleasant At Home on Thursday of last week, in honor of Mrs. and Miss Hendershott of Thorold, who were her guests during the Easter holidays. Among those present were: Mrs. D. J. Macdonald, Mrs. W. G. Wallace, Mrs. R. G. Wilkie, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. G. W. and Miss Dunn, Mrs. Lud Cameron, Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. D. E. Cameron, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. A. E. Bastedo.

Mr. Albany P. Barr from Glasgow, Scotland, is in the city paying a short visit to his niece, Mrs. (D.) Patton of 19 Avenue road. Miss Eleanor P. Barr is also with Mrs. Patton, where she will remain for some time.

Lieut. George Hewitt, R.N., has been the guest of Mr. William Armstrong for the past week. He sails on Saturday for England to take command of the *Magpie*, ordered to the gold coast, Africa.

Miss Mabel Ince gave a five o'clock tea at her studio in the Confederation Life Buildings on Wednesday afternoon, and her visitors were charmed with a choice exhibit of china painting by the fair hostess.

A lovely reception was given at the Galbraith Academy on Thursday afternoon of last week. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick and party were present during the afternoon, and together with all the other guests, expressed great pleasure in the event. Long after the hour named on the cards of invitation had passed, the guests lingered, the orchestra discoursed sweet music, and the sounds of chatter and laughter filled in the intervals. The decorations of the corridors and reception-rooms were charmingly carried out by the ladies' committee, and a pretty buffet loaded with good things was set out upon the first landing, and the pleasure of the guests was greatly enhanced by the vocal selections contributed by Madame D'Auria and the violoncello solos of Miss Massie. Much interest was evinced in the exhibition of specimens of students' work, which included samples of all grades and classes. A small but very choice collection of paintings was also shown, which contained works from the studios of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid, Messrs. J. W. L. Forster, Hamilton MacCarthy, J. C. Forbes, C. N. Manley, Henry Martin, F. S. Challenor, W. A. Sherwood, F. M. Bell-Smith, L. R. O'Brien, and others. Nearly one thousand guests, numbering most of the elite of the city, were present.

Mrs. Baird of Grosvenor street gave a pleasant five o'clock tea on Tuesday, in honor of Miss Powell of Ottawa. Among those present I remarked: Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Hume Brown, Misses Leila Mackay, Jennings, Alice Howland, McTues, Parsons, Temple and Crombie.

Mrs. Haskett of 56 Murray street gave a pleasant card party and dance on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Miss Lena Schoff, Miss Wood, Miss Haskett, Mrs. A. M. Bunn, Mrs. Madlen, Miss Barnes, Miss N. Burns, Miss Anderson, Mrs. Al Byron, Messrs. Anderson, Byron, Pringle, McArthur, Griffin, Trent, Lennox, Ross, Rupert and Whatmough.

Miss Miln gave a very pleasant dance on Thursday week.

The dance given by the Young Bachelors' Club on Friday, April 7, was in every way a most enjoyable success. The handsome assembly room in the Confederation Life Building was prettily decorated with bunting, flags and flowers, and as merry a party as could be assembled danced to the seductive strains of Gilonna's orchestra. Caterer Snow provided a toothsome and tempting supper, and the floor, which was prepared under the supervision of Prof. Early, was in excellent order. The assembly was largely attended, the majority of the guests being decided debutants, and enjoying themselves with a vim and vigor which told of youth and good spirits in perfection. The nine rendezvous were indicated by the letters spelling "bachelor," an appropriate idea. The Young Bachelors' Club is a sort of reunion of several popular clubs, which have afforded their members much pleasure during the past season. The kindly attention and solicitude of the committee of management left nothing to be desired and won much commendation from the well pleased guests. I

regret that the very large number present forbids my giving a list of the guests this week, as so many other events have to be recorded. The president of the Young Bachelors' Club is Mr. H. J. Harris; vice-president, Mr. W. Fessenden; secretary, Mr. W. A. Porteus, and treasurer, Mr. A. B. Little.

Toronto society was more or less pre-occupied all of last week with the Harmony Club's presentation of *Falka*, which scored a signal success for that tuneful association. The idea of dividing the caste and choosing different individuals to represent successively the principal characters was a splendid one. The friendly rivalry resulted in an improved and more careful representation by both castes. The Harmony Club contains some of the sweetest and prettiest matrons and maids in Toronto, and they did look most charming in their becoming costumes. The convent girls in their Quaker gray gowns and dainty white capes sang their inimitable diagonal chorus with an accompanying powder puff pantomime in a most delightfully fetching way. The bridesmaids looked demure and dainty in simple frocks of white with violet wreaths. The Gypsies were picturesque and *piquante*, and the court ladies dignified and handsome. Miss Gaylord and Miss Beach coaxed Nunky Darling in a most captivating manner, and were each so good that comparison would be futile. Messrs. Baker and Rundle, who played on alternate nights the part of Arthur, each had enthusiastic admirers. I think many found the costume of the former more picturesque. As to the seneschal, everyone agreed that Gerald Pegley was without a possible double, and most people will remember him when they have forgotten every other character in the caste. Mrs. Nicholson and Miss Chadwick acted delightfully. The bonnie brides, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Jardine-Thomson, Miss Seymour and Miss K. Merritt, were a lovely quartette, any one of which would have suited the most fastidious bridegroom. Mr. Dunstan had no double—everyone knew why. Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Donald were a pair of incorrigible holy Pelicans, each funnier than the other. Not one of these players appeared, as is the usual happy style, labeled "amateur." They sang, acted and moved with ease and grace and many a professional could take pointers from them beneficially. The week's performance was a great success, and the caste, conductor and chorus were much commended.

Miss Tully gives a tea this afternoon in her studio in the Yonge street Arcade.

Private society functions were generally in abeyance during the week. A few small dances and afternoon teas were almost the only diversions of a strictly social nature. The Harmony Club performances, the Nordica concert, the Kleiser Star Course humorist, and the meeting of the Knights of the Maccabees, with the very capital comedy *Gloriana*, have each had their quota of interested and delighted attendants. The first entertainment has already been noticed; of the second, which we owe to the enterprise of Messrs. Suckling, it suffices to say that the sweet singer who was its greatest attraction was as beautiful in voice and as charming and winning in appearance and manner as ever. "Nordica is an angel," said an enthusiastic musical man, and his wife, who was sitting beside him, smiled her assent. Nordica isn't an angel, however, but one of the most delightful women Toronto ever welcomed, in the way Toronto does when it is pleased, and her singing is also intensely womanly, earnest and delicious. Her way of singing *When Love is Kind* was too fetching for anything, and every number was finished by a sigh of satisfaction from her audience. Lots of handsome women, lots of pretty gowns, and in consequence a perfect *parterre* of an audience greeted the diva. Madame Nordica wore a sumptuous gown of delicate blue satin, exquisitely brocade in panels, and with deep *berthe* of spangled lace. Diamonds flashed in her corsage and in her pretty golden brown hair, and from the topmost gleaming gem to the toes of her dainty blue satin shoes the singer was a sunny picture of gracious womanhood. Mrs. G. Allan Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, and a party of guests were in the north gallery, beautifully gowned, and among the audience were all the best known musical people of Toronto. The fifth annual convention of the Knights of the Maccabees included a fine performance at the Academy on Tuesday of several choruses and tableaux from *Judas Maccabees*, and contributions from talented soloists. I particularly admired the singing of the Handel Male Quartette. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. and Miss Kirkpatrick, the Misses Angus of Montreal and Commander Law were in the east stage box. The other boxes were filled to overflowing and the vast audience packed every available foot of room in the auditorium.

On Wednesday evening the Speaker's dinner took place in the beautiful quarters recently completed at the new Parliament Buildings. Those invited were: His Grace Archbishop Walsh, the Bishop of Toronto, Principal Caven, President Ludon, Chancellor Rand, Dr. Burwash, Mr. Justice Maclean, Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski, Mayor Fleming, Sir W. P. Howland, Hon. J. B. Robinson, Sheriff Mowat, Hon. A. M. Ross, Hon. S. C. Wood, Judge McDougall, Mr. G. R. Cockburn, M.P., Mr. William Christie, Mr. C. H. Ritchie, Q.C., Mr. Robert Jaffray, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. B. B. Oiler, Mr. D. Creighton, Mr. J. S. Williams, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., Mr. C. W. Bunting, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. John Dryden, Hon. R. Harcourt, Lieut.-Colonel Clark, Sergeant-at-Arm: Glackmeyer, Mr. A. S. Allan, M.P., D. McMahon, Mr. W. R. Meredith, Mr. A. F. Wood, Mr. James Clancy, Dr. Willoughby, Mr. J. T. Garrow, Mr. William Hart, Mr. W. Kerns, Mr. G. McKechnie, Mr. Charles McKenzie, Mr. E. F. Clarke, Mr. J. T. Whitney, Mr. G. W. Monk, Dr. A. McKay, Mr. D. Guthrie, Dr. Baxter and Mr. G. H. Smith, M.P.P.'s.

In connection with the visit to this city of the New York Symphony Orchestra on April 27, on the occasion of the concert of the Toronto Vocal Society, the following from a New York paper will be of interest: "The confidence and esteem in which Mr. Damrosch is held is best shown by the fact that an annual guarantee fund of \$50,000 has been subscribed for the establishment and maintenance of this orchestra as a permanent organization, so that hereafter each member will receive a stipulated salary. It is the first time in the musical history of New York that an orchestra has been endowed with a guarantee fund subscribed by leading citizens, which enables the conductor to engage the best players and keep them employed all the year round.

The Toronto Bicycle Club will be At Home to their friends on Wednesday evening next, at the club house, 346 Jarvis street.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances a number of interesting items are left over until next issue.

Spider and Fly.

The most satiated play-goer enjoys a really first-class spectacular show. Human nature must radically change before shapely women brilliantly costumed will pall on the public palate, and therein lies the success of all the entertainments of the Spider and Fly variety. This agreeable medley of feminine beauty, burlesque, pantomime, comedy and music will begin a week's engagement at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, opening at the matinee on Thursday afternoon and continuing Friday and Saturday, including Saturday matinee.

The show is far superior to that of last season. It is particularly commendable for its cleanliness. It is bright, handsome, witty and melodious. Its people are fine-looking and clever, its scenery all new and elaborate, and its music catchy and pretty.

One remarkable thing about this season's presentation of pantomime farce is a curtailment of its fairy lines, in the interest of both sense and expediency. The attempt to develop a plot in a composition which is nothing if not plotless, has been the blight of ten thousand similar productions.

Spider and Fly has nothing of the sort. Its people do disturb the air with an occasional outburst, but only enough to indicate that they are up to something.

The distinguishing feature of the performance is its wealth of pretty, elegantly costumed girls. Their marches, choruses, dances, etc., are all executed with excellent grace and the proper sprightliness. Their *ensemble* work is unusually good. The company is a large one and so good as to merit special attention which space will not permit.

Philharmonic Concert

The Philharmonic Concert to be given next Thursday evening is evidently intended to illustrate fully the finer and lighter work of the society. Handel's lovely serenata *Acis and Galatea*, from which selections will be taken, needs no recommendation. The miscellaneous part of the programme is also very carefully selected and will no doubt give great satisfaction. Mrs. Campbell, the leading soprano, is very highly spoken of and comes with first-class credentials. Solo numbers will also be given by Mr. Paul Morgan, Mons. Boucher and Messrs. Gorrie and Warrington. The reserved seat plan is now open at Nordheim's, and a liberal support of this parent home society is well deserved and should be afforded.

Gaze's tourist arrangements are more complete than ever, and judging from the success attending them and satisfaction given in the past, will be well patronized this season. Clergymen, professors and teachers who are contemplating taking a tour through England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland, Italy, etc., will do well to call on Chas. E. Burns, tourist agent, 77 Yonge street.

An invention of great apparent usefulness is on the market, Francis' Patent Loop Hooks and Eyes. Unlike other new departures in this direction they save time while producing a perfect result. The eye is the new feature of the Francis device; they are set to place instantly, and are arranged to be used upon either the edge of the opening in a garment or elsewhere. When used upon the extreme edge they make a perfect joining, as the draw is directly upon the edge of the opening, therefore there is no gaping open between hooks as when old style eyes are used. When used upon a flat surface they are quite invisible when hooked, are very firm and strong, and are much neater and easier to find and use than the thread loops or eyelets, besides the saving of work and silk thread. Bent hooks are used with the loops, no snap hook being necessary, as they do not come unfastened too easily on account of their firmness and being close to the fabric. The manufacturer, H. A. Francis & Co., Niagara Falls, N. Y., report business brisk and that they are increasing facilities for production. Samples may be had for the asking.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Novelties in 4 Button undressed Kid with large Pearl Buttons, heavy welts and stitchings to match any costume.

Chamois Gloves in 4 Button and mosquito-taire with colored stitchings.

R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING

Our Stock of goods and dress trimmings is now complete. Special lines in Hope sacking in all the different shadings, which is the latest novelty in New York.

WM STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East



White China

We sell the finest quality at 20% less than it can be bought elsewhere. Also,

= Gold =

flux and triflex cheaper than any other house.

PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge St., cor. Adelaide

"LADIES' FOOTWEAR"

We Keep the Latest Shapes in WALKING SHOES, HOUSE SHOES, DRESS SHOES and SLIPPERS.

Try us for good quality and money saving prices.

L. A. STACKHOUSE

124 King St. West (opposite the Rossin House).

OPAL

Although one of the most magnificent gem stones, the Opal for many years was under the ban of superstition. Now this splendid stone once more commands a foremost place in the Jeweller's art, and the Opal mines of Hungary and Queensland are being worked to their fullest extent to supply the demand.

See our window full of beautiful gems and judge of our stock for yourselves.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO.

LIMITED

Cor. King & Yonge Sts.

See our OPAL BALLS never before shown in Toronto

THINK ARE YOU STILL DRINKING UNFILTERED WATER

Another Shipment of Success \$5.00 Filters just received. Every Filter Fully Warranted.

RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

HARRY WEBB,
Caterer & Confectioner

The Ontario Wedding Cake Manufactory

447 Yonge St. TORONTO, Ont.

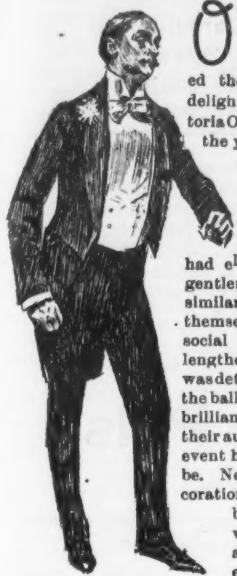
Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties

Jellies
Creams
Ices

Centres
Silver-
ware
Cattery

Out of Town.

Cobourg.



ON Friday evening, April 7, the gentlemen of Cobourg entertained their friends at a delightful dance in Victoria Opera House, when the youth and beauty of Cobourg and neighboring places attended in large numbers. Three years had elapsed since the gentlemen of Cobourg similarly distinguished themselves, and after a social rest of such a lengthened period it was determined to make the ball of 1893 the most brilliant ever held under their auspices. Such the event happily proved to be. Never were the decorations so profuse and beautiful; never was the attendance so fair, and every detail was

carried out with such a dash and go that the dance this year cannot but linger long in the memories of those who were present. The handsome opera house was gaily decorated for the occasion. Huge streamers of bunting, in red, white and blue, with British flags, bedecked the walls and gave the hall an inviting appearance, while the stage was festooned with chaste and beautiful exotics which gave a charm and elegance to the scene. The floor was in excellent condition, and as that famous musical organization, Corlett's Orchestra, commenced the seductive strains of the opening number, the opera house was quickly transformed into a scene of activity and rapidly moving foot-steps, the brilliant costumes and pretty faces of the ladies adding to the brilliance as they floated away in the mazy windings of the dance. The attendance was not crushingly large, so that the devotees of Terpsichore revelled in a superb floor and plenty of elbow room. During the evening most delicate refreshments were served in the Town Council chamber. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames W. J. Crossen, Cruso, Dainty, Douglas, Dumble, C. C. Field, Gifford, Hollingshead, Skill, and Stanton. The following gentlemen rendered valued service as stewards: Messrs. J. Cruso, G. P. Dainty, Fred Field, F. M. Gowans, W. F. Kerr, W. Kirkpatrick, H. V. Macdougall, E. A. MacNachtan, C. B. Strange, and W. McC. Warden. Mr. Fred J. Crossen, the hon. secretary, was indefatigable in his endeavors to make the evening pass pleasantly. The ladies' costumes were beautiful, the following being a description of some of them: Miss Nora Armour, white and blue striped silk; Miss Austin of Brighton, white silk; Mrs. Andros of Port Hope, black lace; Mrs. Bird, white silk and white lace trimmings; Mrs. Burnet, black lace and royal blue velvet; Miss Baker, yellow silk and yellow roses; Miss Maud Battell, cream and heliotrope; Miss Annie Battell, pale blue; Miss Blotcher of Port Hope, cream silk; Miss Black, white muslin; Mrs. W. Crossen, yellow shot silk, mauve trimmings and diamond ornaments; Miss Corbett of Port Hope, mauve and yellow; Miss Mabel Corbett, pale blue; Miss Flossie Cruso, black net and gold edgings; Miss Carman of Brockville, cream delaine and roses; Mrs. Cruso, black lace; Miss Dainty, white silk and pearl trimmings; Miss Edith Dainty, white embroidered chiffon and white roses; Mrs. Douglas, heliotrope and honiton lace; Miss Douglas of Warkworth, pale blue and chiffon; Miss Eyre, black lace; Miss Daisy Eyre, heliotrope and white roses; Miss Eakins of Millbrook, black velvet and pink; Mrs. J. T. Field, lawn satin and lace; Miss Clara Field, pink silk and pink roses; the Misses Furby of Port Hope, yellow and gauze; Miss Ford of Brighton, white gauze; Miss Emma Ford, white bengaline and violets; Miss Katie Garrett of Chatham, gauze over yellow silk and cream roses; Mrs. (Capt.) Gifford, black lace; Mrs. W. Gifford, white cashmere; Mrs. H. Helm of Port Hope, pale heliotrope embroidered with seed pearls and diamond ornaments; Mrs. A. R. Hargraff, green silk; Miss Emily Hooey, yellow silk and roses; Mrs. Hollingshead, yellow silk; Mrs. H. F. Holland, green china silk and velvet trimmings; Mrs. Hunt, pale blue crepon; Miss Johnson of Cobourg, white silk and velvet sleeves; Miss Margery Johnson, blue shalley and natural flowers; Miss Edith Kerr, opaline green Empire gown and roses; Miss Mabel Kerr, green silk, pink velvet sleeves; Miss Gertie Kenny of Ottawa, pink silk; Miss King of Port Hope, cream and green trimmings; Miss Lowery of New York, yellow crepon; Miss Minnie Loscombe of Bowmanville, pink silk; Miss Rose Lockhart of Brighton, blue satin and cream lace; Miss Minnie Little of Brighton, blue and garnet; Mrs. Laird, white silk with red trimmings and flowers; Miss Mulholland, pink silk and diamond ornaments; Miss Meyers of Morrisburg, pink silk and velvet; Miss Florence Meyers of Belleville, white bengaline; Miss Metcalf of Newcastle, purple and green and natural flowers; Mrs. H. MacNachtan, pale blue silk; Mrs. Mackie of Port Hope, green silk and gold passementerie; Miss Mackie, green silk; Miss Mitchell of Colborne, pink silk; Miss Mackenzie of Brighton, white Bedford cord; Miss Addie Mackenzie, cream silk; Miss McLennan of Port Hope, dove-colored satin; Miss McQuoid, blue silk; Miss Macdonald, black satin; Miss McCallum of Guelph, black lace; Mrs. C. H. Nicholson, white silk and chiffon and crimson roses; Mrs. O'Connor of Deseronto, Nile green silk princess gown; Mrs. O'Gorman, lavender silk and cream lace; Mrs. Porter, white silk and silver trimmings; Miss Patterson of Port Hope, salmon silk Empire gown; Miss Proctor of Brighton, white silk and white chiffon; Miss Stella Proctor, white corded silk and lace; Miss Beale Proctor, white silk and yellow velvet; Mrs. E.

Philp of Port Hope, black silk and black lace and diamond ornaments; Miss Maud Philp of Buffalo, cream and black; Miss Parent of Trenton, purple satin and green velvet; Miss Aggie Parent, heliotrope silk; Mrs. Pyfrom, black satin; Miss Helen Quay of Port Hope, pale pink Empire gown; Mrs. W. R. Riddell, white brocade satin, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Harry Read of Port Hope, black silk and mauve and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Willie Read, black and corn color; Miss Emma Stanton, black lace, Nile green velvet and sweet peas; Miss Edith Stanton, cream surah satin; Mrs. Stanton, black silk and grenadine; Miss Mabel Stanton of Toronto, white striped gauze; Miss Sanders of Port Hope, white muslin; Mrs. D. Burke Simpson of Bowmanville, blue silk and gauze; Miss Sowden of Port Hope, buttercup velvet; Miss Spooner of Port Hope, white silk gauze; Mrs. Shepard of Port Hope, salmon and black lace; Miss Standly of Grafton, cream silk; Miss M. Standly, white silk; Miss Thomas of Colborne, white silk and blue velvet; Mrs. W. Tempest of Port Hope, black silk and black lace; the Misses Tempest, cream satin and diamond ornaments; Miss Vair, white china silk; Mrs. Winans of New York, pink and cream; Mrs. R. S. Wood of Peterborough, buttercup yellow silk and black jet trimmings; Mrs. (Capt.) Walker, Nile green silk, black lace and passementerie; Mrs. M. B. Williams, black silk and diamond ornaments; Miss Carrie Williams, yellow silk and jonquills; Miss A. Williams of Port Hope, cream; Miss Walker of Port Hope, yellow silk and lace; Miss Mabel Wellington of Port Hope, cream satin and green trimmings; Mrs. Wilson of Toronto, black and yellow; Mrs. C. Wilnot of Newcastle, cream and green velvet trimmings; Miss Lizzie Weller, cream cashmere and heliotrope silk; Miss Carrie Weller, green and cream; Mrs. Henry Weller, white silk; Miss Sarah Wood, pale blue silk, chiffon lace and pink roses; Miss Jennie Webb of Brighton, blue silk and pink roses; Miss Lillie Webb, pale blue brocade satin; Mrs. Wickstead, black satin; and Miss Yates, white silk.

The following is a list of those present: Port Hope—Mr. and Mrs. Andros, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Balnes, Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Furby, Mr. and Mrs. Philp, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Shepard, and Mr. and Mrs. Smart; Misses Burnham, Burton, Blecher, Corbett, Eakins, Furby, Farquharson, Howden, King, Mackie, Martin, Pasmore, Patterson, Philp, Quay, Ross, Smith, Sowden, Sanders, Stuart, Spooner, Shepard, Tempest, Williams, Walker, and Wellington; Mesdames Farquharson, Montzambert, Mackie, Reid, Read, Tempest, and Messrs. Burton, Baird, Budge, Bennett, Benson, Corbett, Davidson, Eakins, Evt, Greene, Helm, Lefroy, Lauder, Laing, Mackie, Ross, Robertson, Stevenson, Traves, Wood, Ward, and Woodhouse.

Toronto—Mr. and Mrs. J. Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Weller; Misses Armour, Stanton, Weller, and White; Mesdames Walker, and Wilson, and Messrs. Chief Justice Armour, D. Armour, Arnold, Battell, Crowley, Cox, Eyre, Field, Higginbotham, Hayden, Hart, Harper, Matheson, Mathews, Maguire, McDonald, McPhillips, Paterson, Reid, Robinson, and Tinning.

Belleville—Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips; Misses Hamilton, Hunter, and Meyers, and Messrs. Losmore, Lazier, Stephenson, and Wills.

Kingston—Messrs. Birkett, Cunningham, Calvert, Gildersleeve MacLennan, and Skinner. Montreal—Messrs. Buell, Gibbard and McNaughton.

Brighton—Mr. and Mrs. Austen, Mr. and Mrs. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Fiegler, Mr. and Mrs. Gearing, and Mr. and Mrs. Squier; Misses Austen, M. Austen, Barker, Clark, Forde, Feris, Lockhart, MacKechnie, Proctor, B. Proctor, Squier, Webb, and Windsor, and Messrs. Austen, A. Austen, Cook, Nesbitt, Proctor, I. O. Proctor, Smith, Wade and Webb.

Trenton—Misses Byewater, Cooley, Christie, Hawley, Little, Macauley, and McKenzie, and Messrs. Arnott, Blecher, Byewater, Cooley, Connolly, Dickey, Fillon, Hawley, Moher, Macauley, McKenzie, Parent, and Spaulsberry.

Bowmanville—Misses Winnie Belth, Clemie, Fairbairn, and Glover; Messrs. Carl Kent, and Frank Rowland, and Mr. and Mrs. D. Burke Simpson.

Newcastle—Mr. and Mrs. Miss Allen, Miss Nora Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Miss Metcalf, the Misses Rose, Mrs. Olive Winans, Mr. Horace Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilnot, and Miss Wilnot.

Millbrook—Miss Burton, and Messrs. S. F. Clarry, R. Ruddy, A. A. Smith, and H. M. Wood.

Peterborough—Misses Faucett, Mulholland, and Vair; Messrs. W. Carmichael, W. J. Drope, Lee Dunsford, and W. K. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wood.

Colborne—Mesdames Huyck, Rutherford, Strong, Willoughby; Misses Cotton, Mitchell, McGlenon, McKenzie, McDonald, Rutherford, Sanderson, Thomas; Messrs. F. R. Bailey, Chas. Dawey, T. Hayck, H. S. Keyes, T. and J. S. McGlenon, J. and A. Macdonald, Rutherford, Reid, Strong, Jas. Thomas, and Willoughby.

Mr. A. H. Burn of Orillia, Mr. H. Chisholm of Lindsay, Miss Carmen of Morrisburg, Mrs. W. Douglass of Warkworth, Mr. D. H. Douglass of Campbellford, Judge and Miss Finkle of Woodstock, Mr. and Mrs. A. Fullerton of Napanee, Miss Katie Garret of Chatham, Miss Kenny of Ottawa, Miss J. Lowery of New York, Miss V. Loscombe of Kincardine, Miss McCallum of Guelph, Miss Myers of Morrisburg, Mr. H. E. C. Melrose of Picton, Miss O'Connor of Deseronto, Mr. J. P. Owens of Oshawa, Mr. Geo. Rose of Morrisburg, Dr. Sands of Coldsprings, Mr. Geo. Wilnot of Picton, Dr. Warner of Napanee, the Misses and Mr. Standly of Grafton.

Cobourg—Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Black, Mr. and Mrs. W. Burnet, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Bickle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Boggs, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Crossen, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Cruso, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dumble, Mr. and Mrs. Dobney, Mr. and Mrs. Dainty, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Field, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Guillot, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gifford, Mr. and

Mrs. Hagerman, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Hollingshead, Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson, Mr. H. W. Laird, Mr. and Mrs. H. MacNachtan, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Mallory, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hargraff, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nicholson, Dr. and Mrs. O'Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wickstead; Mesdames Cox, Hunt, Johnson, Gifford, Porter, Pyfrom, Stanton and Warren; Misses Battell, Black, Baker, Cruso, Caddy, Dainty, Eyre, C. and E. Field, Morgan, Mitchell, H. and M. McDonald, McQuoid, Roddick, Stanton, Williams, Weller and Wood; Messrs. A. F. and E. F. Armstrong, Boswell, Boggs, Campbell, Dainty, Cruso, Field, Fenwick, Gifford, F. M. and R. S. Gowans, Geiger, Hamilton, Hooey, W. F. and F. D. Kerr, Kirkpatrick, MacNachtan, MacDougall, McQuoid, Selby, Snelgrove, Strang, Vivian, Warden and Warner.

Warton.

On March 30 Miss F. Greenlees was at Home to a number of her young friends. Every person seems to have had a charming time.

On April 2 the Assembly Club had one of their enjoyable events. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. J. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. L. Chapman of London, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Miss E. H. McEachern of Clifford, Miss Bailey of Toronto, Miss Bowes of Stratford, and Messrs. C. Jones, J. H. Wares, John White, F. Burns, F. C. Ferguson, and H. Zealand of Hamilton.

On April 6 Miss M. Robinson gave a charming party to her young friends. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Sadlier, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reckine, Misses Sudden, Jamieson, Malone, Vickers, Symon, Tibbeaud, McKenzie, and Messrs. Bull, Jones, Ely, Cooper, Kastner, Stewart, and Symon. It is needless to say that a most enjoyable time was spent, as Miss Minnie's entertaining qualities are well known here and were fully sustained on this occasion.

JOHN CATTO & SON

MAKE A BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF

NEW SUMMER SILKS

in Printed Foulards, Corahs Pongees, also Stripes, China, Plaid and Shot Glaces, and Surahs.

WOOL DRESS FABRICS

in Henriettas, Plain and Shot Bengalines, Silk and Wool Repps, Crepons, Cheviots and Homespuns.

PRINTED DELAINES AND CHALLIES

in Latest Novelties of the season.

KING STREET - OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE

"A FAIRY RESTING PLACE"



is Glen Island, situated in the far-famed Bay of Quinte, Ont. The morning express from Toronto connects daily with the steamers at Deseronto, Napanee and Picton, landing passengers at the islands the same afternoon. Although so easily reached Glen Island affords all the retirement found in the most rural districts, a great charm to the lover of nature. The scenery is unsurpassed. The bathing is excellent, and the fishing has been recommended by international anglers for years. A canoe can traverse the Bay with safety. For the children it is "the" place, the gently sloping shores and shallow waters rendering accident well-nigh impossible. Comfortable cottages, for families or single tourists, furnished or unfurnished, all detached, with large lawns between, affording all the privacy of a country residence. A cool, central dining-room, on the Island, where excellent board is furnished those desiring it. Daily boats and mails. Lawn tennis, croquet grounds, etc. All necessary supplies such as stoves, wood, ice, country milk and cream, fresh fruit and eggs, etc., etc., can be procured at the Island daily. City references furnished to anyone desiring information.

N. B.—As the number of cottages is limited it is desirable that those who contemplate visiting the Island during the season should make application for accommodation required as early as possible. Address for full information:

DINGMAN BROS., 25 Brunswick Avenue, Toronto

Christy Knives

BREAD-CAKE-PARING.

One Dollar per Set. Free by Mail.

Christy Knife Company, 30 Wellington St. E. TORONTO.

AGENTS WANTED.

NEW CARPET STORE

Foster & Pender

Have pleasure in announcing that they are now comfortably settled in their new premises, and respectfully draw attention to their stock of

CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, ETC.

Which are large and well assorted. They are showing exceptional lines in

AXMINSTER CARPETS

WILTON CARPETS

BRUSSELS CARPETS

BALMORAL CARPETS

TAPESTRY CARPETS

WOOL and UNION CARPETS

OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS

CORK CAPETS plain and printed

DOOR MATS, WINDOW SHADES

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT

Our Curtain Department is large and thoroughly equipped. We display every variety from the most inexpensive curtain to the most elegant styles in:

NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS
BRUSSELS LACE CURTAINS
SWISS TAMBOUR LACE CURTAINS
FANCY ARABIAN LACE CURTAINS
EMPIRE LACE CURTAINS

EMBROIDERED MUSLIN CURTAINS
IRISH POINT LACE CURTAINS
CLUNY LACE CURTAINS
ECRU MADRAS CURTAINS
CHENILLE CURTAINS

Sash Curtains and Sash Curtain Material in Complete Assortments.

Full range of the Latest Novelties in Poles, Trimmings, Loops, Etc.

CHINA SILKS, FRENCH CRETONNES, ART MUSLINS

in endless variety. All carpets are cut and made on the premises by our own workmen under personal supervision. Samples and estimates on application.

FOSTER & PENDER

14 and 16 KING STREET EAST

TORONTO, ONT.

All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and West," Etc., Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1898, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AND I WILL TRACK THIS VERMIN TO THEIR EARTH."

They started by the eleven o'clock train from Fowey next morning, husband and wife, in a strangely silent companionship—Isola very pale and still as she sat in a corner of the railway carriage, with her back to the river and the sea. Naturally, in a place of that kind they could not get away without being seen by some of their neighbors. Captain Penbreath was going to Bodmin, and insisted upon throwing away a half-consumed cigar in order to enjoy the privilege of Colonel and Mrs. Disney's society, being one of those unmeditative animals who hate solitude. He talked all the way to Par, lit a fresh cigar during the wait at the junction, and re-appeared just as the Colonel and his wife were taking their seats in the up train.

"Have you room for me in there?" he asked, sacrificing more than half of his second cigar. "I've the Mercury-Jeppelein for Stokampton—a tremendous score for our side."

He spread out the paper, and made believe to begin to read with a great show of intense application—as if he meant to devour every syllable of Jeppe on the political situation—but in two minutes dropped the Mercury on his knees and began to talk. There were people in Fowey who doubted whether Captain Penbreath could read. He had been able once, of course, or he could hardly have squeezed himself into the Army; but there was an idea that he had forgotten the accomplishment, except in its most elementary form upon sign boards, and in the headings of newspaper articles, printed large. It was supposed that the intensity of effort by which he had taken in the cramming that enabled him to pass the ordeal of Woolwich had left his brain a blank.

"You're not going farther than Plymouth, I suppose?" he asked.

"We are going to London."

"Are you really, now? A bad time of year for London—fog and thaws, and all kinds of beastly weather."

And then he asked a string of questions—futile, trivial, vexing as summer flies buzzing round the head of an afternoon sleeper; and then came the welcome cry of Bodmin road, and he reluctantly left them.

The rest of the journey was passed almost in silence. They had the compartment to themselves for the greater part of the time, and they sat in opposite corners, pretending to read—Isola apparently absorbed in a book that she had taken up at random just before she started, when the carriage was at the door and Allegra was calling to her to make haste.

It was Carlyle's Hero Worship. The big words, the magnificent sentences, passed before her eyes like a procession of phantoms. She had not the faintest idea what she was reading, but she followed the lines and turned the leaf at the bottom of a page mechanically.

Martin Disney applied himself to the newspapers which he had accumulated along the line—some at Par, some at Plymouth, some at Exeter, till the compartment was littered all over with them. He turned and tossed them over one after the other. Never had they seemed so empty—the leaders such mere beating air; the hard facts so few and insignificant. He glanced at Isola as she sat in her corner, motionless and composed. He watched the slender white hands turning the leaves of her book at regular intervals.

"Is your book very interesting?" he asked, at last, exasperated by her calmness.

He had been attentive and polite to her, offering her the papers, ordering tea for her at Exeter, doing all that a courteous husband should do, but he had made no attempt at conversation—nor had she. This question about the book was wrong from him by the intensity of his irritation.

"It is a book you gave me years ago at Dinan," she answered, looking at him pitiously. "Hero Worship. Don't you remember? I had never read anything of Carlyle's before then. You taught me to like him."

"Did I? Yes, I remember—a little Tauchnitz volume, bound in morocco—contraband in England. A cheat—like many things in this life."

He turned his face resolutely to the window as if to end the conversation, and he did not speak again till they were moving slowly into the great station, in the bluish whiteness of the electric light.

"I have telegraphed for rooms at Whitley's," he said, naming a small private hotel near Cavendish square where they had stayed for a few days before he started for the East. "Do you think it would be too late for us to call at Hans place before we go to our hotel?"

She started at the question. He saw her cheeks crimson in the lamplight.

"I don't think the lateness of hour will matter," she said, "unless Gwendoline is dining out. She dines out very often."

"I hope to-night may be an exception."

"Do you want very much to see her?" asked Isola.

"You are going to question her about me, I suppose?"

"Yes, Isola, that is what I am going to do."

"It is treating me rather like a criminal, or, at any rate, like a person whose word cannot be believed."

"I can't help myself, Isola. The agony of doubt that I have gone through can only be set at rest in one way. It is so strange a thing, so impossible as it seems to me, that you should have visited your sister while I was away, although no letter I received from you contained the slightest allusion to that visit—an important event in such a monotonous life as yours—and although no word you have ever spoken since my return has touched upon it; till at last, at a moment's notice, when I tell you of your journey from London and the slander to which it gave occasion—all at once you spring this visit upon me, as if I ought to

have known all about it."

"You can ask Gwendoline as many questions as you like," answered Isola with an offended air, "and you will see if she denies that I went to see her in the December you were away."

Colonel Disney handed his wife into a station brougham. The two portmanteaux were put upon the roof, and the order was given—99 Hans place—for albert Mr. Hazlerigg's splendid mansion was described on the cards and his writing paper as The Towers, it is always as well to have a number for the commonality to know us by.

No word was spoken in the long drive by Park lane and Knightsbridge, and the seemingly interminable Sloane street; no word when the neat little brougham drew up in front of a lofty flight of steps leading up to a Heidelberg doorway, set in the midst of a florid red brick house, somewhat narrow in proportion to its height, and with over much ornament in the way of terra cotta paneling, bay and oriel, balcony and niche.

A footman in dark green livery and rice powder opened the door. Mrs. Hazlerigg was at home. He led the way to one of those dismal rooms which are to be found in most fine houses—a room rarely used by the family—a kind of pound for casual visitors. Sometimes the pound is as cold and cheerless as a vestry in a new Anglican church; sometimes it affects a learned air, lines its walls with books that no one ever reads, and calls itself a library. Whatever form or phase it may take, it never fails to chill the visitor.

There was naturally no fire in this apartment. Isola sank shivering into a slippery leather chair, near the Early English marble fender; her husband walked up and down the narrow floor space. This lasted for nearly ten minutes, when Gwendoline came bursting in, a vision of splendor, in a gray plush tea-gown, frothed with much foam of creamy lace and pale pink ribbon, from chin to slipped toes.

"What a most astonishing thing," she cried, after kissing Isola and holding out both her plump white hands to the Colonel. "Have you dear, good people dropped from the clouds? I thought you were nearly three hundred miles away when the man came up to my room to say you were waiting to see me. It is a miracle we are dining at home to-night. Of course you will stay and dine with us. Come up to my room and take off your hat, Isola. No, you needn't worry about dress, anticipating Disney's refusal. We are quite alone. I am going to dine in my tea-gown, and Daniel is only just home from the city."

"You are very kind, no, my dear Mrs. Hazlerigg, we won't dine with you to-night," answered Disney. "We have only just come up to town, and drove across the park to see you before going to our hotel. Our portmanteaux are waiting at the door. We are in town for so short a time that I wanted to see you at once—particularly as I have a rather foolish question to ask you."

His voice grew husky, though he tried his uttermost to assume a lightness of tone.

"Ask away," said Gwendoline, straightening herself in her glistening gray gown, a splendid example of modern elegance in dress and demeanor, and altogether a more brilliant and imposing beauty than the pale, fragile figure sitting in a drooping attitude beside the fireless hearth. "Ask away," repeated Gwendoline gaily, glancing at her sister's mournful face as she spoke. "If I can answer you I will, but please to consider that I have a wretched memory, if you want anything in the shape of information from me."

"You are not likely to forget the fact I want to ascertain. My wife and I have had an argument about dates—we are at variance about the date of her last visit to you—while I was away—and I should like to settle our little dispute, though it did not go so far as a wager. When was she with you? On what date did she leave you?"

All hesitation and hush were gone from manner and voice. He stood like a pillar, with his face turned towards his sister-in-law, his eyes resolute and enquiring.

"Oh, don't ask me about dates," cried Gwendoline. "I never know dates. I buy Lett's in every form, year after year, but I never can keep up my diary. Nothing but a self-acting diary would be of any use to me. It was in December she came to me—and in December she left—after a short visit. Come, Isola. You must remember the dates of your arrival and departure, better than I. You don't live in the London whirl. You don't have your brains addled by hearing of Buenos Ayres, Reading and Philadelphia, Bertha, and Brighton A's, and things."

Martin Disney looked at her searchingly. Her manner was perfectly easy and natural, of a childlike transparency. Her large, bright blue eyes looked at him—fearless and candid as the eyes of a child.

"You ought to remember that it was on the last day of the year I left this house," said Isola, in her low, depressed voice, as of one weary unto death. "You said enough about it at the time."

"Did I? Oh, I am such a feather-head, 'une vraie tête de linotte,' as they used to call me at Dinan. So it was, New Year's Eve—and I was vexed with you for not staying to see the New Year in. That was it. I remember everything about it now."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hazlerigg," said Martin Disney, and then going over to his wife he said gravely, "Forgive me, Isola, I was wrong."

He held out his hands to her with a pleading look, and she rose slowly from her chair and let her head fall upon his breast as he put his arms round her, soothing and caressing her.

"My poor girl, I was wrong—wrong—a sinner against your truth and purity," he murmured low in her ear; and then he added

laughingly, to Gwendoline, "Were we not fools to dispute about such a trifle?"

"All married people are fools on occasion," answered Mrs. Hazlerigg. "I have often quarreled desperately with Daniel about a mere nothing—not because he was wrong, but because I wanted to quarrel. That kind of thing clears the air—like a thunderstorm. One feels so dutiful and affectionate afterwards. Dan gave me this sapphire ring after one of our worst rows," she added, holding up a sparkling finger.

Daniel Hazlerigg came into the room while she was talking of him, a large man, with a bald head and sandy beard, a genial-looking man, pleased with a world in which he had been permitted always to foresee the rise and fall of stocks. The Hazleriggs were the very type of a comfortable couple, so steeped in prosperity and the good things of this world as to be hardly aware of any keener air outside the tropical gardenia-scented atmosphere of their own house; hardly aware of men who dined badly or women who made their own gowns; much less of men who never dined at all, or women who flung themselves despairing from the parapets of the London bridges.

Mr. Hazlerigg came into the room beaming, looked at his wife and smiled, as he held out his hand to Colonel Disney, looked at his sister-in-law and smiled again, and held out his hand to her, the smile broadening a little as if with really affectionate interest.

"Very glad to see you, my dear Mrs. Disney; but I can't compliment you upon looking as well as you did when we last met."

"She is tired after her long journey," said Gwendoline quickly. "That's all there is amiss."

"The sooner we get to our hotel the better for both of us," said Disney. "We are dusty and weather-beaten, and altogether bad company. Good night, Mrs. Hazlerigg."

"But surely you'll stop and dine; it's close upon eight," remonstrated Hazlerigg, who was the essence of hospitality. "You can send on your luggage, and go to your hotel later."

"You are very good, but we are not fit for dining out. Isola looks half dead with fatigue," answered Disney. "Once more, good night."

He shook hands with husband and wife and hurried Isola to the door.

"Be sure you come to me the first thing to-morrow," said Gwendoline to her sister. "I shall stay in till you come, and I can drive you anywhere you want to go for your shopping—Stores, Lewis's, anywhere. I want to show you my drawing-room. I have changed everything in it. You'll hardly know it again."

She and her husband followed the departing guests to the hall, saw them get into the little brougham and drive off into the night; and then Gwendoline put her arm through her husband's with a soft, clinging affectionateness, as of a Persian cat, that knew when it was well housed and taken good care of.

"Poor Isola! how awfully ill she looks," sighed Gwendoline.

"Ghastly. But I don't wonder she looks bad. It must have been neck or nothing when she sent you that message. Are all women alike, I wonder, Gwen?"

"I think you ought to know what kind of woman I am by this time," retorted his wife, tossing up her head.

Martin Disney and his wife were alone in their sitting-room at the hotel, somewhat bare and unhome-like looking, as all hotel rooms must always be, despite the march of civilization which has introduced certain improvements. He had made a pretense of dining in the coffee room below, and she had taken some tea and toast beside the fire; and now at ten o'clock they were sitting on each side of the hearth, face to face, pale and thoughtful, and strangely silent still.

"Isola, have you forgiven me?" he asked at last.

"With all my heart. Oh, Martin, I could never be angry with you—never. You have been so good to me. How could I be angry?"

"But you have the right to be angry. I ought not to have doubted. I ought to have believed your word against all the world; but that man raised a doubting devil in me. I was mad with fears and suspicions, wild and unreasonable—as I suppose jealousy generally is. I had never been jealous before. Great God! what a fearful passion it is when a man gives himself up to it. I frightened you by my vehemence, and then your scared looks frightened me. I took fear for guilt. Isola, my beloved, let me hear the truth from your own lips—the assurance—the certainty," he cried with impassioned fervor, getting up and going over to her, looking down into the pale, upturned face with those dark, earnest eyes which always seemed to search the mysteries of her heart. "Let there be no doubt, no shadow of uncertainty or distrust between us. I have heard from your sister that you were with her when you said you were. That is much. It settles for that vile cad's insinuated slander; but it is not enough. Let the assurance come to me from your lips—from your own alone. Tell me—by the God who will judge us both some day—are you my own true wife?"

"I am, Martin—I am your own true wife," she answered, with an earnestness that thrilled him. "I have not a thought that is not of you. I love you with all my heart and mind. Is that not enough?"

"Yes, yes. And you have never wronged me? You have been true and pure always? I call upon God to hear your words, Isola. Is that true?"

"Yes, yes; it is true."

"God bless you, darling! I will never speak of doubt again. You are my own sweet wife, and shall be honored and trusted to the end of my days. Thank God, the cloud is past, and we can be happy again!"

She rose from her low seat by the fire, and put her arms round his neck and hid her face upon his breast, sobbing hysterically.

"My own dear girl, I have been cruel to you—brutal and unkind; but you would forgive me if you knew what I have suffered since noon yesterday; and, indeed, my suffering began before then. That man's harping on Lostwithiel's name in all his talk with you—his manner of meaning more than he said—and your embarrassment—awakened suspicions that had to be set at rest somehow. Remember the disadvantage under which I labor—the difference in our ages, my unat-

Prompt-Safe-Certain

Rapidly

Dissolve

Speedily

Assimilate

The delicate sugar-coating of AYER'S Pills dissolves immediately, on reaching the stomach, and permits the full strength of the ingredients to be speedily assimilated; hence, every dose is effective. AYER'S Pills are the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. They have no equal as a cathartic, stomachic, or antibilious medicine. Physicians everywhere recommend them for the relief and cure of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, loss of appetite, colds, chills, fevers, and rheumatism. They are carefully put up both in vials and boxes, for home use and export.

"I have been using Ayer's Pills for over twenty-five years, both personally and in my practice, with the best possible results, and recommend them in cases of chronic diarrhoea, knowing their efficiency from personal experience, they having cured when other medicines failed."—S. C. Webb, M. D., Liberty, Miss.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.

For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

tractiveness as compared with younger men. These things predisposed me to doubt your love. I have not had a moment's peace since the night of that odious dinner party. Yes, I have felt a new sensation. I know what jealousy means. But it is past. Praise be to God, it is past. I have come out of the cloud again. Oh, my love, had it been otherwise! Had we been doomed to part!"

"What would you have done, Martin?" she asked, in a low voice, with her face still hidden against his breast, his arms still round her.

"What would I have done, love? Nothing to bring shame on you. Nothing to add to your dishonor or sharpen the pangs of remorse. I should have taken my son—my son could not be left under the shadow of a mother's shame. He and I would have vanished out of your life. You would have heard no more of us. The world would have known nothing. You would have been cared for and protected from further evil—protected from your own frailty. So far, I would have done my duty as your husband to the last day of my life, but you and I would have never looked upon each other again."

Colonel Disney and his wife stayed in London two days, perhaps to give a color to their sudden and in some wise unexplained journey; but Isola refused all her sister's invitations, to lunch, to drive, to dine, to go to an afternoon concert at the Albert Hall, or to see the last Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum. She pleaded various excuses, and Gwendoline had to be satisfied with one visit, at afternoon tea-time, when husband and wife appeared together, on the eve of their return to Cornwall.

"It was too bad of you not to come to me yesterday morning, as you promised," Gwendoline said to her sister. "I stayed indoors till after luncheon on your account, and the days are so short at this time of year. I couldn't do any shopping."

Mrs. Hazlerigg was one of those young women for whom life is flavorless when they have nothing to buy. She was so well supplied with everything that women desire or care for that she had to invent wants for herself. She had to watch the advertisements in order to tempt herself with some new wish; were it only for a novel toast-rack, or a new design in ivory paper-knives. The stationers helped to keep life in her by their new departures in writing-paper, Papyrus, Mandarin, Telegraphic, Good Form, Casual, mauve, orange, scarlet, verdigris green. So long as the thing was new it made an excuse for shopping.

"You never came to look at my drawing-room by daylight," she went on complainingly.

"You can't possibly judge the tints by lamplight. Every chair is of a different shade. I think you have treated me shamefully. I have sent you more telegrams than I could count. And I had such lots to talk about. Have you heard from Dinan lately?"

"Not since August, when mother wrote in answer to our invitation for her and father to spend a month with us. I felt it was hopeless when I wrote to her."

"Of course, nothing will tempt her to cross the sea. She writes about it as if it were the Atlantic. And Lucy Folkestone tells me she is getting stouter."

"You mean mother?"

"Yes, naturally. There's no fear of Lucy ever being anything but bones. Mother is stouter and more sedentary than ever, Lucy says. It's really dreadful. One doesn't know where it will end," added Gwendoline, looking down at her own somewhat portly figure, as if foreseeing hereditary evil.

"I shall have to take Isola and the boy to Dinan next summer," said Disney. "It is no use asking the father and mother to cross the sea, though I think they would both like to see their grandson."

"Mother raved about him in her last letter to me," replied Gwendoline. "She was quite overcome by the photograph you sent her, only she has got into such a groove—her knitting, her novel, her little walk on the terrace, her long consultations with Manette about the smallest domestic details—whether the mattresses shall be unpicked to day or to-morrow, or whether the lasses shall be a week earlier or a week later. It is dreadful to think of such

a life," added Gwendoline, as if her own existence were one of loftiest aims.

CHAPTER XV.

"SORROW THAT'S DEEPER THAN WE DREAM, PERCHANCE."

Life flowed on its monotonous course, always more or less like the Fowey river gliding down from Lostwithiel to the sea; and there seemed nothing in this world that could again disturb Martin Disney's domestic peace. Vansittart Crowther made no further attempt to avenge himself for the night attack upon the gates; nor did he demand any apology for the vulgar abuse which he had endured in the sanctuary of his own library. This he endured, and even further outrage, in the shape of the following letter from Colonel Disney:

"Sir,—As you have been pleased to take a certain old-womanish interest in my domestic

affairs, I think your curiosity when your son with my wife to her marriage had my sacred regret that he strained her to the insolence the slanderous 'I have th

Mr. Crowther's silent contentment. W. seemed by us in the poppetion that reason mind.

"I spoke pl said Mr. Crow horse and blue think he'll ev Yet in spite was happy— young wife a infant son. Her tender every act of h ful face that his pleasure, Baynham we on the dom family, to v devoted, now related to the position of g different thir sixth or sev when all th abandoned a the parents h ably ask thi

Captain H waters in N back again i up the Vende up his abode himself of his d red down t carriage hors the shorten mas—baby's young pers it were a Christian to was happine morning, Al in the library her little tal down her pal her hand up accu to med window.

"Martin, Isola," she s "What ab minute," he amiss!" "I do not to be. You woman is qu man—and s together—I since last ye going back i two, since illness. Don answering I there is not but I want t her to let m refused."

"Why, h week—he is "But he comes to h tween the tired, and lively change in h "Is there "Yes, I her every d "Byznan "That's r have the d Life had he had not story—Med wise man d selves in th their heart

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

Mr. Bayn answer to a he and Isola library for tendance to or the or little instru aching pal doctor's h lungs or he wrong, bu

affairs, I think it may be as well to satisfy your curiosity so far as to inform you that when your solicitor traveled in the same train with my wife, she was returning from a visit to her married sister's house, a visit which had my sanction and approval. I can only regret that her husband's modest means constrained her to travel alone, and subjected her to the insolent observations of one cad and to the slanderous aspersions of another.

"I have the honor to be, yours, etc., etc.,

"MARTIN DISNEY."

Mr. Crowther treated this letter with the silent contempt which he told himself it merited. What could he say to a man so possessed by uxorious hallucinations, so steeped in the poppy and mandragora of a blind affection that reason had lost all power over his mind.

"I spoke plain enough—as plain as I dared," said Mr. Crowther. "He may ride the high horse and bluster as much as he likes. I don't think he'll ever feel quite happy again."

Yet in spite of Mr. Crowther, Martin Disney was happy—utterly happy in the love of his young wife and in the growing grace of his infant son. He no longer doubted Isola's love. Her tender regard for him showed itself in every act of her life, in every look of the watchful face that was always on the alert to divine his pleasure, to forestall his wishes. Mrs. Baynham went about everywhere expatiating on the domestic happiness of the Disney family, to whom she was more than ever devoted, now that she felt herself in a manner related to them, having been elevated to the position of godmother to the first-born—a very different thing to being godmother to some sixth or seventh link in the family chain, when all thought of selection has been abandoned and the only question mooted by the parents has been, "Whom can we reasonably ask this time?"

Captain Hulbert took his yacht to other waters in November, only to come sailing back again in December, when he finally laid up the Vendetta in winter quarters and took up his abode at the Mount, where he availed himself of his brother's stud, which had been fitted down to two old hunters and a pair of carriage horses of mediocre quality. And so the shortening days drew on towards Christmas—baby's first Christmas, as that young person's adorers remarked, as if it were a wonderful thing for any young Christian to make a beginning of life—and all was happiness at the Angler's Nest, till one morning, Allegra and her brother being alone in the library, where she sometimes painted at her little table-easel, while he read, she put down her palette and went over to him, laying her hand upon his shoulder as he sat in his accustomed place in the old-fashioned bow-window.

"Martin, I want to speak to you about Isola," she said, rather tremulously.

"What about her? Why, she was here this minute," he exclaimed. "Is there anything amiss?"

"I do not think she is so strong as she ought to be. You may not notice, perhaps. A woman is quicker to see these things than a man—and she and I used to walk and row together—I am able to see the difference in her since last year. She seems to me to have been going back in her health for the last month or two, since her wonderful recovery from her illness. Don't be anxious, Martin!" she said, answering his agonized look. "I feel sure there is nothing that a little care cannot cure, but I want to put you on your guard. I asked her to let me send for Mr. Baynham, and she refused."

"Why, he sees her two or three times a week—he is in and out like one of ourselves." "But he doesn't see her professionally. He comes in hurriedly late in the evening—or between the lights—to fetch his wife. He is tired, and we all talk to him, and Isola is bright and lively. He is not likely to notice the change in her in that casual way."

"Is there a change?"

"Yes, I am sure there is. Although I see her every day I am conscious of the change."

"But Baynham shall talk to her this afternoon."

"That's right, Martin—and if I were you I'd have the doctor from Plymouth again."

Life had been so full of bliss lately, and yet he had not been afraid. Yes, it was the old story—*Meluit accidit*. That was what the wise man did. Fools do otherwise—hug themselves in their short-lived gladness, and say in their hearts "There is no death."

Mr. Baynham came in the afternoon, in answer to a little note from Martin Disney, and he and Isola were closeted together in the library for some time, with baby's nurse in attendance to assist her mistress in preparing or the ordeal by stethoscope. Happily that little instrument which thrills all with the aching pain of fear when we see it in the doctor's hand, told no evil tidings of Isola's lungs or heart. There was nothing organically wrong, but the patient was in a very weak

"Canada for the Canadians."

"Canada for the Canadians." That is a good cry! You can build up good citizens, good ships and railways, and great commercial prosperity upon that cry.

Some people think if a thing only comes to them from a great distance it must be better than the same thing at home. Distance fosters illusions. The truth that a prophet hath no honor in his own country still has application. Berlin, or London, or Paris, sounds so much grander than Montreal. So some people think! Not sensible people! Foolish people who think that big names make the thing better and lend dignity to their position.

Common sense will have ultimate triumph.

Common sense has achieved a signal victory in one particular. Ladies' Wraps were always expensive. They have always been imported. The duty and the glamor of distance, and the imposing sound of big cities, gave them a high price and a great vogue.

Why not make Ladies' Wraps here in Canada?

That thought occurred to the proprietors of MELISSA. They should, perhaps, have been seized with it earlier, for their success with the Men's Coats had been immediate and great. Would the loyal women of Canada not buy an article which was a necessity with them, made right at their doors, if that article was a good deal better than the article which came from a long distance?

It was an experiment, but from the moment the skilled artists which the manufacturers of MELISSA employed got to work, and showed specimens of their craft, success was assured. So then, ladies in every city and town and village of the Dominion, you can buy wraps for yourselves and children, more tasteful, more truly artistic in finish, more stylish and fastidious in outline than any that have been imported.

There was a need for the MELISSA in Ladies' Wraps. They had to put up with unsightly rubber garments, much to their discredit, but they have now perfect fit, with infinite variety of shade and grace, and, not least, absolute protection from the rain, in garments which it will be a pride to wear, and at prices which put them within easy reach.

Here is a new departure, a patriotic enterprise worthy of support for the sake of that national solidarity which the politicians talk about, but chiefly worthy because of its intrinsic merit.

Travellers will soon be on the road with Fall samples. Designs, Patterns and every other information furnished on application. Special attention given to letter orders.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO.
MONTREAL.

J. W. MACKEDIE & CO.
MONTREAL,
Wholesale Agents for the Dominion

state.

"You really are uncommonly low," said Mr. Baynham, looking at her intently as she stood before him in the pale wintry sunlight. "I don't know what you've been doing to yourself to bring yourself down so much since last summer—after all the trouble I took to set you up, too. I'm afraid you've been worrying yourself about the youngster—a regular young Hercules. I don't know whether he'd be up to strangling a pair of prize pythons, but I'm sure he could strangle you. I shall send you a tonic, and you'll have to take a good deal more care of yourself than you seem to have been taking lately."

And then he laid down severe rules as to diet, until it seemed to Isola that he wished her to be eating and drinking all day—new laid eggs, cream, old port, beef tea—all the things which she had loathed in the dreary days of her long illness in May and June.

Mr. Baynham had a serious talk with the Colonel after he left Isola, and it was agreed between them that she should be taken to Plymouth next day to see the great authority.

"You are taking a great deal too much trouble about me, Martin," she said. "There is nothing wrong. I am only a little weak and tired sometimes."

Her husband looked at her heart-brokenly. Weak and tired! Yes; there were all the signs of falling life in those languid movements of the long, slender limbs, in the transparent pallor of the ethereal countenance. Decay was lovely in this rare young form; but he felt it was decay. There must be something done to stop misfortune's hastening feet.

He questioned his wife, he questioned his own memory, as to when the change had begun, and on looking back thus thoughtfully it seemed to him that her spirits and her strength had flagged from the time of Captain Hulbert's arrival at Fowey. She had seemed tolerably cheerful until then, interested in life, ready to participate in any amusement or occupation of Allegra's; but from the beginning of their yachting excursions there had been a change—she had shrunk from any share in their plans or expeditions—she had gone on board the yacht on the two or three occasions when she had consented to go, with obvious reluctance,

and she was out of spirits all the time she was there. Within the last fortnight, when Captain Hulbert had pressed her to go to luncheon or afternoon tea at the Mount, she had persistently refused. She had begged her husband to take Allegra, and to excuse her.

"The walk up the hill would tire me," she said.

"My love, why should we walk? I will drive you there, of course."

"I really had rather not go. I can't bear leaving baby so long, and there is no necessity for me to be with you. Allegra is the person who is wanted. You must understand that, Martin. You can see how much Captain Hulbert admires her."

"And I am to go and do gooseberry while you do baby-worship at home. Rather hard upon me."

This kind of thing had occurred three or four times since the sailor's establishment at the Mount, and Colonel Disney had attached no significance to the matter; but now that he had begun to torture himself by unending speculations upon the cause of her declining health, he could but think that Captain Hulbert's society had been distasteful to her. It might be that Mr. Crowther's insulting allusions to Lord Lovewell had made any association with that name painful; and yet this would seem an overstrained sensitiveness, since her own innocence of all evil should have made her indifferent to a vulgarian's covert sneers.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

DEAR—I cannot answer your question; perhaps you had better apply to a specialist, whose address you can find in any directory. There are several in Toronto.

A COOL—See answer to Rosa Cushion. Your writing has much the same traits, but added thereto a good deal of self-will and much vivacity. It is less amenable, but a much stronger character.

MINK—You are bright and idealistic, ambitious, hopeful and truthful, somewhat impatient, not too fond of ease, modest in your self-esteem, energetic and a little impulsive, a very lively character, with a good head on your shoulders. HENRY—Your writing shows strength, decision of character and a practical mind, caution and energy, some self-doubt but a just though somewhat careless judgment. You are self-possessed, level-headed, lacking tact, sympathy and refinement of taste. A forceful rather than an attractive character.

HIDE TREASON—You are a rather forceful and independent person, strongly individual and somewhat fond of yourself; evidently a man of affairs rather than a student. Business is printed on every turn. You are frank in speech, fond of company, facile and energetic, and rather apt to be a success. Anything but a "miserable hand," my boy.

FRANK—Your writing shows ability, independence and originality. It is in some respects the hand of the humorist, full of quips and fancies, rather quaint than brilliant. You are, however, eminently practical, of affectionate disposition, rather persevering in effort and severe to yourself. I think you would always talk inside the line; you are candid, clear-headed and fond of influencing others, but are rather apt to dislike being coerced yourself.

CONFIDENTIAL—1. I think the picture a very fascinating one, and I hope to see it in the place of honor at the World's Fair. 2. No, I don't like to say hard things of people, and you will find it best to judge carefully of those who don't agree with you. In the first place, other people are just as sensitive as you are, and again, your own

temper and disposition suffer under a habit of censure. Do you ever realize that we make our own happiness? Think of it.

ROS ROY—As to what I think of your writing, it is delightful. 2. You are very bright, hopeful, rather clever and witty, with quiet determination and perseverance, allied to great amiability and a love of social intercourse. Perhaps you are too confiding sometimes, but it is a trifling weakness and you have a real wish for approbation and give some care to succeed in pleasing those about you. Your perception, judgment and sympathy are fine and you have a refined taste and love pretty things.

SOPHIA—The prices of the combination suits for women have just come to hand in time for your answer. They come in all materials from this wool to richest silk. The cheapest are \$2.10 the set, to which price you must add 35 per cent. for duty. Horrid, isn't it? The prices I quote were furnished by Mrs. Ward, 316 Young street. I know her personally and can guarantee you satisfaction in dealing with her. She has also the waste you enquire about. Yes, I always wear the Jannet-Miller. I prefer it to the Equipole. Please remark the effect when we meet.

ROSA CUSHION—In the argument, whoever said "She" was correct. It makes no difference how you commence so long as you write six lines, not copied from any book or manuscript. The reason for this regulation is that copied matter is always formally written, just as the natural voice takes a formal tone when one recites. Self-consciousness is the cause of both. 2. You are rather frank and generous in your nature, persevering and constant, warm-hearted, truthful and practical; anxious to do right, cautious and discreet, not chary of good-will and as ready to act as to promise. A very likable and pleasant person, I opine.

LEWIS BLANK—That is as near your signature as my insight reaches. Your writing shows extreme determination and self-assertion, much imagination, self-will and ambition; it is easily in need of self-control, and though you are adaptable and have not a cranky temper, you should study the opinion of others more and go through life with greater ease. Superabundant energy that could do great things if trained and directed, is yours, but the want of discipline repels where controlled power would attract. I am quite sure you would be a warm friend, but also rather an exacting one. I will risk you, however, and be friends henceforth. Thanks for your kind wishes; they were amply realized.

AGATHA—A very refined taste, discreet and cautious nature and much sympathy and tact are shown. I think you are somewhat imaginative, orderly, self-controlled, and while your judgment is not infallible, it is deliberate and as correct as you can make it. I don't think I ever said young ladies should never make presents to young gentlemen. When the gentleman has been very kind and attentive I think a small gift at some festive season is quite proper from the lady. An embroidered handkerchief, or half a dozen of them is generally a much appreciated gift. Have kerchiefs and monogram pure white. Colors are not so nice. I am glad you like the change in the paper. It has been universally recognized as a big improvement. Send along your questions.

FLORIE B. F.—This is one of the studies that makes me tired. The young lady starts off with: "Am I conscious? Do gentlemen like my company? Do they think me silly?" Now, my dear girl, I don't think you could blame them if they arrived at the latter conclusion. Your whole letter is off tone, florid, and shows a lack of dignity and judgment which I deplore, especially as from your writing you should be a much stronger and fiercer character. Let me see what it shows me: Great determination and energy, impulse, some caprice, a great deal of imagination, some self-will and lots of confidence. You are prone to idealism and form hasty opinions, but there is so much good in you that I'd like to have you think less of gentlemen and more of how you can develop yourself into a very clever woman. Your other questions are utterly silly, and when you take my advice they won't bother you.

FAITH—I cannot imagine what reply you anticipated, but while I am very sorry you should have written, still, if it is any relief to you to have done so I suppose it's too late to make a protest. You should have sense enough to know that such a letter could only distress the recipient, as it shows such a disregard for the feelings of both the women mentioned. Please look at the matter from the women's standpoint and try and realize what an outrage it is to the mind of a woman who respects herself and also the rights of others. I think the author of all mischief must have laughed when that letter was posted, but perhaps a small amount of right feeling may reduce his hilarity; at the same time, my paper friend, let the matter rest right here, or take my word for it you will be worse off than at present.

out. If I had not been a graphologist, your note would never have been answered. See how science helps even such a study as you!

FANCY FREE—I am so glad you asked me that question. It is one of the stupid things worshippers do, so persistently squawk away through bass and tenor solos, if they sing soprano, or vice versa; and another, but not so bad, is to sing every verse of a chant which is sung antiphonally by the choir. People should sing their own proper verse and listen to the other. The service is then truly responsive. You may hear people say that alternate chanting is High Church, but you can tell them it started in the time of Moses, and it was never rebuked or changed by the Delly when His own supervision was felt over every detail of the service. Some folks think they are doing God's service by singing in church, whether He endowed them with a voice or not. Well, there have been mistaken folks in all ages, you know. Don't you sing the bass or tenor solos, anyway. 2. Your writing is very studied, deliberate and not a very forceful study. I think it will alter and develop, and I should prefer not to delineate it now, for I should give you some traits you would be displeased with.

EDDIE—You ask some rather large questions, my friend. But to your first an answer is easy. 1. No young folks of seventeen should pledge themselves as you say. I have occasionally met young people of that age who seemed to have reached almost all the development of which they afterwards proved themselves capable, but they were very ordinary specimens. A boy or girl of seventeen should be only a grown-up child, with splendid possibilities in the way of development. Boys or girls of seventeen should not be capable of prophecy and should wait for several years on themselves, to see what manner of man or woman they turn out. Therefore while I cannot say it would be improper for such a pair of chickens to become engaged, I think it would be very foolish, and that they would be better quite uninterested. 2. I don't know why men consider themselves superior to women, unless it is because women consider themselves superior to men. That is a real good reason, don't you think? One has to defend oneself! You are quite right in saying that when women take men's places they do their work as well or better than the men they supplant, but there are lots of places where men only are competent, and women shouldn't try for them. Woman's proper place is at home—when she has a home—and when she goes out of her sphere, where God and Nature put her, she is at a disadvantage if only in her own inner consciousness. 3. Your writing shows great sympathy, generosity, sweet temper, and generally a lovely and attractive personality. You are adaptable, curious, witty and fond of beauty, vivacious and love social intercourse; candor and perseverance are also visible.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Science

MEDICAL SCIENCE

has achieved a great triumph in the production of

BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure sick Headaches and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating.

Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal.

For sale by all druggists.

GROW THIN

by using Dr. Edison's Famous Pills and Buns and Obesity Fruit Salt; it will reduce your weight without dieting; is perfectly harmless, and the cost is but slight. Send for our eight-column article on Obesity, sent free. Order goods from our store by mail or express. Price of box, \$2.50 and up. Pills, \$1.50 per bottle; and Fruit Salt, \$1.00 per bottle. Address

LORENZ & Co.

Stores at 117 State street, Chicago, Ill., Dept. No. 8; 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., Dept. No. 40; 40 West 22nd street, New York City, Dept. No. 40.

FREE! A NEW MUSIC BOX

COMBINED

PERFECT

TIME-KEEPER

8 DAYS.

PLAYS

PERFECT

DANCE

SACRED

MUSIC

To advertise and interest them quick the inventor will furnish any reliable person (either sex), in every county or town, one of these charming and attractive instruments to show, if applied for at once. Address Inventor, 26 West 121st street, New York City and get one with full particulars, testimonials, etc.

A POOR MAN

indeed is he whose blood is poor, who has lost his appetite and his flesh and seems to be in a rapid decline; but

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

can make it rich again by restoring appetite, flesh and rich blood, and so giving his energy and perfect physical life, cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis. IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

IZODS PATENT CORSETS

Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.

IZODS CORSETS

Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.

Public opinion all over the world unanimously that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, FIT, AND DURABILITY. Sold in every town throughout the world. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for make of extra price. Write for our sheet of Drawings.

E. IZOD & SON.

30, N. 11th St., London.

Manufacturers: LANDPORT, HANTS.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

CONSUMPTION

MORSE'S MELIOTROPE TOILET SOAP.

FRAGRANT, LASTING AND PURE

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. S

MANUFACTURERS & PROPRIETORS

A PERFECT ROUGHET IN YOUR ROOM

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:
One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. VII TORONTO, APR. 15, 1893. [No. 21]

The Drama.



COURT ENVOY.

ONE of the brightest things that has appeared in Toronto this season is *Gloriana* at the Grand Theatre. It is extraordinarily funny and is put on by very clever people. George W. Barnum, as Count Evittoff, is a new creation and worth going out of one's way to see. A peppery, excitable old Russian diplomat, who cannot stand still and who throws wine down his throat like shots from a gun, his character shows to great advantage in the ridiculous situations and mixed identities of this bright comedy. Jacques Martin as Spinks, the valet, who is required to personate Leopold Fitz-Jocelyn, the English diplomat, divides the honors with Mr. Barnum. His work is quaintly funny, and a view of his face is alone worth the price of a seat in the orchestra. The cock-robin perk of his head, the defective working of his right eye lid, and the ludicrous action of his semi-circular mouth make his face one that will follow you home. William Norris as Fitz-Jocelyn is in his different line almost equal to these two. Miss Eleanor Merton as *Gloriana* is charming, while Miss Tillie Barnum as Kitty is extra clever. The other members of the company are right up to the mark. Why good curtain-raisers cannot be written is hard to say. Out in the storm, which precedes *Gloriana*, is a failure. There is too sudden a ker-plunk from the height of comedy to the lowest depths of what is intended for tragic pathos. It made some laugh and it made all others uncomfortable.

The similarity between Grossmith and Lincoln consists mainly in the fact that neither of them carries a supporting company. Their methods are quite different, though it would be very strange if during the long evening's talk one did not occasionally give an imitation somewhat like the mimicry of the other. Lincoln objects to being called "the American Grossmith," and as he has been on the platform longer in his present line than Grossmith has been in his present line, the objection should hold good. Aside from the question of priority the two men are so unlike as to render the term inapplicable. Grossmith is properly a drawing-room entertainer, while Lincoln is essentially a public entertainer. Grossmith is a satirist, while Lincoln is a humorist. To compare them and decide which is the better, is therefore out of the question. Frank Lincoln's audience on Tuesday night came away from the Pavilion in excellent spirits. Although he did not make such a lasting impression as James Whitcomb Riley, that could not be expected, yet people left the building laughing and declaring that they had enjoyed themselves immensely. I was, to tell the truth, surprised very much to hear Lincoln tell so many old stories. He proved plainly that he is not an originator of humor though a very clever story-teller and mimic. It would be too much to ask an entertainer to avoid relating any stories that had been heard before, but Lincoln sinned all evening. Yet so clever is he and so generous are the people of this town, that everything he said produced a good laugh. He is probably unaware that the story about the man who has had his hair cut, for instance, is a stock recitation at public school entertainments all over Ontario. I will venture to say that seventy-five per cent. of those in his audience had heard it before, yet they laughed comically. These things are mentioned so that he will not carry away a wrong impression of Toronto. After telling one ancient joke he paused for the laughter to subside, and then remarked that so far he had merely been taking the measurement of his audience and would now proceed with his entertainment. If we had not, through considerations of politeness, laughed at the decrepit joke, he might have changed his measurement of us and given us newer things. His great hold is his mimicry. His old woman with the revolving tooth, his old man with the wonderful lie about George Washington, his bark of dog and song of mosquito, his speech of the bridegroom, and a dozen other performances were capital and delighted the fashionable audience.

Mr. R. L. Milligan gave a dramatic recital and concert in Broadway Hall on Thursday evening last, to a large audience.

After an enforced absence from the concert platform for the past three months, owing to her unfortunate illness, Miss Jessie Alexander will once more appear at the Pavilion in one of her delightful literary entertainments. It is scarcely necessary to say that the high place she has won in the hearts of Torontonians will be made evident in an enthusiastic welcome, as her charming and versatile personality has been greatly missed from this season's en-

tertainments. April 23 is the date arranged, and Miss Alexander will be assisted by well known musical talent.

Leland T. Powers has made a wonderful hit with his David Garrick. The American press are according him unstinted praise for his clever work. This charming comedy is presented by him in three acts, in which he impersonates no less than a dozen characters. But a little while ago Mr. Powers was an ordinary dry-goods clerk.

William Hanlon told me recently of an incident that occurred to him during his early work at Niblo's, that seemed most remarkable, and which he has never forgotten, and thinks of even yet, only with a shudder. "From my lofty perch in the upper gallery, when preparing for the leap," said he, "I grew in the habit of looking down on the heads of the auditors below with singular interest, and would invariably make a careful and critical inspection of the audience beneath while preparing for my act."

"One night my attention was attracted to a rather peculiar appearing old man, who wore glasses, and carried a cane, who occupied a seat in the front row of the parquet, and whose spectacled eyes, turned up to gaze at me with an intentness that was most remarkable. I recalled having encountered several times before. The next night the old man with the spectacles was there again, in the same seat as before, and the next night again, and the next night again, and so on for two or three weeks."

"There was something in the fixedness of the old man's gaze that I didn't like, and that made me, almost for the first time in my life, a little nervous. This feeling grew upon me, for I wasn't able to conceive just how a man could care to attend the same performance night after night, and manifest the same extraordinary interest that my elderly friend did. Finally I spoke to the man at the box office one day and asked him to at least shift the old man to another seat, when I was even still more surprised to learn that the old gentleman had contracted for the seat regularly, agreeing to pay for it every night whether he occupied it or not, until he had notified the box office that he didn't want it any longer, and under these conditions the seat had been sold to him."

"Finding that there was no chance to get the old man to let up on either his curiosity or his seat, I sent a man to him, on the quiet, to enquire what prompted this regular attendance and this annoyingly fixed gaze. The old man, with some petulance, replied to the enquirer that he had made up his mind that it was only a question of time when Hanlon would fall, and that he proposed to attend the theater every night until the fall came, which he knew was certain, if it took six months."

"There wasn't anything very comforting in that declaration," said Hanlon, "but seeing I was in for the persecution I resolved to fool the old fellow after all, and so, night after night, in the presence of that cursed basilisk stare, I kept up my work, taking extraordinary precautions to make no mis-step nor any miscalculation of strength or agility. And thus I went along for weeks, confident that something would eventually happen to me, in connection with that be-spectacled old man, that would end my jumping days for ever."

"One night I missed my be-spectacled friend. He was not in his seat; it was empty. That night I fell; and it took many weary months in the hospital before I was again able to work. How I escaped with my life I will probably never know."

The Kentucky Girl opened to a good house on Monday night and held the attention of the audience till the final drop of the curtain. The company is a well assorted one, and the various members are well up in their roles. Although realistic and sensational, the piece is diverting and is not a bad illustration of what one might expect to find in the remote districts of Kentucky, where to defraud the revenue is considered a thing to be proud of, and the customs officials are looked upon as so many "varments" who interfere with the lawful means of livelihood of the festive and ingenious mountaineers. Clannish, reckless and indifferent to the shedding of blood, such is the type which the author of *A Kentucky Girl* has attempted to put on the stage, and he has succeeded. At the same time I prefer making the acquaintance of such gentry by proxy, as I should imagine that life must be somewhat uncertain in the blue grass regions of the Buckeye State. Virginia Vale is a queer little mortal who proposes strange ideas as to the relations of husband and wife devotedly attached to her husband, she is not a bit jealous and sees no reason why he should not make love to other women. "He don't love me, but then I am only his wife," she said, and the phrase expresses in a nutshell her ideas on the subject. It is a code which does not find favor among her more civilized sisters. Zebulon Gowdy was decidedly the best drawn character amongst the males introduced; as ignorant as very many can well be, he nevertheless is quaint enough to save himself from the complete charge of idiocy. The part is well taken by Lloyd Neal. The other characters are well conceived and played. The piece is clean and the humor is not coarse or suggestive.

Why do people persist in coming in late to the theater? Is a question which Manager Morris asks himself a dozen times every night. The habit is a very bad one to cultivate and shows a remarkable want of education on the part of those who indulge in it. If people do it to attract attention, it merely shows that they lack the intelligence and cultivation requisite to distinguish themselves in a more legitimate manner, and my assertion is borne out by the appearance and manners of those who offend in this way, for a more densely stupid-looking lot than the great majority of late theater arrivals I never set eyes on in my life. That they attract attention I concede, but it is not of a kind upon which they can plume themselves, while they certainly may the enjoyment of others. Two people coming in late often cause the standing up of forty people, and if they are well towards the front of the theater the view of the stage is completely blocked to those behind, generally at a most interesting part of the performance. If

Mr. Morris were to print on the tickets a warning to the effect that those who came late would not be shown down to their seats until the end of the act, and enforce the rule, I guarantee he would not have to complain of late arrivals after the first three nights.

Manager Young of the Musee is evidently a believer in Women's Rights, and this week has taken a novel way of expressing his views upon the subject. The performances in the theater are one and all female acts, not a male performer is engaged unless it be the individual who sweeps off the stage after the dancing and shifts the paraphernalia of the "she magician," as a spectator called her. The trapeze work of the Edgerton Sisters is sensational enough to merit the description of recklessness, besides being really very clever. In the curio hall there are Mexican feather artists, the blind checker player and whittler of wood, and a heroic life-saving captain, with his chest plastered with medals, who relates experiences with drowning people.

When the scenery and properties of Hanlon's *Superba* tell in ashes at Cleveland last October, it was only to rise more gorgeous and beautiful in Philadelphia. The work has been much improved in the process of regeneration, and not alone in spectacular and trick effects, for the changes in the cast since last season have all been decided improvements. As seen now, *Superba* would certainly seem to have reached the very acme of elaboration, and one can hardly believe that stagecraft could any further go in mechanical invention or beauty of scenic effect. Chief among the new features of the work is the Magic Mirror, and though the bright ideas are not entirely new to Toronto theater-goers of the passing season, it is one that can be enjoyed in each of many repetitions; it leads, by the way, to a delightful departure from pantomime tradition, for it puts perennial Pierrot in a dress suit! Another new feature of note is Wallalia's studio, in the third act, introducing a number of new creations from the fertile brain of the mechanical genius of the Hanlon family. The scenery is all the work of Albert Grover & Burridge of Chicago, and those great scenic artists have surpassed themselves. The cloths showing a bull fight arena and crowded, colorful spectatorium is particularly beautiful and one of the most effective pictures ever seen within a theater. But it is in the final transformation scene that the artists have reached their highest height. It is a timely picturing of *The Wealth of the World* and the *Genius of America* displayed in epochal scenes of American history and ending with a life-like representation of the World's Fair buildings, Liberty, draped in the Stars and Stripes, surmounting all.

For a limited period of three nights and one matinee, Master and Man will be produced at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, beginning next Monday, April 17. Beyond question Master and Man is head and shoulders above all other melodramas seen here this season. It is not surprising that Richard Mansfield saw in Humpy Logan a role worthy his great talent. It is one of the most striking characters that the later day drama has developed and is admirable in its naturalness. One can imagine Mr. Mansfield's treatment of this part, but it must be confessed that Mr. Palmer Collins makes it a great part. The play-going public is thoroughly familiar with the sterling capabilities of this actor. In his blue he is the peer of any artist on our stage. A veteran in years, his artistic strength has increased with his age, and only the triviality of his art has been left with the past. His personation of the vengeful foreman is striking in its cold coloring, consistent in its elaboration and keenly human throughout.

The Leavenworth Case is on at the Academy the latter part of this week, and *Lost in London* will be next week's drawing card.

Col. Ingersoll is announced to lecture on Robert Burns in the Auditorium on April 20.

A Sunbeam and a Shadow.

THE YEAR 1849

PARENTAL opinion stamped Edgar Stratton as an aristocratic-looking child, but it could not be denied that street dirt did sometimes veil his respectability, for at this time his four years' experience of life had taught him to array himself upon the side of democracy; to express it more clearly, he always tried to escape the vigilance of his nurse for the purpose of consorting with the street rats of a neighboring thoroughfare of the poorer class.

Had you passed along that street one day, you would have seen two children seated on a pile of rubbish at the entrance of a lane; one a poor, dirty little three-year-old, with eyes diseased almost to blindness—truly a seeming outcast from the flock of humanity—sitting with that look of apathy which verges upon imbecility, her dirty little hands clasped in her lap, and her face upturned with a pitifully blank expression.

Beside her, mumbling fatherly precepts and wiping her face with his pinafore, sat the aristocrat, pedigree and all.

The passers-by laughed; the angels smiled for very gladness.

THE YEAR 1893.

Forty-four years more of life find Edgar Stratton a strict, careful man of business; neat in dress, handsome in appearance and respected by all.

In one of the suburban districts of the city a number of his tenants are under his personal supervision. Alighting from his cart and giving the instructions to his coachman, he walked rapidly in the direction of the three or four straggling cottages which, as part of his property, demanded his inspection. He was not ostentatious, and from good feeling he made as little display as possible among his poorer tenants; for this reason he never drove up in state to the doors.

At the first cottage, the answer given by the old woman who inhabited it received a courteous, even a kindly rejoinder:

"Yes, Mrs. Tabbs, as long as you do your

part I shall do mine. My regards to your son. Good-bye."

The next cottage showed fewer signs of thrift, and the cause was not far to seek—the family had been left motherless two weeks before. Beside a cradle, in which lay a two-months-old child, sat a plain, unattractive girl of twelve, the eldest of seven. Stratton remembered not only having seen her before, but also having taken an instinctive dislike to her. She was trying to quiet the crying baby as well as she could, and around her gathered the five disconsolate little ones. Her childish hand was apparent in many simple, even ludicrous attempts at tidiness in the bare room.

As Stratton entered she hastily rose and advanced to meet him.

"Father 'll be back in a little while if you'll wait."

He made no reply, but sat down on a rickety chair near the door. For a few minutes no word was uttered. The children looked with half-frightened, sidelong glances at the stranger, across whose mind something more pleasant than his usual thoughts seemed to flit. As the severe lines of his face relaxed, the little girl who had been watching him narrowly plucked up courage to say:

"Do you think, sir, that I could get something to do anywhere? Father can't pay his rent very well, and I'd try—"

That was a mistake, little girl!

Stratton looked up gruffly. "Then tell your father to get out of this at once, and you," then carelessly, "oh, steal if you like, or else—"

Turning sharply around, he went down the flimsy steps to the street. As his steps grew inaudible in the distance, old Mrs. Tabbs, from a well thumbed Bible, was reading her daily verses, and she read:

"Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way, and the people shall say Amen."

The angels' smile must have faded long, long ago.

In the bare room the little girl with tears in her eyes—tears she could not suppress—turned to the cupboard and took from it a plate with a few thin, unwholesome-looking pancakes. The children thronged around her like little birds in a nest, and as she divided the slender meal she looked from the bare window to the bare walls, and bowing her head over the empty plate sobbed as if her heart would break.

J. M.

A Case of Misplaced Confidence.

A YONGE street citizen who gains his substance in clothing the naked, has no wish to find fault with the general outline of the divine programme. Notwithstanding this he has one case on hand which he thinks is of sufficient importance to lay before the Hard Luck Claims Committee.

A gentlemanly railroad clerk favored him with an order for a \$30 suit, and succeeded in inducing the citizen to allow him to take it home merely on a promise to pay in a week's time.

The week passed, so did the next and the next. Then the clothier called, went back again and again. At the end of three months he faced the situation.

"If you can't pay me give me a cheque on the bank."

He got the paper and straightway proceeded to the bank, where he presented the cheque.

"Not enough funds," was the answer.

Contrary to banking rules he was told that the clerk had \$29 on deposit when he enquired how much was available. So he got a deposit blank, entered up a dollar in the name of his debtor and banked the amount.

He went out for a turn to give the bank people time to enter up the new deposit. Then he again tendered the cheque. The same answer was given as before.

"But there was \$29 here when I presented this cheque half an hour ago, and since then \$1 has been paid in to that man's credit."

"Oh, that's right enough," replied the man behind the wicket, "but the gentleman was here a few minutes ago and drew out the whole amount."

PEACEFUL JONES.

A Midnight Reformation.



HE ambled past the "bobby" on his midnight beat with a jovial gurgle which that good-natured guardian of the law construed into "good night," and zigzagged up the pavement with variegated footsteps and tuneful voice—albeit slightly thick and indistinct. But he had not traveled far when a dull and sickening thud woke the echoes of the silent street, causing the friendly Robert to turn and look anxiously back. For the cause of the sound he had not far to seek. A thin stream of snow and ice was still descending from an overhanging eave, and a white mound on the pavement below showed that beyond doubt the belated reveler had become involved in the downward rush of a miniature avalanche.

Hastening to the rescue, Bobby cleared away the massive cakes of snow from the limp and unconscious form of the unfortunate; then, with true Hibernian sympathy, he extracted a flask from the mysterious depths of an inner pocket and administered a goodly dose. At the familiar taste he opened his eyes, but closed them again in a resigned, pathetic way that touched the heart of the good-natured policeman. The pale face looked almost ghastly in the bright moonlight. The tightly compressed lips twitched and quivered as though some great mental struggle were going on, which, indeed, was the case, for suddenly he opened his eyes. In them could be read a great resolve, calmly and irrevocably taken. Painfully raising himself on one elbow he said, very solemnly and earnestly: "Maria, if you'll promise never to hit me like that again, I'll never—hic—stay out late again, s'help me, Jonah."

R. R. W.

How Hank Jones Returned to the Fold.

For Saturday Night.

Tey'll be sayin' I'm 'traid of a judgment and shakin' a bit at the knee, Though I've heard the older men gets, he's a durned sight harder to please; Bat, misus, I've took religion and I've started to climb the stair, By tongsin' that blamed young cub, McGee, till I fairly raised his hair.

I was waitin' to get the grass seed down to Finucan's store, And a giss of the boys was settin' around, there was twenty I guess, or more; We was talkin' of Parson O'Malley for want of better or worse, When Jimmy McGee rips out with a sneer, "He oughter be put to nurse."

The boys they started laughin', but I sixed up master Jim, "Fair play's a jewel d'ye see," says I, and he quirmed as I looked at him. "It's amazin'," says I, "but the Lord of hosts has give us most eal powers, He ain't forgotten the shadow and shine to comfort our workin' hours."

"He's give you a tongue as is allus oiled and runs like the rollin' tide, But He's give me a powerful hefty leg, which is some's a divarified; Now, Jimmy McGee, you can use yer tongue, but if ever it slips a peg And starts cavortin' and foinin' round I'm a-goin' to use my leg."

"I mind the time when yer misus, Jim, was dyin' for want of bread; While others was huntin' for honest work you was loafin' around instead, Cursin' this wooden country as the cause of all yer woes, And little yer cared how yer got yer keep or trod on yer neighbors' toes."

"And the man you've just been sniggerin' at was the man as helped you through, As sent you physic and sent you clothes and victuals enough for two, And yer know, yer selfish villain, how yer played yer game of cheat, How you gave your wife the physio—how you gave yourself the meat."

"I caught him, boys, I was passin' along and giv' him a friendly call, And there was his misus with arms outstretched, on a treble against the wall, Lookin' appealingly, bathed in tears, at this thing as is called a man, Who was boltin' the hull of the parson's meat, which he'd fried in a tryin' pan!"

"She died—but God in His mercy, Jim, still keeps yer goin' along, Though I guess no saint would assess your soul at the worth of one gospel song. It ain't that I claim to be righteous, for I ain't no kind of a dude, But dang it, if there's a thing I hates, it's damned ingratitude."

Well, Jimmy he lit from off his stump now, a sloker than you could wink, And the boys looked kind of foolish like, not knowin' just what to think, But whether they're rich as Vanderbilt or whether they're fed and found, There no man gys the parson, leastways while I'm around.

I've took to him proper, misus; he's a man as is free from crime; He's a man as is square and honest, and yer see it every time.

He says what he thinks and he goes along in the same old wear and tear, Though he ain't had fifty dollars from the hull blamed crowd this year.

And you bet he's grand at the prayin' and singin' and like of that; The words just comes as clear as a bell or beer from a brewer's vat. And it's great to hear him preachin' and say we should all forgive And forget, cos why, the Bible says it's the properest way to live.

He calls it humanity's treasure house—that it's got more riches hid In a page of its sacred writings than an ancient pyramid. "You may search," says he, "over earth's broad breast, in valley and cave and hill, Possess the wealth of a thousand worlds, but the Bible's richer still."

So rain or shine, I'm goin' to church, and I guess there'll be some surprise, And p'raps the parson himself, I am, will be rubbin' his blessed eyes When he sees the man as has wandered so far on the road to sin, Come footin' it up to the sheep-fold a-leadin' his misus in.

F. M. DELA POSE.

A Thought at Eventide.

For Saturday Night.

A day is born;
Moves on from morn
To noon; from noon
To eve; and soon
Night is its silent tomb!

A soul is born;
A babe, forlorn
Of dream, the youth;
Manhood's forsooth;
And ages its perfect bloom!

Yet day-growth makes
The soul; it takes
The sunshine bright
Each day; thus light
Sources for darkest gloom!

M. ARTHUR SHAYER.

Day and Night.

For Saturday Night.

Alternate gleams of sun and sky;
Dark, lowering clouds that hurry by;
There is no warmth to lure the flowers,
This dreary day.

Dislodged by rain, the few brown leaves
Drop, rustling 'neath the rotting leaves;
The moaning of the April wind
Seems far away.

Where pipes the robin in the dell,
'Tis where the latest blossom fell,
Above its bed the redbreast weaves
A plaintive song.

The air is chilly cold as eve,
Yet strange the bird is loth to leave;
Around the winter-haunted spot
It lingers long.

A mist has risen o'er the hill,
And slowly climbs the wooded hill;
The trees are shrouded deep in gloom,
Grim night is there.

B. KELLY.

Between You and Me.

I WAS much struck on looking over a recent exchange by two articles having reference to the habit of saving. The first detailed the passion for hoarding possessed by the late Duke of Bedford, who died so suddenly last month. My readers will perhaps recall the death of His Grace, which was a surprise to everyone, one of those sudden calls into Eternity which are made on peer and peasant alike. His chronicler says: "He had no studies or hobbies or tastes, but one passion, that for saving up money. This was a trait that declared itself when he was very young. At Balliol he had, of course, a very handsome allowance from his father, and his joy was to save as much as possible of it, and everything he saved he invested in safe, steady, riskless securities. This passion for saving remained with him to the day of his death. Never a day passed without his saving something and reckoning how much he had saved. After his succession to the dukedom and the enormous wealth accompanying it, the passion increased as the means of gratifying it had increased. His one absorbing thought was to save, to pile up further hoards of wealth, to see how much he could possibly save, to find new possibilities of retrenchment, form ways of increasing the unneeded surplus. And every penny he continued to invest by the best advice procurable in the soundest undertakings."

In contrast to this horrid picture of a dominant idea, the very next page gave an account of what was called Short Commons for Charity's Sake, and related the experience of a poor country clergyman and his family who desired to help the cause of London missions to the poor and degraded. Here is his story: "I put it to the members of our small commonwealth if they were willing to go on 'short commons' to aid the London Missionary Society in the Forward Movement. There being no dissenters we determined: 1st, To go without meat; 2nd, to go without tea; 3rd, to go without jam; 4th, to go without sugar; and sundry small savings, which I calculated, as fairly as I could, not at 'store prices,' and the result was a saving of 24s. for the London Missionary Society. Bread and vegetables we did very well upon. As we are teetotallers and non-smokers, there was nothing to save on those two items. Totalling up each day our saving was amusing and a joy." I think it would do anybody good to "gaze on this picture and then on that," and that the soundest business heads would rather risk the income from the latter than the former. Poor Duke of Bedford! rich little country parson!

It is sometimes difficult to decide upon spending one's money, and it is generally, to such as Lady Gay, more difficult to decide on saving it. I have this week laid out a little on a subscription to a book I shall never look at, and another little on the labors of a religious fanatic whose work I know is void of system and, I also suspect, of fruit. Each time I was cross because I did so. Do you ask why I did it? Well, truthfully, because it was the only way to get rid of my persecutors. I could not quite take the soft-spoken foreigner and throw him out of the sanctum, neither could I give the self-satisfied female a gentle impetus into the street, and I had to have my time to myself, so I handed over the money and abused myself for doing so as soon as my raiders' backs were turned. I begin now to sympathize with the people who are snappish and short with collectors, though everyone knows that collectors are often the victims of their sense of duty and dislike and dread their yearly task. I shall never any more rejoice with them that do rejoice over dollars coaxed from busy unwilling men, nor shall I fall to understand the long-headedness that puts on a surly manner and "frightens Miss Muffet away" when she comes in with her little book and pencil.

Sometimes letters come to Lady Gay with a request for an answer in this, her particular corner of the paper. When they are not answered perhaps my friends will see if I have smuggled the response into the correspondence column when she who is long-suffering and kind is not looking. This week I have had several too purely personal to be interesting to the world at large, however they may appear to the sender and the recipient, and for fear I should appear neglectful when I am not, I have written this small fingerpost paragraph.

One lady writes to ask me to slap somebody. Now, my dear creature, it is only had little children and Frenchmen who slap and pull hair, and even in a sense such as you imply I must decline to slap. The woman whom you wish slapped may be, as you say, infamous, but I am sorry I can only recall her name from the advertisements of her lectures, and I must not abuse her in ignorance. I am therefore compelled to disappoint you. Ask me to say something nice of someone; I detest fault-finding. Another bright lady asks me to write her a private letter once a fortnight because her life is dull. I don't suppose she sees the humor of her request as those who know the ropes do! I must also ask her to excuse me, not from "want of will, but want of capacity," as the small boy declined the fourth help of Christmas pudding.

"I cannot translate it," sighed a puzzled linguist to me the other morning. The delicately turned idiom stood perfect, he and I understood its exact meaning, but we could not tell it to a third. How like this is to a heart utterance, that speaks in a look, a smile, a sigh, and to those who are able to interpret means so much. One cannot translate it! Like Heine's poetry, it would be flat and common-place in any tongue but its own, that wonderful tongue that has neither speech nor language, yet says so much; that expression, met with perfect perception, which persuades the dullest of a power and a life beyond the commonplace of sound and sense. Thus must the higher intelligences of the spheres commune one with another, and thus in a measure do we here and there taste of their quicker sympathies.

So many people make a mistake by talking. There is more eloquence in silence sometimes

than there are words in any lexicon to express. The silence of disapprobation, how cold it falls! The little one's silence of great delight is no meaning and so expressive; the silence of anger and resentment is bitterer than any words; the sweet silence of the love-crowned is deep and full of spirit music. Shallow minds cannot receive any emotion so deep. They wade in ankle deep and forthwith babble, and paltry words desecrate the supreme moment. "One must say something," says the preacher, and he talks. "One must say something," says the sympathizing soul at the grave-side, and words of platitudes and inanities drop like pins upon the bleeding heart that mourns in silence. One must say something! Why, for goodness' sake? One can forgive the idle chatter of the wayside, the gabble of the mart, the causerie of society, but in the supreme moments of life let us drink deep of wine or wormwood and keep still.

LADY GAY.

Stolen Fruit.

"They're goin' crazy, the hull pack of 'em is goin' plumb crazy," said master Jerry, the hired man and coachman of old Colonel Grimshaw, with the profundity of firm conviction, as he shook the heavy rain-drops from his antiquated livery hat and gave the gray a cut in the side for pawing up the thick mud. "There's Miss Rose a-walkin' that station platform in the rain for this last half-hour and gettin' soaked, when she ought to be a-sittin' in the carriage, like the lady she is, instead of flarryin' herself about a darn Yank of a cousin of hers, who ain't worth her little finger. If there's anything I hate it's a Yank! And there's the old Colonel at home a-stumpin' around on his cork leg and a-growlin' at these demnition Canadian winters as ain't no better than a blasted flood, and a-countin' every hour and sendin' me off a whole hour too soon, so as not to miss Master Tom. Yes, it's more'n time she ought to be in." This was addressed to Miss Rose in reply to the twice-asked question if it was not time for the arrival of the train from the west.

Miss Rose looked impatiently towards the west and resumed her walking up and down the wet platform. She was waiting for her cousin, who was to arrive from Washington by the evening train; her "Tommy Tiddles," as she used to call him, whom she had not seen for seven long years, but who was now coming to spend two weeks of a busy life with her and her father at their old Canadian home. Her excitement increased when she heard the shriek of the engine, and when the train drew up to the station she stood there, a little pale perhaps, and a little nervous, but looking slim and girlish under the flickering, dull light of the dismal old station.

Somebody in a dark ulster was asking the porter a question, and overhearing the name Grimshaw she ran over to the stranger and cried in a sweet, tremulous voice, "Here, Tom, here I am! Don't you know me? I'm so glad you've come! There, Tom, aren't you going to kiss me?" She slipped one hand fondly over his shoulder and stood on her tiptoes with pleading, upturned face. The man in the black ulster hesitated a moment, looked a moment into the depths of her velvety, brown eyes, and then bent down and felt her warm lips on his own. There was a something in the kiss that made her start. It was a little too long and passionate, but then—then it was but once in seven years and why shouldn't it be so? But she looked into his eyes closely. The light was dim, she could not catch the expression, and she went on talking to him tempestuously. They were in the carriage now, rolling and splashing along the dark country road. Tom had asked how everybody was, had remarked how tall Rose had grown, had looked into her marvelous eyes until she blushed, and then he subsided, silent and uncomfortable-looking, into the corner of the carriage.

"You remember Jerry, don't you, Tom?" asked Rose, feeling she should say something, and the time he got me out of the apple tree when I was stuck there, and who called off poor old Sport when he had you frightened up a tree one morning. Sport died two months ago, poor fellow. Jerry is growing awfully pompous. He always touches his hat now, and he has never gone with unpolished boots since he began making love with Bridget. Of course you remember Bridget and her pies; she's the same as ever. The house is just the same as ever—but why don't you ask about everyone, Tom? Why won't you talk to me?"

Tom murmured something about a long journey and a headache, and remained silent. "Poor fellow!" she said feelingly, as she fondled his hair. "Poor old Tom! I'm so sorry! There, let me hold your head as I used to, and try to rest now!" She drew his head down on her shoulder with sweet tenderness, and sat stroking his head. By the light of the carriage lamp she saw that he was very pale. "Do you know, Tom, you are so different from what I thought you would be. You have got so tall—and I always thought you darker; but seven years is a long time, isn't it, Tom?"

Tom smiled and said "Yes." "Tom, you remember Fannie?" "Yes, remember her well," said Tom, after a pause. "I wonder if she has forgotten me? Fannie was such a nice girl." "Eh!—what? Fannie isn't a girl, Tom; but Fannie, my horse, I mean. Oh, Tom, you have forgotten everybody." But Tom flashed a deep crimson and held his peace. "And Billie, who used to hate you so, ate a clothes-line last week and nearly died. Billy is always at some mischief. Do you remember the time you pulled his beard?"

"Ye-es—and is Billie the same old boy as he used to be?" asked Tom noncommittally. "Boy!" gasped Rose. "Why, Billie's a goat!" The gentleman called Tom clenched his hands and shut his jaw so tightly that there was a ringing in his ears. He looked desperate and tortured, and closed his eyes with assumed weariness. But just then the carriage turned in, and rolled up a gravelled avenue and came to a halt. "Here we are at last," said Rose, jumping out. "Now, Tom, go right into the library—you know where it is—and see father. No! no excuses now, but do your duty," and with a warning gesture she turned and sped up the broad stairs. Tom watched her until she disappeared, shook his head dejectedly and searched for the library door.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 33—Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh.



No. 34—The Children of the Duke and Duchess Connaught.

Colonel Grimshaw was sitting before the fire that glowed in an old-fashioned English fireplace, impatiently tapping a dog-iron with the poker, when a rap sounded on the door. The door opened and his visitor, a man in a dark ulster, advanced towards him.

"Tom, my boy," said the Colonel warmly, and stopped suddenly.

"Colonel Grimshaw, I believe," faltered the stranger.

"I am, sir," said the Colonel, "but you—"

"It seems there has been some mistake," broke in the stranger. "I am not your nephew Tom, but I have a letter for you from him which will explain everything. You will see by it that he was on the train as you expected, but he has gone through to Montreal and will be home in a day or two. He could not very well get off at the station because he was accompanying a lady to Montreal, and thus your daughter's mistake."

"Hem! I think I see," said the Colonel, as he read the letter. "Tom here says you are Mr. Brown and a friend of his. I am pleased to know it, sir; and I hope you will stay with us until Tom returns. But I can't see why the boy wants to treat us like this, by going around the country with a young lady instead of coming right here to us as he ought."

"But," explained Mr. Brown, "it was very unexpected. And I think he is—er—deeply—er—attached to the young lady; and he seemed so puzzled as to how to act that I suggested I might come and explain the matter to you as well as I could."

When Rose came down she was disappointed to find that Tom had retired early, but said nothing to the Colonel, who was dreaming before the fire.

Early next morning, before the sun was well up, Brown was out tramping over the bleak meadows and enjoying the invigorating air that felt more like September than December. It had cleared up and the wind had torn a rugged rift in the gray bank of clouds that let the sun stream through and warm the dripping bushes and moist meadows. The short, quick puffs that Brown gave his brier root pipe showed that he was troubled. Why had he done it? Was the question he asked himself again and again, but would not answer. The deception must be made known that day, and of course she would be angry and offended and most probably have nothing more to do with him. What could he do? Nothing but face the matter out. He had acted dishonorably he knew, but who would not have acted the same in such a case? He stopped in his impatient walk at the ridge of a long, rolling hill and surveyed the farm. Yonder lay the orchard, which half hid the white gables of the old mansion that caught the morning sun and gleamed warmly in the chilly air. The fields spread out on either hand like a huge chess-board, square and regular. The deep baying of a hound was carried to him on the wind. He looked towards the sound and saw a figure coming out from among the orchard trees. His heart gives a thump, for he knows it is

Rose. She crosses the field and is walking briskly up the path, occasionally giving a clear word of command to two frisky hounds that run around her. She is whistling; now clear and sweet as a bird, and every sound is carried to Brown, who stands leaning against a pine stump upon the hill. He waits until she is quite close, then steps out in the path.

"Why, Tom! What on earth!—what a substantial spook you are anyway!"

She was dressed in a thick corduroy suit, corduroy gaiters, and an old gray hunting-cap, and carried a dog-whip in her gloved hand. The morning air had given her a clear bright color, and loosened her thick heavy hair. She seemed teeming with life and spirits. Brown could not but wonder at her.

"Why, Rose, how—how charming you look!"

"Thanks," laughed Rose, "but how—how candid you are."

But the hounds were off, and they both chased after them.

"Goodness," gasped Rose, "there they go, straight for the calves!"

She was off like a deer. Her quick, small feet seemed scarcely to touch the damp grass. She opened Brown and when he came up to her puffing and thinking what a peculiar girl she was, she had both hounds trembling and crouching at her feet, and was waiting smilingly on one of the large stumps, swinging her feet and trying not to pant.

"Do not get down, Rose," he said as she slipped down. "I wish to talk with you." Rose quietly resumed her seat and looked at him silently.

"You know, Rose," Brown began slowly, "it's a long, long time since I saw you last."

"Yes, Tom, it is."

"And perhaps, perhaps, you might—that is, you might have got engaged since then."

"As if I would do such an absurd thing."

"Then you're not?"

"Certainly not, Tom, or I should have told you."

"Er—I say, Rose, do you care anything about me? That is, would you marry such a fellow as I am, if he were not your cousin of course, but someone else?"

"Why, Tom, what a question for an engaged young man to ask an old maid like me! It's dangerous, too. If you were a Mormon, now, I might consent to become Mrs. Tom, number two. But no, Tom, we know one another too well to ever think of anything like that." Rose laughed but her eyes were sad. Brown had grown quite white and spoke slowly. "But, Rose, supposing—just supposing, remember, that I were not engaged and that I said I loved you and wanted you to marry me, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, because you're my cousin, and—"

"Not counting that, I mean."

"Well," said Rose, looking at him with assumed indecision, "I believe I would—but—"

"Honestly, Rose?"

"Yes, honestly."

Sunday Morning.



Barker (going to his club)—Good morning, Miss Smithers. On your way to St. Peter's? Miss Smithers—Yes. And you are too, I suppose? Barker (embarrassed)—Oh, of course. Miss Smithers—Queer we should be travelling in opposite directions.—Harper's.

"Will you swear it?"

"I swear it, Tyrant."

And the villainous Brown, being a man of method, produced a paper and playfully—quite playfully—put the statement into writing, which Rose playfully signed, and this agreement, won by trickery and fraud, was some time afterwards declared legal and binding in the Supreme Court of Love. —A. J. STRINGER.

The Pig and the Potatoes.

As related by Johnny.



W E always was troubled with our neighbor's pigs, and although we did like to be neighborly it was goin' a little too far to neighbor with the pigs, and as we didn't want to quarrel or make bad friends we put up with it as long as we could. You see we was sortin' potatoes, Bill and me, and puttin' the bad ones out in the lane. Now, pigs is particular fond of sech

things, and although I hed put 'em out half a dozen times that day, they still kept up a comin', and I see at last they wasn't goin' to let up, so I nailed a board over the hole under the gate where they got in. One big sassy black fellow waited around till I hed the board on, then he just marched up and rooted that board off and waltzed in again.

This made me bilin' mad, so I made up my mind I'd fix him, so I told him to come right in and enjoy himself, fer it wasn't goin' to last long. I hunted out a great big potato and hollowed it out and filled up the hole with cayenne pepper, then plugged it up again. I held it out and told Mr. Piggy it was fer him, and he came up quite sly to get his potato. He never stopped to examine it, although I warned him and said I wasn't jest sure he'd relish it, but as he wasn't in the habit of mindin' my instructions he chawed it up in no time.

Now the fun began, but not fer the pig—he'd had his—twas me an' Bill's turn fer fun. We jest laughed till we cried to see that pig. First he tried to spit up the potato, but he nearly choked. Then he span round like a top. Next he sat up on his hind legs and pawed at his mouth and looked quite agonizin' and real sick. The tears ran out of his eyes and mouth and he cried real hard like as ef he'd lost some dear friend. Then he looked as ef he'd like to tell me what was allin' him and get some sympathy. But I felt hardened toward him—hardened than I'd ever felt before. You see it was all his own doin's and he learned a good lesson—a good hot one. He didn't care for any more potatoes that day, and I never see a meeker pig walk out any gate as this fellow did that day out of our'n. —PIXSY.

Shooting a Crow.

W HILE taking a stroll on Good Friday afternoon my attention was directed by considerable shouting and much excitement among a crowd of small boys, to a procession coming from the direction of Well's hill. It consisted of sixteen young men with fourteen guns, most of them double-barreled, two game bags and a total net proceed of one badly wounded crow. I felt sorry for that crow: it must have felt lonely. Many a time, doubtless, had it helped to swell the chorus over the mortal remains of a dead horse. Now it was reduced to playing the part of Roman eagle for a cohort of live mules. How hath the mighty fallen! From the lugubrious character of its croaks it was easy to gather that its feelings were more scarified than its body.

The varying expressions of the gang of stalwarts showed their lively sense of satisfaction at a day well spent. Their boots were full of mud 'tis true, and those sections of their breeches that weren't torn were bespangled with burrs. But who cares? It's a lovely day; glorious sporting weather; have you heard the news? We've shot a crow! Their stomachs vied with their heads for emptiness, their inwards were doubtless reaching out with no ordinary degree of vigor for buns and lager, and they were still two miles from the Ward. But yamp! pull in your face; have you heard the news? We've shot a crow! Their sorrowing female relatives were doubtless by this time past the stage of hoping against hope, the boys had been away so long that they were sure something must have happened. Some of them in tears, and others with a strong resignation were preparing bandages and looking up the street for the expected appearance of the corpse on a shutter. But soon all that will be changed. "Hi, there! call in the neighbors; produce the bottle; Zip boom-ta-ra! Have you heard the news? Our boys have shot a crow."

How often in politics, or even in the "popular preacher" line do we see the crowd following the band wagon with something in it that turns out on investigation to be nothing better than an infernal old crow? Whoop her up, boys! Step up and mark your ballots! Have you heard the news? Our candidate is the killer of a crow! Crowd the doors! Fill the pews! Swell the collection! Amen! Hallelujah! Have you heard the news? Our parson's shot a crow. —G. J. A.

A Bright Child.

He is a doctor on Jefferson avenue, and his little three-year-old daughter is learning rapidly to repeat whatever she hears. She sleeps in the same apartment with her father, and hears him every night when he answers the telephone. The other night he was particularly sleepy and the bell rang without his hearing it. The little one held her peace until the second alarm came in, when she sat up in her cot and shouted at the top of her lungs: "Papa, papa, there goes that telephone 'gain. Damn de ding."—Detroit Free Press.

Reasonably Sure.

Bjones—I guess he doesn't often see the sun rise. Giles—I wouldn't like to bet on that. He has a girl he calls on three times a week.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a sixteen-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	\$3 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

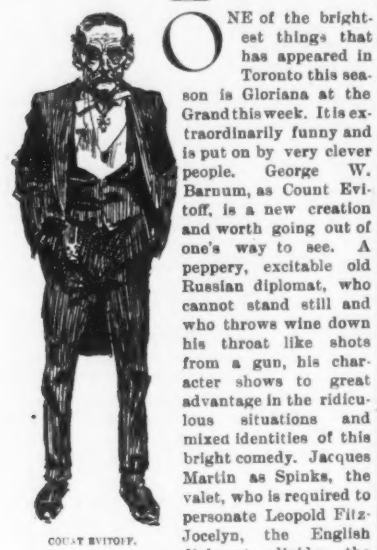
Delivered in Toronto, 50c per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), PROPRIETORS

VOL. VI] TORONTO, APR. 15, 1893. [No. 21

The Drama.



COURT REPORTER.

ONE of the brightest things that has appeared in Toronto this season is *Gloriana*, at the Grand Theatre. It is extraordinarily funny and is put on by very clever people. George W. Barnum, as Count Evittoff, is a new creation and worth going out of one's way to see. A peppery, excitable old Russian diplomat, who cannot stand still and who throws wine down his throat like shots from a gun, his character shows to great advantage in the ridiculous situations and mixed identities of this bright comedy. Jacques Martin as Spinks, the valet, who is required to personate Leopold Fitz-Jocelyn, the English diplomat, divides the honors with Mr. Barnum. His work is quaintly funny, and a view of his face is alone worth the price of a seat in the orchestra. The cock-robin perk of his head, the defective working of his right eye lid, and the ludicrous action of his semi-circular mouth make his face one that will follow you home. William Norris as Fitz-Jocelyn is in his different line almost equal to these two. Miss Eleanor Merron as *Gloriana* is charming, while Miss Tillie Barnum as Kitty is extra clever. The other members of the company are right up to the mark. Why good curtain-raisers cannot be written is hard to say. Out in the storm, which precedes *Gloriana*, is a failure. There is too sudden a ker-plunk from the height of comedy to the lowest depths of what is intended for tragic pathos. It made some laugh and it made all others uncomfortable.

The similarity between Grossmith and Lincoln consists mainly in the fact that neither of them carries a supporting company. Their methods are quite different, though it would be very strange if during the long evening's talk one did not occasionally give an imitation somewhat like the mimicry of the other. Lincoln objects to being called "the American Grossmith," and as he has been on the platform longer in his present line than Grossmith has been in his present line, the objection should hold good. Aside from the question of priority the two men are so unlike as to render the term inapplicable. Grossmith is properly a drawing-room entertainer, while Lincoln is essentially a public entertainer. Grossmith is a satirist, while Lincoln is a humorist. To compare them and decide which is the better, is therefore out of the question. Frank Lincoln's audience on Tuesday night came away from the Pavilion in excellent spirits. Although he did not make such a lasting impression as James Whitcomb Riley, that could not be expected, yet people left the building laughing and declaring that they had enjoyed themselves immensely. I was, to tell the truth, surprised very much to hear Lincoln tell so many old stories. He proved plainly that he is not an originator of humor though a very clever story-teller and mimic. It would be too much to ask an entertainer to avoid relating any stories that had been heard before, but Lincoln sinned all evening. Yet so clever is he and so generous are the people of this town, that everything he said produced a good laugh. He is probably unaware that the story about the man who has had his hair cut, for instance, is a stock recitation at public school entertainments all over Ontario. I will venture to say that seventy-five per cent. of those in his audience had heard it before, yet they laughed comically. These things are mentioned so that he will not carry away a wrong impression of Toronto. After telling one ancient joke he paused for the laughter to subside, and then remarked that so far he had merely been taking the measurement of his audience and would now proceed with his entertainment. If we had not, through consideration of politeness, laughed at the decrepit joke, he might have changed his measurement of us and given us newer things. His great hold is his mimicry. His old woman with the revolving tooth, his old man with the wonderful lie about George Washington, his bark of dog and song of mosquito, his speech of the bridegroom, and a dozen other performances were capital and delighted the fashionable audience.

Mr. R. L. Milligan gave a dramatic recital and concert in Broadway Hall on Thursday evening last, to a large audience.

After an enforced absence from the concert platform for the past three months, owing to her unfortunate illness, Miss Jessie Alexander will once more appear at the Pavilion in one of her delightful literary entertainments. It is scarcely necessary to say that the high place she has won in the hearts of Torontonians will be made evident in an enthusiastic welcome, as her charming and versatile personality has been greatly missed from this season's en-

tertainments. April 28 is the date arranged, and Miss Alexander will be assisted by well known musical talent.

Leland T. Powers has made a wonderful hit with his David Garrick. The American press are according him unstinted praise for his clever work. This charming comedy is presented by him in three acts, in which he impersonates no less than a dozen characters. But a little while ago Mr. Powers was an ordinary dry-goods clerk.

William Hanlon told me recently of an incident that occurred to him during his early work at Niblo's, that seemed most remarkable, and which he has never forgotten, and thinks of even yet, only with a shudder. "From my lofty perch in the upper gallery, when preparing for the leap," said he, "I grew in the habit of looking down on the heads of the auditors below with singular interest, and would invariably make a careful and critical inspection of the audience beneath while preparing for my act."

"One night my attention was attracted to a rather peculiar appearing old man, who wore glasses, and carried a cane, who occupied a seat in the front row of the parquet, and whose spectacled eyes, turned up to gaze at me with an intensity that was most remarkable. I recalled having encountered several times before. The next night the old man with the spectacles was there again, in the same seat as before, and the next night again, and the next night again, and so on for two or three weeks."

"There was something in the fixedness of the old man's gaze that I didn't like, and that made me, almost for the first time in my life, a little nervous. This feeling grew upon me, for I wasn't able to conceive just how a man could care to attend the same performance night after night, and manifest the same extraordinary interest that my elderly friend did. Finally I spoke to the man at the box office one day and asked him to at least shift the old man to another seat, when I was even still more surprised to learn that the old gentleman had contracted for the seat regularly, agreeing to pay for it every night whether he occupied it or not, until he had notified the box office that he didn't want it any longer, and under these conditions the seat had been sold to him."

"Finding that there was no chance to get the old man to let up on either his curiosity or his seat, I sent a man to him, on the quiet, to enquire what prompted this regular attendance and this annoyingly fixed gaze. The old man, with some petulance, replied to the enquirer that he had made up his mind that it was only a question of time when Hanlon would fall, and that he proposed to attend the theater every night until the fall came, which he knew was certain, if it took six months."

"There wasn't anything very comforting in that declaration," said Hanlon, "but seeing I was in for the persecution I resolved to fool the old fellow after all, and so, night after night, in the presence of that cursed basilisk stare, I kept up my work, taking extraordinary precautions to make no misstep nor any miscalculation of strength or agility. And thus I went along for weeks, confident that something would eventually happen to me, in connection with that be-spectacled old man, that would end my jumping days for ever."

"One night I missed my be-spectacled friend. He was not in his seat; it was empty. That night I fell; and it took many weary months in the hospital before I was again able to work. How I escaped with my life I will probably never know."

MACK.

The Kentucky Girl opened to a good house on Monday night and held the attention of the audience till the final drop of the curtain. The company is a well assorted one, and the various members are well up in their roles. Although realistic and sensational, the piece is diverting and is not a bad illustration of what one might expect to find in the remote districts of Kentucky, where to defraud the revenue is considered a thing to be proud of, and the customs officials are looked upon as so many "varments" who interfere with the lawful means of livelihood of the festive and ingenious mountaineers. Clannish, reckless and indifferent to the shedding of blood, such is the type which the author of *A Kentucky Girl* has attempted to put on the stage, and he has succeeded. At the same time I prefer making the acquaintance of such gentry by proxy, as I should imagine that life must be somewhat uncertain in the blue grass regions of the Buckeye State. Virginia Vale is a queer little mortal who proposes strange ideas as to the relations of husband and wife devotedly attached to her husband, she is not a bit jealous and sees no reason why he should not make love to other women. "He don't love me, but then I am only his wife," she said, and the phrase expresses in a nutshell her ideas on the subject. It is a code which does not find favor among her more civilized sisters. Zebulon Gowdy was decidedly the best drawn character amongst the males introduced; as ignorant as very many can well be, he nevertheless is quaint enough to save himself from the complete charge of idiocy. The part is well taken by Lloyd Neal. The other characters are well conceived and played. The piece is clean and the humor is not coarse or suggestive.

Why do people persist in coming in late to the theater? is a question which Manager Morris asks himself a dozen times every night. The habit is a very bad one to cultivate and shows a remarkable want of education on the part of those who indulge in it. If people do it to attract attention, it merely shows that they lack the intelligence and cultivation requisite to distinguish themselves in a more legitimate manner, and my assertion is borne out by the appearance and manners of those who offend in this way, for a more densely stupid-looking lot than the great majority of late theater arrivals I never set eyes on in my life. That they attract attention I concede, but it is not of a kind upon which they can plume themselves, while they certainly may the enjoyment of others. Two people coming in late often cause the standing up of forty people, and if they are well towards the front of the theater the view of the stage is completely blocked to those behind, generally at a most interesting part of the performance. If

Mr. Morris were to print on the tickets a warning to the effect that those who came late would not be shown down to their seats until the end of the act, and enforce the rule, I guarantee he would not have to complain of late arrivals after the first three nights.

Manager Young of the Muse is evidently a believer in Women's Rights, and this week has taken a novel way of expressing his views upon the subject. The performances in the theater are one and all female acts, not a male performer is engaged unless it be the individual who sweeps off the stage after the dancing and shifts the paraphernalia of the "she magician," as a spectator called her. The trapeze work of the Edgerton Sisters is sensational enough to merit the description of recklessness, besides being really very clever. In the curio hall there are Mexican feather artists, the blind checker player and whittler of wood, and a heroic life-saving captain, with his chest plastered with medals, who relates experiences with drowning people.

When the scenery and properties of Hanlon's *Superba* fell in ashes at Cleveland last October, it was only to rise more gorgeous and beautiful in Philadelphia. The work has been much improved in the process of regeneration, and not alone in spectacular and trick effects, for the changes in the cast since last season have all been decided improvements. As seen now, *Superba* would certainly seem to have reached the very acme of elaboration, and one can hardly believe that stagecraft could any further go in mechanical invention or beauty of scenic effect. Chief among the new features of the work is the Magic Mirror, and though the bright idea is not entirely new to Toronto theater-goers of the passing season, it is one that can be enjoyed in each of many repetitions; it leads, by the way, to a delightful departure from pantomime tradition, for it puts perennial Pierrot in a dress suit! Another new feature of note is Wallalia's studio, in the third act, introducing a number of new creations from the fertile brain of the mechanical genius of the Hanlon family. The scenery is all the work of Albert Grover & Burridge of Chicago, and those great scenic artists have surpassed themselves. The cloths showing a bull fight arena and crowded, colorful spectatorium is particularly beautiful and one of the most effective pictures ever seen within a theater. But it is in the dual transformation scene that the artists have reached their highest height. It is a timely picturing of *The Wealth of the World* and the *Genius of America* displayed in epochal scenes of American history and ending with a life-like representation of the World's Fair buildings, Liberty, draped in the Stars and Stripes, surmounting all.

For a limited period of three nights and one matinee, Master and Man will be produced at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, beginning next Monday, April 17. Beyond question Master and Man is head and shoulders above all other melodramas seen here this season. It is not surprising that Richard Mansfield saw in Humpy Logan a role worthy his great talent. It is one of the most striking characters that the later day drama has developed and is admirable in its naturalness. One can imagine Mr. Mansfield's treatment of this part, but it must be confessed that Mr. Palmer Collins makes it a great part. The play-going public is thoroughly familiar with the sterling capabilities of this actor. In his line he is the peer of any artist on our stage. A veteran in years, his artistic strength has increased with his age, and only the triviality of his art has been left with the past. His personation of the vengeful foreman is striking in its cold coloring, consistent in its elaboration and keenly human throughout.

The Leavenworth Case is on at the Academy the latter part of this week, and Lost in London will be next week's drawing card.

Col. Ingersoll is announced to lecture on Robert Burns in the Auditorium on April 20.

A Sunbeam and a Shadow.

THE YEAR 1849

ARENTAL opinion stamped Edgar Stratton as an aristocratic-looking child, but it could not be denied that street dirt did sometimes veil his respectability, for at this time his four years' experience of life had taught him to array himself upon the side of democracy; to express it more clearly, he always tried to escape the vigilance of his nurse for the purpose of consorting with the street rats of a neighboring thoroughfare of the poorer class.

Had you passed along that street one day, you would have seen two children seated on a pile of rubbish at the entrance of a lane; one a poor, dirty little three-year-old, with eyes diseased almost to blindness—truly a seeming-outcast from the flock of humanity—sitting with that look of apathy which verges upon imbecility, her dirty little hands clasped in her lap, and her face upturned with a pitiful blank expression.

Beside her, mumbling fatherly precepts and wiping her face with his pinafore, sat the aristocrat, pedigree and all.

The passers-by laughed; the angels smiled for very gladness.

THE YEAR 1893.

Forty-four years more of life find Edgar Stratton a strict, careful man of business; neat in dress, handsome in appearance and respected by all.

In one of the suburban districts of the city a number of his tenants are under his personal supervision. Alighting from his cart and giving the instructions to his coachman, he walked rapidly in the direction of the three or four straggling cottages which, as part of his property, demanded his inspection. He was not ostentatious, and from good feeling he made as little display as possible among his poorer tenants; for this reason he never drove up in state to the doors.

At the first cottage, the answer given by the old woman who inhabited it received a courteous, even a kindly rejoinder:

"Yes, Mrs. Tubbs, as long as you do your

part I shall do mine. My regards to your son. Good-bye."

The next cottage showed fewer signs of thrift, and the cause was not far to seek—the family had been left motherless two weeks before. Beside a cradle, in which lay a two-months-old child, sat a plain, unattractive girl of twelve, the eldest of seven. Stratton remembered not only having seen her before, but also having taken an instinctive dislike to her. She was trying to quiet the crying baby as well as she could, and around her gathered the five disconsolate little ones. Her childish hand was apparent in many simple, even ludicrous attempts at tidiness in the bare room.

As Stratton entered she hastily rose and advanced to meet him.

"Father! I'll be back in a little while if you'll wait."

He made no reply, but sat down on a rickety chair near the door. For a few minutes no word was uttered. The children looked with half-frightened, sidelong glances at the stranger, across whose mind something more pleasant than his usual thoughts seemed to flit. As the severe lines of his face relaxed, the little girl who had been watching him narrowly plucked up courage to say:

"Do you think, sir, that I could get something to do anywhere? Father can't pay his rent very well, and I'd try—"

That was a mistake, little girl!

Stratton looked up gruffly. "Then tell your father to get out of this at once, and you," then carelessly, "oh, steal if you like, or else—"

Turning sharply around, he went down the slimy steps to the street. As his steps grew inaudible in the distance, old Mrs. Tubbs, from a well thumbed Bible, was reading her daily verses, and she read:

"Cursed be he that maketh the blind to wander out of the way, and the people shall say Amen."

The angels' smile must have faded long, long ago.

In the bare room the little girl with tears in her eyes—tears she could not suppress—turned to the cupboard and took from it a plate with a few thin, unwholesome-looking pancakes. The children thronged around her like little birds in a nest, and as she divided the slender meal she looked from the bare window to the bare walls, and bowing her head over the empty plate sobbed as if her heart would break.

J. M.

A Case of Misplaced Confidence.

YONGE street citizen who gains his substance in clothing the naked, has no wish to find fault with the general outline of the divine programme. Notwithstanding this he has one case on hand which he thinks is of sufficient importance to lay before the Hard Luck Claims Committee.

A gentlemanly railroad clerk favored him with an order for a \$30 suit, and succeeded in inducing the citizen to allow him to take it home merely on a promise to pay in a week's time.

The week passed, so did the next and the next. Then the clothier called, went back again and again. At the end of three months he faced the situation.

"If you can't pay me give me a cheque on the bank."

He got the paper and straightway proceeded to the bank, where he presented the cheque.

"Not enough funds," was the answer.

Contrary to banking rules he was told that the clerk had \$20 on deposit when he enquired how much was available. So he got a deposit blank, entered up a dollar in the name of his debtor and banked the amount.

He went out for a turn to give the bank people time to enter up the new deposit. Then he again tendered the cheque. The same answer was given as before.

"But there was \$20 here when I presented this cheque half an hour ago, and since then \$1 has been paid in to that man's credit."

"Oh, that's right enough," replied the man behind the wicket, "but the gentleman was here a few minutes ago and drew out the whole amount."

PEACEFUL JONES.

A Midnight Reformation.

He ambled past the "bobby" on his midnight beat with a jovial gurgle which that good-natured guardian of the law construed into "good night," and zigzagged up the pavement with variegated footsteps and tuneful voice—albeit slightly thick and indistinct. But he had not traveled far when a dull and sickening thud woke the echoes of the silent street, causing the friendly Robert to turn and look anxiously back. For the cause of the sound he had not far to seek. A thin stream of snow and ice was still descending from an overhanging eave, and a white mound on the pavement below showed that beyond doubt the belated reveler had become involved in the downward rush of a miniature avalanche.

Hastening to the rescue, Bobby cleared away the massive cakes of snow from the limp and unconscious form of the unfortunate; then, with true Hibernian sympathy, he extracted a flask from the mysterious depths of an inner pocket and administered a goodly dose. At the familiar taste he opened his eyes, but closed them again in a resigned, pathetic way that touched the heart of the good-natured policeman. The pale face looked almost ghastly in the bright moonlight. The tightly compressed lips twitched and quivered as though some great mental struggle were going on, which, indeed, was the case, for suddenly he opened his eyes. In them could be read a great resolve, calmly and irrevocably taken. Painfully raising himself on one elbow he said, very solemnly and earnestly: "Maria, if you'll promise never to hit me like that again, I'll never—hic—stay out late again, a'help me, Jonah."

R. E. W.

How Hank Jones Returned to the Fold.

For Saturday Night.

They'll be sayin' I'm 'traid of a judgment and shakin' a bit at the knees, though I've heard the older men gas, he's a durned sight harder to please; But, minus, I've took religion and I've started to climb the stairs, By tonguein' that blamed young cub, McGee, till I fairly raised his hair.

I was waitin' to get the grass seed down to Finnegan's store, And a gist of the boys was settin' around, there was twenty I guess, or more; We was talkin' of Pardon O'Malley for want of better or worse, When Jimmy McGee rips out with a sneer, "He oughter be put to nuss."

The boys they started laughin', but I sized up master Jim, "Fair play's a jewel d'ye see," says I, and he quirked as I looked at him. "It's amazin'," says I, "but the Lord of hosts has give us most eal power, He ain't forgotten the shadow and shine to comfort our workin' hours."

"He's give you a tongue as is allus oiled and runs like the rollin' tide, But He's give me a powerful hasty leg, which is some's a divarlin'; Now, Jimmy McGee, you can use yer tongue, but if ever it slips a peg And starts cavortin' and foolin' round I'm a-goin' to use my leg."

"I mind the time when yer missus, Jim, was dyin' for want of bread; While others was huntin' for honest work you was loafin' around instead, Cursin' this wooden country as the cause of all yer woes, And little yer cared how yer got yer keep or tread on yer neighbors' toes."

"And the man you've just been sniggerin' at was the man as helped you through, As sent you physio and sent you clothes and victuals enough for two, And yer know, yer selfish villain, how yer played yer game of chess, How you gave your wife the physio—how you gave yourself the meat."

"I caught him, boys, I was pamin' along and giv' him a friendly call, And there was his missus with arms outstretched, on a trestle against the wall, Lookin' appealingly, bathed in tears, at this thing as is called a man, Who was boltin' the hull of the parson's meat, which he'd tried in a tryin' pan!"

"She died—but God in His mercy, Jim, still keeps yer goin' along, Though I guess no saint would assess your soul at the worth of one gospel song, It ain't that I claim to be righteous, for I ain't no kind of a dude, But dang it, if there's a thing I hates, it's damned ingratitude."

Well, Jimmy he lit from off his stump now, a clobber than you could wink, And the boys looked kind of foolish like, not knowin' just what to think, But whether they're rich as Vanderbilt or whether they're fed and found, There no man gys the parson, leastways while I'm around.

I've took to him proper, missus; he's a man as is free from grime; He's a man as is square and honest, and yer see it every time, He says what he thinks and he goes along in the same old wear and tear, Though he ain't had fifty dollars from the hull blamed crowd this year.

And you bet he's grand at the prayin' and singin' and like of that; The words just comes as clear as a bull or bear from a brewer's vat, And it's great to hear him preachin' and say we should all forgive And forget, cos why, the Bible says it's the properest way to live.

He calls it humanity's treasure house—that it's got more riches hid In a page of its sacred writings than an ancient pyramid. "You may search," says he, "over earth's broad breast, in valley and cave and hill, Possess the wealth of a thousand worlds, but the Bible's richer still."

So rain or shine, I'm goin' to church, and I guess there'll be some surprises, And p'raps the parson himself, lass, will be rubbin' his blessed eyes When he sees the man as has wandered so far on the road to sin, Come foolin' it up to the sheep-fold a-leadin' his missus in.

F. M. DELA FOSS.

A Thought at Eventide.

For Saturday Night.

A day is born;
Moves on from morn
To noon; from noon
To eve; and soon
Night is its silent tomb!

A soul is born;
A babe, forlorn
Of dream, the youth;
Manhood foremost;
And age its perfect bloom!

Yet day-growth makes
The soul; it takes
The sunshine bright
Each day; thus light
Sources for darkest gloom!

M. ARTHUR SHAYER.

Day and Night.

For Saturday Night.

Alternate gleams of sun and sky;
Dark, lowering clouds that hurry by;
There is no warmth to lure the flowers,
This dreary day.

Dislodged by rain, the few brown leaves
Drop, rustling 'neath the rotting leaves;
The moaning of the April wind
Beats far away.

Where pipes the robin in the dell,
'Tis where the latest blossom fell,
Above its bed the redbreast weaves
A plaintive song.

The air is chilly cold as eve,
Yet strange the bird is loth to leave;
Around the winter-haunted spot
It hovers long.

A mist has risen o'er the still,
And slowly climbs the wooded hill;
The trees are shrouded deep in gloom,
Grim night is there.

B. KELLY.

Between You and Me.

I WAS much struck on looking over a recent exchange by two articles having reference to the habit of saving. The first detailed the passion for hoarding possessed by the late Duke of Bedford, who died so suddenly last month. My readers will perhaps recall the death of His Grace, which was a surprise to everyone, one of those sudden calls into Eternity which are made on peer and peasant alike. His chronicler says: "He had no studies or hobbies or tastes, but one passion, that for saving up money. This was a trait that declared itself when he was very young. At Balliol he had, of course, a very handsome allowance from his father, and his joy was to save as much as possible of it, and everything he saved he invested in safe, steady, riskless securities. This passion for saving remained with him to the day of his death. Never a day passed without his saving something and reckoning how much he had saved. After his succession to the dukedom and the enormous wealth accompanying it, the passion increased as the means of gratifying it had increased. His one absorbing thought was to save, to pile up further hoards of wealth, to see how much he could possibly save, to find new possibilities of retrenchment, form ways of increasing the unneeded surplus. And every penny he continued to invest by the best advice procurable in the soundest undertakings."

In contrast to this horrid picture of a dominant idea, the very next page gave an account of what was called Short Commons for Charity's Sake, and related the experience of a poor country clergyman and his family who desired to help the cause of London missions to the poor and degraded. Here is his story: "I put it to the members of our small commonwealth if they were willing to go on 'short commons' to aid the London Missionary Society in the Forward Movement. There being no dissenters we determined: 1st, to go without meat; 2nd, to go without tea; 3rd, to go without jam; 4th, to go without sugar; and sundry small savings, which I calculated, as fairly as I could, not at 'store prices,' and the result was a saving of 24s. for the London Missionary Society. Bread and vegetables we did very well upon. As we are teetotallers and non-smokers, there was nothing to save on those two items. Totalling up each day our saving was amusing and a joy." I think it would do anybody good to "gaze on this picture and then on that," and that the soundest business heads would rather risk the income from the latter than the former. Poor Duke of Bedford! rich little country parson!

It is sometimes difficult to decide upon spending one's money, and it is generally, to such as Lady Gay, more difficult to decide on saving it. I have this week laid out a little on a subscription to a book I shall never look at, and another little on the labors of a religious fanatic whose work I know is void of system and, I also suspect, of fruit. Each time I was cross because I did so. Do you ask why I did it? Well, truthfully, because it was the only way to get rid of my persecutors. I could not quite take the soft-spoken foreigner and throw him out of the sanctum, neither could I give the self-satisfied female a gentle impetus into the street, and I had to have my time to myself, so I handed over the money and abused myself for doing so as soon as my raiders' backs were turned. I begin now to sympathize with the people who are snappish and short with collectors, though everyone knows that collectors are often the victims of their sense of duty and dislike and dread their yearly task. I shall never any more rejoice with them that do rejoice over dollars coaxed from busy unwilling men, nor shall I fall to understand the long-headedness that puts on a surly manner and "frightens Miss Muffet away" when she comes in with her little book and pencil.

Sometimes letters come to Lady Gay with a request for an answer in this, her particular corner of the paper. When they are not answered perhaps my friends will see if I have smuggled the response into the correspondence column when she who is long-suffering and kind is not looking. This week I have had several too purely personal to be interesting to the world at large, however they may appear to the sender and the recipient, and for fear I should appear neglectful when I am not, I have written this small fingerpost paragraph.

One lady writes to ask me to slap somebody. Now, my dear creature, it is only bad little children and Frenchmen who slap and pull hair, and even in a sense such as I imply I must decline to slap. The woman whom you wish slapped may be, as you say, infamous, but I am sorry I can only recall her name from the advertisements of her lectures, and I must not abuse her in ignorance. I am therefore compelled to disappoint you. Ask me to say something nice of someone; I detest fault-finding. Another bright lady asks me to write her a private letter once a fortnight because her life is dull. I don't suppose she sees the humor of her request as those who know the ropes do! I must also ask her to excuse me, not from "want of will, but want of capacity," as the small boy declined the fourth help of Christmas pudding.

"I cannot translate it," sighed a puzzled linguist to me the other morning. The delicately turned idiom stood perfect, he and I understood its exact meaning, but we could not tell it to a third. How like this is to many a heart utterance, that speaks in a look, a smile, a sigh, and to those who are able to interpret means so much. One cannot translate it! Like Heine's poetry, it would be flat and common-place in any tongue but its own, that wonderful tongue that has neither speech nor language, yet says so much; that expression, met with perfect perception, which persuades the dullest of a power and a life beyond the commonplace of sound and sense. Thus must the higher intelligences of the spheres commune one with another, and thus in a measure do we here and there taste of their quicker sympathies.

So many people make a mistake by talking. There is more eloquence in silence sometimes

than there are words in any lexicon to express. The silence of disapprobation, how cold it falls! The little one's silence of great delight is so meaningful and so expressive; the silence of anger and resentment is bitterer than any words; the sweet silence of the love-crowned is deep and full of spirit music. Shallow minds cannot receive any emotion so deep. They wade in ankle deep and forthwith babble, and paltry words desecrate the supreme moment. "One must say something," says the preacher, and he talks. "One must say something," says the sympathizing soul at the grave-side, and words of platitudes and inanities drop like pins upon the bleeding heart that mourns in silence. One must say something! Why, for goodness' sake? One can forgive the idle chatter of the wayside, the gabble of the mart, the causerie of society, but in the supreme moments of life let us drink deep of wine or wormwood and keep still.

LADY GAY.

Stolen Fruit.

"They're goin' crazy, the hull pack of 'em is goin' plumb crazy," said master Jerry, the hired man and coachman of old Colonel Grimshaw, with the profundity of firm conviction, as he shook the heavy rain drops from his antiquated livery hat and gave the gray a cut in the side for pawing up the thick mud. "There's Miss Rose a-walkin' that station platform in the rain for this last half-hour and gettin' soaked, when she ought to be a-sittin' in the carriage, like the lady she is, instead of flarrring herself about a darn Yank of a cousin of hers, who ain't worth her little finger. If there's anything I hate it's a Yank! And there's the old Colonel at home a-stumpin' around on his cork leg and a-growlin' at these demitition Canadian winters as ain't no better than a blasted flood, and a-countin' every hour and sendin' me off a whole hour too soon, so as not to miss Master Tom. Yes'm, it's more'n time she ought to be in." This was addressed to Miss Rose in reply to the twice-asked question if it was not time for the arrival of the train from the west.

Miss Rose looked impatiently towards the west and resumed her walking up and down the wet platform. She was waiting for her cousin, who was to arrive from Washington by the evening train; her "Tommy Tiddies," as she used to call him, whom she had not seen for seven long years, but who was now coming to spend two weeks of a busy life with her and her father at their old Canadian home. Her excitement increased when she heard the shriek of the engine, and when the train drew up to the station she stood there, a little pale perhaps, and a little nervous, but looking slim and girlish under the flickering, dull light of the dismal old station.

Somebody in a dark ulster was asking the porter a question, and overhearing the name Grimshaw she ran over to the stranger and cried in a sweet, tremulous voice, "Here, Tom, here I am! Don't you know me? I'm so glad you've come! There, Tom, aren't you going to kiss me?" She slipped one hand fondly over his shoulder and stood on her tiptoes with pleading, upturned face. The man in the black ulster hesitated a moment, looked a moment into the depths of her velvety, brown eyes, and then bent down and felt her warm lips on his own. There was a something in the kiss that made her start. It was a little too long and passionate, but then—then—it was but once in seven years and why shouldn't it be so? But she looked into his eyes closely. The light was dim, she could not catch the expression, and she went on talking to him tempestuously. They were in the carriage now, rolling and splashing along the dark country road. Tom had asked how everybody was, had remarked how tall Rose had grown, had looked into her marvelous eyes until she blushed, and then he subsided, silent and uncomfortable-looking, into the corner of the carriage.

"You remember Jerry, don't you, Tom?" asked Rose, feeling she should say something, "and the time he got me out of the apple tree when I was stuck there, and who called off poor old Sport when he had you frightened up a tree one morning. Sport died two months ago, poor fellow. Jerry is growing awfully pompous. He always touches his hat now, and he has never gone with unpollished boots since he began making love with Bridget. Of course you remember Bridget and her pies; she's the same as ever. The house is just the same as ever—but why don't you ask about everyone, Tom? Why won't you talk to me?"

Tom murmured something about a long journey and a headache, and remained silent. "Poor fellow!" she said feelingly, as she fondled his hair. "Poor old Tom! I'm so sorry! There, let me hold your head as I used to, and try to rest now!" She drew his head down on her shoulder with sweet tenderness, and sat stroking his head. By the light of the carriage lamp she saw that he was very pale. "Do you know, Tom, you are so different from what I thought you would be. You have got so tall—and I always thought you darker; but seven years is a long time, isn't it, Tom?"

Tom smiled and said "Yes." "Tom, you remember Fannie?" "Yes, remember her well," said Tom, after a pause. "I wonder if she has forgotten me? Fannie was such a nice girl." "Oh—what? Fannie isn't a girl, Tom; but Fannie, my horse, I mean. Oh, Tom, you have forgotten everybody." But Tom flushed a deep crimson and held his peace. "And Billie, who used to hate you so, ate a clothes-line last week and nearly died. Billie is always at some mischief. Do you remember the time you pulled his beard?"

"Ye-es—and is Billie the same old boy as he used to be?" asked Tom noncommittally. "Boy!" gasped Rose. "Why, Billie's a goat!" The gentleman called Tom clenched his hands and shut his jaw so tightly that there was a ringing in his ears. He looked desperate and tortured, and closed his eyes with assumed weariness. But just then the carriage turned in, and rolled up a gravelled avenue and came to a halt. "Here we are at last," said Rose, jumping out. "Now, Tom, go right into the library—you know where it is—and see father. No! no excuses now, but do your duty," and with a warning gesture she turned and sped up the broad stairs. Tom watched her until she disappeared, shook his head dejectedly and searched for the library door.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 33—Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh.



No. 34—The Children of the Duke and Duchess Connaught.

Colonel Grimshaw was sitting before the fire that glowed in an old-fashioned English fireplace, impatiently tapping a dog-iron with the poker, when a rap sounded on the door. The door opened and his visitor, a man in a dark ulster, advanced towards him.

"Tom, my boy," said the Colonel warmly, and stopped suddenly.

"Colonel Grimshaw, I believe," faltered the stranger.

"I am, sir," said the Colonel, "but you—"

"It seems there has been some mistake," broke in the stranger. "I am not your nephew Tom, but I have a letter for you from him which will explain everything. You will see by it that he was on the train as you expected, but he has gone through to Montreal and will be home in a day or two. He could not very well get off at the station because he was accompanying a lady to Montreal, and thus your daughter's mistake."

"Hem! I think I see," said the Colonel, as he read the letter. "Tom here says you are Mr. Brown and a friend of his. I am pleased to know it, sir; and I hope you will stay with us until Tom returns. But I can't see why the boy wants to treat us like this, by going around the country with a young lady instead of coming right here to us as he ought."

"But," explained Mr. Brown, "it was very unexpected. And I think he is—er—deeply—er—attached to the young lady; and he seemed so puzzled as to how to act that I suggested I might come and explain the matter to you as well as I could."

When Rose came down she was disappointed to find that Tom had retired early, but said nothing to the Colonel, who was dreaming before the fire.

Early next morning, before the sun was well up, Brown was out tramping over the bleak meadows and enjoying the invigorating air that felt more like September than December. It had cleared up and the wind had torn a rugged rift in the gray bank of clouds that let the sun stream through and warm the dripping bushes and moist meadows. The short, quick puffs that Brown gave his brier root pipe showed that he was troubled. Why had he done it? Was the question he asked himself again and again, but would not answer. The deception must be made known that day, and of course he would be angry and offended and most probably have nothing more to do with him. What could he do? Nothing but face the matter out. He had acted dishonorably he knew, but who would not have acted the same in such a case? He stopped in his impatient walk at the ridge of a long, rolling hill and surveyed the farm. Yonder lay the orchard, which half hid the white gables of the old mansion that caught the morning sun and gleamed warmly in the chilly air. The fields spread out on either hand like a huge chess-board, square and regular. The deep baying of a hound was carried to him on the wind. He looked towards the sound and saw a figure coming out from among the orchard trees. His heart gives a thump, for he knows it is

Rose. She crosses the field and is walking briskly up the path, occasionally giving a clear word of command to two frisky hounds that run around her. She is whistling; now clear and sweet as a bird, and every sound is carried to Brown, who stands leaning against a pine stump upon the hill. He waits until she is quite close, then steps out in the path.

"Why, Tom! What on earth!—what a substantial spook you are anyway!"

She was dressed in a thick corduroy suit, corduroy gaiters, and an old gray hunting-cap, and carried a dog-whip in her gloved hand. The morning air had given her a clear bright color, and loosened her thick heavy hair. She seemed teeming with life and spirits. Brown could not but wonder at her.

"Why, Rose, how—how charming you look!"

"Thanks," laughed Rose, "but how—how candid you are."

But the hounds were off, and they both chased after them.

"Goodness," gasped Rose, "there they go, straight for the calves."

She was off like a deer. Her quick, small feet seemed scarcely to touch the damp grass. She outsped Brown and when he came up to her puffing and thinking what a peculiar girl she was, she had both hounds trembling and crouching at her feet, and was waiting smilingly on one of the large stumps, swinging her feet and trying not to pant.

"Do not get down, Rose," he said as she slipped down. "I wish to talk with you." Rose quietly resumed her seat and looked at him silently.

"You know, Rose," Brown began slowly, "it's a long, long time since I saw you last."

"Yes, Tom, it is."

"And perhaps, perhaps, you might—that is, you might have got engaged since then."

"As if I would do such an absurd thing."

"Then you're not?"

"Certainly not, Tom, or I should have told you."

"Er—I say, Rose, do you care anything about me? That is, would you marry such a fellow as I am, if he were not your cousin of course, but someone else?"

"Why, Tom, what a question for an engaged young man to ask an old maid like me! It's dangerous, too. If you were a Mormon, now, I might consent to become Mrs. Tom, number two. But no, Tom, we know one another too well to ever think of anything like that." Rose laughed but her eyes were sad. Brown had grown quite white and spoke slowly.

"But, Rose, supposing—just supposing, remember, that I were not engaged and that I said I loved you and wanted you to marry me, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, because you're my cousin, and—"

"Not counting that, I mean."

"Well," said Rose, looking at him with assumed indecision, "I believe I would—but—"

"Honestly, Rose?"

"Yes, honestly."

Sunday Morning.



Barker (going to his club)—Good morning, Miss Smithers. On your way to St. Peter's? Miss Smithers—Yes. And you are too, I suppose? Barker (embarrassed)—Oh, of course. Miss Smithers—Queer we should be traveling in opposite directions.—Harper's.

"Will you swear it?"

"I swear it, Tyrant."

And the villainous Brown, being a man of method, produced a paper and playfully—quite playfully—put the statement into writing, which Rose playfully signed, and this agreement, won by trickery and fraud, was some time afterwards declared legal and binding in the Supreme Court of Love. A. J. STRINGER.

The Pig and the Potatoes.

As related by Johnny.



W E always was troubled with our neighbor's pigs, and although we did like to be neighborly it was goin' a little too far to neighbor with the pigs, and as we didn't want to quarrel or make bad friends we put up with it as long as we could. You see we was sortin' potatoes, Bill and me, and puttin' the bad ones out in the lane. Now, pigs is particular fond of sech things, and although I hed put 'em out half a dozen times that day, they still kept up a comin', and I see at last they wasn't goin' to let up, so I nailed a board over the hole under the gate where they got in. One big sassy black fellow waited around till I hed the board on, then he just marched up and rooted that board off and waited in again.

This made me bilin' mad, so I made up my mind I'd fix him, so I told him to come right in and enjoy himself, for it wasn't goin' to last long. I hunted out a great big potato and hollowed it out and filled up the hole with cayenne pepper, then plugged it up again. I held it out and told Mr. Piggy it was fer him, and he came up quick sly to get his potato. He never stopped to examine it, although I warned him and said I wasn't jest sure he'd relish it, but as he wasn't in the habit of mindin' my instructions he chewed it up in no time.

Now the fun began, but not fer the pig—he'd had his—'twas me an' Bill's turn fer fun. We jest laughed till we cried to sech that pig. First he tried to spit up the potato, but he nearly choked. Then he spun round like a top. Next he sat up on his hind legs and pawed at his mouth and looked quite agonizin' and real sick. The tears ran out of his eyes and mouth and he cried real hard like as ef he'd lost some dear friend. Then he looked as ef he'd like to tell me what was all in him and get some sympathy. But I felt hardened toward him—hardeneder than I'd ever felt before. You see it was all his own doin's and he learned a good lesson—a good hot one. He didn't care for any more potatoes that day, and I never see a meeker pig walk out any gate as this fellow did that day out of our'n. PIXSY.

Shooting a Crow.

WHILE taking a stroll on Good Friday afternoon my attention was directed by considerable shouting and much excitement among a crowd of small boys, to a procession coming from the direction of Well's hill. It consisted of sixteen young men with fourteen guns, most of them double-barreled, two game bags and a total net proceed of one badly wounded crow. I felt sorry for that crow; it must have felt lonely. Many a time, doubtless, had it helped to swell the chorus over the mortal remains of a dead horse. Now it was reduced to playing the part of Roman eagle for a cohort of live mules. How hath the mighty fallen! From the lugubrious character of its croaks it was easy to gather that its feelings were more scarified than its body.

The varying expressions of the gang of stalwarts showed their lively sense of satisfaction at a day well spent. Their boots were full of mud 'tis true, and those sections of their breeches that weren't torn were bespangled with burrs. But who cares? It's a lovely day; glorious sporting weather; have you heard the news? We've shot a crow! Their stomachs vied with their heads for emptiness, their inwards were doubtless reaching out with no ordinary degree of vigor for buns and lager, and they were still two miles from the Ward. But yamp! pull in your face; have you heard the news? We've shot a crow! Their sorrowing female relatives were doubtless by this time past the stage of hoping against hope, the boys had been away so long that they were sure something must have happened. Some of them in tears, and others with a strong resignation were preparing bandages and looking up the street for the expected appearance of the corpse on a shutter. But soon all that will be changed. "Hi, there! call in the neighbors; produce the bottle; Zip boom-ta-ra! Have you heard the news? Our boys have shot a crow."

How often in politics, or even in the "popular preacher" line do we see the crowd following the band wagon with something in it that turns out on investigation to be nothing better than an infernal old crow? Whoop her up, boys! Step up and mark your ballots! Have you heard the news? Our candidate is the killer of a crow! Crowd the doors! Fill the pews! Swell the collection! Amen! Hallelujah! Have you heard the news? Our parson's shot a crow. G. J. A.

A Bright Child.

He is a doctor on Jefferson avenue, and his little three-year old daughter is learning rapidly to repeat whatever she hears. She sleeps in the same apartment with her father, and hears him every night when he answers the telephone. The other night he was particularly sleepy and the bell rang without his hearing it. The little one held her peace until the second alarm came in, when she sat up in her cot and shouted at the top of her lungs: "Papa, papa, there goes that telephone 'gain. Damn de ding."—Detroit Free Press.

Reasonably Sure.

Bjones—I guess he doesn't often see the sun rise. Giles—I wouldn't like to bet on that. He has a girl he calls on three times a week.

Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Court," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London," Etc.

COPYRIGHTED, 1892, BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER III.

HARRY BARKSTEAD'S LATEST CONQUEST.

The hours were weeks, the weeks years, to Mildred Hope and Sally Mumford since David was no longer at Hartley's row, and was to be seen no more bounding across the dunes to Webb's cottage, or pushing off the Swallow on trips to the Flying Scud, or on afternoon sails with the smack-owner's daughter.

They talked of no one else these two women, except when Mildred felt bound to remember her missionary duties. She found Sally more than usually sympathetic towards women whose husbands were away at sea. No tale of sorrow went to Hartley's row without relief. Sally said whatever she did, she did it because she was sure it would please David.

Mildred upbraided herself in her own room and upon her knees for thinking so much of David; and yet the more she tried to put him out of her thoughts the more he would obtrude. This was even so when she was at prayers. Once she had done penance in a long fast and an increased prison duty on account of a transient feeling of jealousy against Elmira Webb. She found the face of David Keith coming between her and the Church, thoughts of him taking place of holy reflections. She took long walks where he had walked, encouraged people to talk of him, even allowed Miss Mumford to continue speaking of the wish that David had chosen her for his wife instead of Elmira.

Mildred Hope was in love with David; she would not have admitted it even to Sally, nor would she have denied it, being charged with it. She admitted it in her prayers and asked for forgiveness; for was she not wedded to duty, to the service of the Lord? Had she not bound herself to be one of His shepherds, to watch over His flocks, to visit the sick and needy, to give up her life to His mission?

In her most intense religious moods Mildred felt as keenly the sin she believed she was committing as any nun might have felt under similar circumstances. And yet her love had sweet, dreamy moments in which she built castles in the sunny air of the dunes, with bitter moments to follow when the winds blew from the north and scattered them with the spume of the sea and the red leaves of the autumn.

Poor little Mildred Hope! Why will women think they are strong enough to make vows and take up duties in opposition to impulses of the heart they have never felt and under the influences of which they may fall at any time! Mildred could not know her destiny any more than any other woman. She had no right to cast her horoscope and act upon her own views of the future. It had all been mapped out for her no doubt long before she had any ideas of her own. She could be charitable and religious, she could visit the fatherless and the widows without vowing to herself or to heaven that she would do nothing else. Nor was all this benevolent activity and self-sacrifice incompatible with falling in love, nor with marriage; and yet Mildred went about as if she had committed a secret crime, a sacrilege.

Sally Mumford had sleepless nights whenever the wind blew more than ordinarily, and in all her moods that touched David's welfare she blamed Elmira Webb. David would not have gone to sea if it had not been to get money for her. She had bewitched him. The lad cared nothing for money until he knew her. Latterly he had thought of nothing else but making Elmira a lady, buying her this and the other, talked of a yacht to sail with her into foreign ports, wondered if he would have money enough to buy a house in London. She admitted, of course, that David thought of her too, and often said his dear mother Sally should have a fine house in Yarmouth market place, with as many servants as Mr. Petherick, and nothing to do; and, as Miss Mumford put it, was generally off his head about money, and all because Elmira was a vain lass and wanted gew-gaws and fine clothes, and to live above her station, and so on.

Autumn was passing into winter, and while Mildred and Sally were hungering for news of the Morning Star and Sally was criticizing Elmira's conduct, they had suddenly to face a wreck ashore that seemed almost as pitiable as one as if David's ship had gone down. Miss Mumford, in the first rush of feeling, exclaimed, "I knew it would come to this; our David has had a narrow escape!" and then she wept to think of the blow it would be to Zuecheus Webb, the shock to David. Mildred had brought the news. She had been to Calster twice without being able to make anyone hear at the cottage, and on the third summons she had seen Mrs. Charity Dene—but it will be best to tell the story, as it occurred; it follows in a natural sequence the previous chapter wherein Harry Barkstead gave Elmira David's message and his own.

It was just before the first snow fell upon the eastern coast, making the dunes all white and smooth; it was as if nature had intervened to cover up the tell-tale treacherous footsteps that marked the flight of Elmira Webb, for she had fled with Harry Barkstead, and no one knew whither.

Zuecheus Webb was away at sea, detained by heavy gales. He had put into a distant port; and Sir Anthony Barkstead's son had made his latest conquest complete. Day after day he had lingered at the cottage, and had won as a confederate in the suit of love Mrs. Charity Dene, who had sat complacently outside the parlor door to hear him play upon the spinet those old songs and quaint gavottes that were full of fascination under his pliant fingers. He had invited Charity to the finest wedding she would ever see, and so on; getting possession of the foolish housekeeper's sympathy and good word, while Elmira drank in his pictures of the London world, saw herself as Lady Barkstead, and forgot her vows to David Keith and even her duty to her doting father, as girls have often done before and will to the end of time under the spell of the se-

ducer's honeyed words and right gallant promises.

But surely this pretty Elmira Webb was born to carry on the heritage of misery that rests with vanity and beauty! There is one thing in writing about women, in telling their stories, the theme is ever new. No two women are alike. Under certain given circumstances you can give a good guess at the conduct of the average man, but not of the average woman. They love, hate, fear, marry or live single lives, but each with totally different impulses, feelings and influences. You might think you knew Elmira Webb. Harry Barkstead was dead sure he knew her. Perhaps he did. Anyhow you and I would have thought her pride, her tact and her commonsense would have sought protection in a wedding ring before she became the traveling companion of Harry Barkstead, to say nothing of dishonoring the name and breaking the heart of her most kind, affectionate and devoted father.

Elmira was born without the capacity to be constant. Some men have not the faculty of friendship. Harry Barkstead was a sensualist. He was led by his passions, Elmira Webb by her vanity. But not by that alone. She rejoiced in her beauty. In an Eastern slave market she would have encouraged the bidding. She had no conscience that is as far as one can judge by her conduct. Yet she never vexed her father, was courteous, hospitable, delighted in pleasing everybody, and was quite a thrifty hand at housekeeping. What was wrong with her, who can tell? She liked David Keith, thought she loved him, while she laid her head on his knee in The Swallow that night, when he told her he was going to Halifax; but the shadow of Harry Barkstead falling across her vows, she rejoiced in the competition for her love and thought of the uninterrupted flirtation she might have with Harry while David was away. A curious, contradictory, pretty, inconstant, merry, mischievous, provoking daughter of Eve, this belle of the eastern coast.

Elmira, without indulging in any particular introspective reflections, did, in a way, argue with the situation.

David was so long away, and moreover Harry Barkstead was a gentleman; and when his father died, as he could not fall to do in the course of nature, not many years hence her lover—who had loved her all along from the first sight of her, so he said—would take possession of his estates and title, and she would be a lady. How every marriageable girl throughout the country and far away into Suffolk, and indeed even in London town itself, would be jealous of Lady Barkstead, and she would sweep past them in her brocade silks and splash them with her chariot wheels.

It was true, she admitted to herself, that David loved her, but how many more might have said the same had she given them opportunity! She shut her chamber door and lighted her candles, and though she shivered in the cold she studied her charms before her glass and tried on her daintiest things, and more especially noted the flash of the diamond cross that Harry had given her.

It was a subtle thing to think of, by way of gift, a holy cross set in stones that caught all the radiance of the sun and stars and seemed, even to Elmira, to give her eyes an added radiance. Oh, she admired herself, this rustic beauty, this fisherman's daughter! She could ape the fine lady in her very talk, and she sang the song her father liked and Mildred only child half-heartedly, it was down in Cupid's Garden. David she was sure would make an exacting, jealous husband; he had a masterful manner and he was over fond. Besides, what a hurry he was in to get her word when he knew he would be far away, as if he feared to trust her until he should return. And who knew that he ever would return! Harry had told her of their life, of David's boastful manner, of their walk to Yarmouth that night, and how David had triumphed over his gentleman friend, for while Harry would not deign to let the lad feel his inferior position, yet their stations were far apart, and old Petherick's clerk should not have forgotten that. Pride was a good thing when there was something behind it, a name or money or family; but who was David Keith? And what, with his common foster mother, as she called herself, and his nameless parentage?

Harry did not say these things spitefully, but rather in sorrow, as one who had tried to be gracious, kind, and true to a lad whom he had liked for himself, apart from his common origin. When Elmira turned upon him and said her station was perhaps no better than David's, Harry said beauty was its own dowry, its own name, its own rank and fortune. He mentioned lowly girls who had shared the crowns of kings. His illustrations of the summits to which beauty had climbed took no note of happy marriages where beauty and its consort walked hand in hand, and on Sundays sat together in the church; they were theatrical, the tales of humble women winning titles and wealth, and full of bright and merry progress through foreign lands, the opera in Paris, the carnival of Venice, the festival at Rome, and the routs and balls of London.

As Harry built up romance after romance for her feminine edification, Elmira saw herself with white shoulders and sweeping train with hair that had been dressed by Parisian artists in the mode, and she felt around her neck threaded beads of pearls and diamonds. For a fisherman's daughter she had a rare fancy and a lively imagination. Once she was launched in that bright happy world of wealth and show and music, of humble servitors and gilded coaches, she felt that her fortune was made. She had always known that she was never born for a humdrum wife such as David Keith would assuredly desire with his psalm-singing housekeeper-foster-mother, and her praying, everlasting sighing little Hope at her elbow, to take the very life and soul out of every harmless jest.

BEST FOR WASH DAY.

SURPRISE SOAP

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

Mrs. Charity Dene for one whole day and night had a call to a sick sister beyond Ormesby. Harry Barkstead filled her purse. She was very poor, and he was such a gentleman! Moreover, Elmira vowed she would not mind being left alone. "Indeed, dear Charity," she had said, "I shall like it very much. Mr. Barkstead will go home to the hall, of course, and even if he did not, what harm? I have assuredly given up all thoughts of David Keith, and Mr. Barkstead, as you say, is a gentleman." Zuecheus's man-of-all-work was on board The Flying Scud. Elmira was the gracious hostess of the cottage. How could she drive Harry Barkstead away? Did he not worship her? Then it was so strange and pleasant to be alone with her lover, secure from prying eyes or the possibility of interfering comment. And Harry was so bright and merry, so natural, so handy, so handsome, so distinguished. He helped her to make the tea, and called it picnicking; he built up the winter fire and called it fun. Elmira put on her best lilac gown, and brought out the old china service that had belonged to her grandmother.

It drove Harry wild to look upon her, so fresh and happy, with her baby-waisted gown, her dark blue ribbons, her rich brown hair, her white teeth, and her merry tantalizing laugh. He had no thought for the past or the future. He seemed to live a century in these short hours. Elmira was the conquest of his rarest arts, the pretty victim to his lure and bow. How well he knew the coquettish ways of the game, the flitting to and fro, the hopping from twig to twig, the twittering of song until the trap fell and the hunter had secured his prey.

"I've often taken a hand at housekeeping," he said.

"No, have you?" she replied, surrendering some trifling domestic article to be put away on shelves or in the shining corner cupboard. "Oh yes, I love picnicking, and with such a partner," he went on, deftly helping her to clear the table and make the hearth tidy. "Oh, if you could only have seen Jack Hinton and me in the Australian bush!"

"Have you been in Australia, then?" she asked.

"Rather; I should think I have," said Harry. "Jack Hinton and I lived in a hut away in Western Australia for over a month; made our own beds, cooked our own food, brushed up our own hearth-stone; and Jack said I was the best housekeeper he ever came across. Poor old Jack! He is a peer of the realm now, and has given up fun and picnicking."

"Do you mean he is a lord?" asked Elmira.

"Yes, a real live lord," said Harry.

"That's greater than a baronet, is it not?" she remarked, folding up the table cloth and putting it in the press.

"Yes, but there are rich lords and poor, my dear, just as there are rich baronets and poor ones, and unfortunately Lord Surbiton is poor. It's a miserable business to be poor, Elmira, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," she said; "not that I have any knowledge of what it is, that is, what they call poor at Calster and Yarmouth."

"No, that is what I meant," said Harry, detecting the little glance of pride that Elmira turned upon him. "I mean compared with having servants and carriages and diamonds, and being able to do what you like and when you like, just as you will, my darling, when we drive about the world together and show it what beauty is, and that there is another Helen worth the siege of another Troy."

"Helen!" said Elmira.

"She was a famous beauty in the years that are gone, hundreds of years ago, and the greatest and bravest men fought for her—just as I would fight all the world for you, Elmira."

Then they sat upon the old oak seat in the little nook and Harry told her far more wonderful stories than that of Helen of Troy; for they were of current interest, belonged to the time and its ambitions and they foreshadowed many and new delights for Elmira. He also spoke of their marriage. That would come all in good time. Not at present, he said, of course. There was no beating about the bush as to that. Harry was a bold wooer. He pressed his arm about the girl's waist as he went on, and she looked into the fire and listened. To marry at present would ruin him. She did not desire that, of course; love in a cottage was all very fine for fools, but they knew better than that. His father was a martinet and had his views; but, happily, if the worst came to the worst, he could not cut him out of the Ormesby estate; that was his right. After all, that was only a very small title of his inheritance.

"Your father would think you lowered yourself, I suppose, by marrying me," said Elmira, with a flush of pride.

"He has great ideas about blood and pedigree, and that kind of thing."

"Well, so have I," said Elmira; "we come of an old stock, and—"

"My darling," said Harry, taking her into his arms, "you are lovely—beauty is blood, beauty is pedigree, beauty rules the world;

you are fit for an empress; you are my empress, my own!"

Elmira struggled a little to free herself from Harry's warm embrace, but, as I said before, he was a bold wooer, and there were flickering shadows on the wall, and the fire was in gentle competition with the twilight, which should most or least illuminate the room.

"There, let me be now, dear," she said, straightening her rumpled hair. "You are really too bad."

"Forgive me, sweet," he said. "Why did selfish meddling fools make ceremonies and forms? I love you, you love me; is not that enough? You do love me do you not?"

She was standing by the fire, leaning against an arm of the settle.

"Yes, I do Harry, but—"

"But is the plague, the kill joy of youth. I want you to trust me, Elmira. I swear to you by all that is good and true, I will never leave you, never lose a chance, whatever it cost, to make you happy."

Then suddenly turning his face away he said, "As I live, that sneaking little prison visitor has just opened the garden gate. Quick, fasten the door!"

He hurried her into the passage, the key was inside the door; he locked it and took out the key.

"There," he said in a whisper, "let her knock until her arm aches—there is no one at home."

He stole his arm about her and drew her gently aside in the shadow where they could not be seen or heard; and the next moment there was a knock at the door, a quiet, inviting, apologetic kind of knock. It received no reply. Again Mildred tapped the door with the handle of her umbrella. Harry laughed quietly and kissed his unresisting companion. The situation amused him. Perhaps Mildred had come with news of David. So much the better that she should not hear it. Rap-rap-rap on the door. Harry made it the signal to again embrace his pretty hostess. She dared not push him aside for fear of making a noise. Once more Mildred rapped and then all was silence. She had evidently gone away.

"It is unkind to let her go," whispered Elmira. "She has to walk all the way back to Yarmouth and might have liked a cup of tea."

"Shall I go and call her?" he asked, pretending much alacrity to do so if she wished.

"No, no," said Elmira, detaining him.

"Ah, then you do love me!" he exclaimed.

"My sweet, my Elmira!"

The twilight deepened into night.

The firelight reddened the walls of the old living-room of Webb's cottage.

Elmira closed the shutters. Harry said there was no need to light the lamp.

Just above the shutters where the woodwork left a pane visible, a star shone through. The hum of the sea could be heard without.

It was a lovely, starlight night. Alan Keith sighing to his son said it was always tomorrow. But to-morrow does come to many. It comes to the bankrupt; it comes to the condemned criminal; it came to Elmira Webb; it had come before to Harry Barkstead; but this was Elmira's most memorable morning, and it came in with a watery sun; it came with a sighing of the sea; it came with little shuddering winds across the dunes.

It was a cold morning, yet the sun was shining upon the cottage. It had been noticed by one or two passers-by, friends of the Webbs, that the shutters were not down at ten o'clock.

Soon after that hour a man's hand cautiously pushed open the lattice of Elmira's window, and Harry Barkstead looked out. The hollyhocks by the garden seat were drooping, the nasturtiums were black with frost, shadows were flitting over the sea, the clouds were darkening, the sunshine was fitful.

The blinds being drawn the window was closed. The same cautious hand that opened the chamber lattice now undid the shutters of the house place and let in daylight upon a fire that was still burning. Harry stirred it. He was in his shirt sleeves. He looked round for the kettle, went into the backyard, filled it and hung it upon the bar over the fire. Very prosaic and common all this after the sunset, the twilight, the flickering shadows on the wall, the romance of the night before! Crime, villainy, deceit, profligacy, have all their man common sides.

Elmira now peered at the morning from her window, and saw the same scene that Harry had contemplated, but with different eyes and different thoughts. She began saying goodbye to it; she knew she was looking upon it for the last time for many years, perhaps for ever. The sentiment touched her for a moment, and she felt a pang of remorse when she thought of her father. She was very quiet, moved about the room with a sense of whispering. While she dressed she laid aside certain things of apparel for packing.

Harry had roughed it many a time on hunting expeditions, and he had lived under canvas, but he felt the vulgarity of this morning's picnic. He washed at the pump in the yard, made his toilette generally under miserable

BRING YOUR SWEET LITTLE CHILDREN TO WALKER'S FOR PHOTOS

WALKER'S PHOTOS ARE THE BEST

conditions, found himself actually tidying the room, pushing the gray ashes under the fire grate, and brushing some crumbs from the kitchen table. He had the heart to wish himself at Ormesby Hall or in his snug rooms in town. Then he wished he could recall yesterday, and was sorry for all that had happened, not for Elmira's sake, but as the profligate surfeits with possession.

Then he heard Elmira descending the stairs. He stepped aside, and went for his coat. When he returned she was feeding a robin that had perched upon the window sill. She might have been the veriest saint, to look upon—and oh, the pity of it! There was an expression of melancholy in her dark blue eyes. Her brown hair was gathered up at the back of her small head. She wore a light print dress, with short sleeves, and belted in at the waist. A simple brooch fastened the dress at her neck. She was unusually pale, but her lips were red, and they seemed to pout with a half-grieved waywardness that was tenderly expressive, inviting sympathy.

Harry took both her hands in his and kissed her white forehead, with an incongruous air of respect and reverence.

"Good morning," she said; "the robins are coming, it will soon be winter."

CREAM OF SCOTTISH SONG WITH WORDS AND MUSIC Seventy-one of the Best in Book Form 64 pp. for 25c—Send to Imrie & Graham, Church and Colborne Sts., Toronto, Can.

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 30 YEARS IN USE.

Chase's Liquid Glue. MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING Sold by Druggets, Stationers, Hardware Dealers, or Sample by mail for 10 cents. GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co. (Limited) MONTREAL MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND

Redpath OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere. LUMP SUGAR In 50 and 100 lb. boxes. "CROWN" Granulated Special Brand, the Sweetest which can be made. EXTRA GRANULATED Very Superior Quality. CREAM SUGARS (Not dried). YELLOW SUGARS Of all Grades and Standards. SYRUPS Of all Grades in Barrels and Half Barrels. SOLE MAKERS Of high class Syrups in Tin, 2 lb. and 5 lb. cans.

A few spoke. "We wi said Harry gales." "But fir Elmira busy hers Charity I saw Elmira went about way, a li brought al mon-plac Harry tre in a use of the ingl as he call just as sur to each o After bu dunes, aw long the s of sunshi man arriv Elmira's t snow hush Harry and

The last chanced to introduction. Ruell, a Jo bourg Sain of Tours.

Ruell liv grange, up sufficient lived an ol of fifty, w not in the

This rep the Fete o had been caused in of a noseg young pea val from th The day l to deliver ceived with

After we the white host's famo vervation t began to s man.

"It is a for those w de l'annee who do no gloomy occ

"You thi I remarke "Yes," h horribly at to my tale o greatest fre

As he sal his chair, a took out fr dust and ha

With gra it, and plac contents st tion awak

"Here is were fresh almost odor

"They w of our own day of the Loula van last flower

wondrous c than the fa "Althoug see with th petals of ea crystallizati

"Well," h almost a blood."

He took f and exami these pecul

Then he "You ren the inhabi beasts, defe property; h used their without le German ran

"On that gotten, Ros charging of with the co soldier. I a sort of ba a private li vancing Pr from her g hands and i

"There w three men see us, fou side by side posterior o not even bullet."

"I can se again before her shoulde gleaming t fixed on th soldiers th with their dead."

"More clo of red ros gorgeous, li protost aga clear ter.

"It was a had fallen bullet in t and we, in callously o palpitating

"We we girl and w soaked our

A few light particles of snow fell as she spoke.

"We will go where the sun shines always," said Harry, "and where the robins are nightingales."

"But first to London, you said?"

"Yes, dear, to London first."

Elmira began to move about the room and busy herself with her domestic work. Mrs. Charity Dene being out of the way, Harry saw Elmira in an entirely new light. She went about her work in a simple, graceful way, a little self-conscious, but as one who brought an artistic charm even into the common-place business of preparing breakfast. Harry tried to help her, fetching and carrying in a useless way, and finally sitting in a corner of the inglenook and admiring his little wife, as he called her, adding, "For you are, dear, just as surely as if we had pledged ourselves to each other in church or chapel."

After breakfast they walked across the dunes, away from beaten tracks, and all day long the snow fell at intervals between bursts of sunshine. At sunset Harry Barkstead's man arrived with a light cart and carried away Elmira's trunks; and during the night, the snow hushing the tread of their horses' hoofs, Harry and Elmira posted to London.

(To be Continued.)

A Bunch of Red Roses.

The last time I was traveling in Touraine I chanced to have particularly strong letters of introduction from mutual friends to Angelus Ruell, a jolly old property owner of the Faubourg Saint Pierre des Corps, on the outskirts of Tours.

Ruell lived in a house that had once been a grange, upon an income which was modest, yet sufficient to supply all his wants. With him lived an old woman, not far from the dark side of fifty, who, it was sometimes suggested, was not in the full possession of her reason.

This report had sprung into existence after the Fete de la Saint Jean, when the woman had been suddenly seized with a nervous fit, caused in some inexplicable way by the sight of a nosegay of red roses in the dress of a young peasant girl who had come to the festival from the country.

The day following my arrival at Tours I went to deliver my letters to M. Ruell, and was received with the utmost cordiality.

After we had partaken somewhat freely of the white wine of Touraine and had visited my host's famous cellars below the house, the conversation turned upon Paris and my friend began to speak of my profession as a literary man.

"It is a grand calling," he said, "especially for those who are able to recollect the events 'de l'annee terrible'—the terrible year—and who do not fear to bring to life again those gloomy occurrences."

"You think that is of use in my profession?" I remarked, not quite catching his drift.

"Yes," he answered, "I do. I have suffered horribly at the hands of the Germans. Listen to my tale of woe: I will tell it to you with the greatest freedom and candor."

As he said these words M. Ruell rose from his chair, and opening a massive oak cabinet took out from it a little box, covered with dust and having in its lock a small rusty key.

With great gentleness and care he opened it, and placing it so that I could easily see its contents said in a voice that shook with emotion awakened by past memories:

"Here is a bunch of faded roses that once were fresh and sweet, but are now dry and almost odorless."

"They were worn by a young girl, a native of our own country (the Ardennes), on the very day of the burning of Bazelles. They are Louis van Hoult roses—autumn roses—the last flowers of once happy France, and their wondrous crimson color is little less beautiful than the famous Count Bobrinski species."

"Although they are dry and dusty, you can see with the help of this glass that on the petals of each rose there is a blackish-colored crystallization."

"Well," he went on in a low voice that was almost a whisper, "that is blood—German blood."

He took from my hands the magnifying glass and examined with the greatest attention these peculiar relics.

Then he went on:

"You remember with what heroic obstinacy the inhabitants of Bazelles, tracked like wild beasts, defended step by step their houses and property; how men, women, and even children used their guns, and never yielded an inch without leaving several blank spaces in the German ranks."

"On that day, terrible and never to be forgotten, Rose Lannols fought like a man, discharging one barrel of her gun after another with the coolness and determination of a brave soldier. I was by her side and from behind a sort of bank formed by the collapsed sides of a private library we let blaze at the slowly advancing Prussian soldiers. For every shot from her gun a man staggered, threw up his hands and fell to the ground."

"There were three others besides ourselves—three men—and it was positively devilish to see us, four men and a young girl, standing side by side, fighting like demons against preposterous odds, and yet by some strange luck not even wounded or hit by the enemy's bullets."

"I can see that lovely girl now. She stands again before my eyes, her long hair falling over her shoulders, with flushed face, two rows of gleaming teeth, and her grand flaming eyes fixed on the ever approaching mass of dark soldiers that at any moment might pick us off with their rifles or reduce us to a little pile of dead."

"More clearly still do I again see that bunch of red roses—autumn roses, full blown and gorgeous, living in their fresh splendor as if in protest against the bloody horrors of war and disaster."

"It was not long before our three comrades had fallen to the ground, each with a German bullet in his heart, and never to rise again; and we, in order to shoot better, had climbed cautiously over their corpses, still warm and palpitating."

"We were actually standing in blood—this girl and myself. It covered our boots and soaked our ankles with its warm moisture."

"Suddenly I fell backward. A blade of cold steel had entered my breast!"

"The Germans had forced their way into the house through the kitchen garden, and one of them, a blond Hercules, had given me the sudden thrust with his bayonet. Although this Teutonic giant had given me, without doubt, my ticket for heaven, I was able—strange as it may seem—to note exactly all that was going on around me."

"I seemed to have passed into the next life and yet still to be living in this."

"I can distinctly remember that this German Hercules was alone in the room. His companions had hurried on in their search for blood and booty through the village. His first act was to disarm Rose, tie her arms and thrust his hideous, bloated face close to the lovely cheeks of the heroic girl."

"The atrocious scene was rendered all the clearer by the horrible glare of the fire which was leaping from one house to another, till the whole village was enveloped in a mass of flame."

"How it was that at this moment, in spite of my gaping wound, I found strength to move and even to get up from the ground is more than I can explain. Just as the state has the power of conferring special privileges when exceptional circumstances seem to demand it, so undoubtedly there are miracles that are effected by the will of heaven."

"I got up, terrible as a demon of vengeance, and quietly moved behind the cowardly German."

"Coldly, without trembling or hesitating, a murderer in the cause of justice, I summoned to my aid more strength than I thought I possessed and plunged my long hunting knife up to its hilt in the back of the unsuspecting monster. The blade was keen as a razor and sharpened on both sides like a two-edged sword. It pierced the heart from behind and remained stuck fast like a cross."

"The next instant the heated blood poured with great throbbing jets out of the man's mouth, and a few drops fell upon the petals of the bunch of roses in Rose's bosom."

Angelus Ruell stopped for a moment. His memories seemed to choke him.

"War is horrible, indeed, is it not?" He went on after a long pause.

"Rose Lannols has been out of her mind for several years."

"The dignified woman who received you was Rose, and she then became the companion of my life."

"I love her as my own child. We live a lonely life here; no one comes to see us. Mlle. Rose is very fond of gardening. She keeps that beautiful little garden you see from these windows, but there are no rose trees there. She is afraid of roses, especially of red roses. The sight of these flowers will bring on a fit. But some day I may give her a bouquet of them."

"And what day would you choose?" I asked.

"The day when her brain can no longer receive a shock, when there is no danger of the beautiful flowers causing her fear; the day when she lies dead under the turf."—From the French of X. in the *Courier des Etats-Unis*.

New York State Miracle.

A Young Lady's Grateful Acknowledgment of a Timely Rescue.

Miss Lillian Sparks Restored to Health and Strength after Medical Aid had Failed—Her Condition that of Thousands of Other Ladies who may take Hope from her Story.

From the Hornellsville, N.Y., Times

Painted Post is the name of a pretty little village of one thousand inhabitants, situated on the line of the Erie Railroad, in Steuben county, two miles from Corning, N.Y. The name seems an odd one until one learns the circumstances from which it was derived. When the first settlers came here from Pennsylvania, all this beautiful valley was heavily wooded and abounded in many kinds of game, and was a favorite hunting ground for the Indians, who then claimed exclusive right to the territory. An object which attracted the attention of the first settlers and excited their curiosity, was a painted post which stood prominently in a small clearing skirted by great spreading trees. It was stained red, as some supposed with blood, and evidently commemorated some notable event in Indian life. And so from this incident the place naturally took its name. The city of Baton Rouge (which means "painted post,") La., also took its name from a similar circumstance.

But the main purpose for which your correspondent came here was to learn the particulars of a notable, indeed miraculous, cure of a young lady and her rescue from death by the efficacious use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Your correspondent only knew that the name of the young lady was Lillian Sparks, daughter of Mr. James W. Sparks. On enquiring at the post office for her father's residence we learned that he lived on the road to Hornby, five miles from Painted Post village.

"And," said a young man who overheard the conversation with the postmaster, "it is his daughter who was so sick that the doctors gave her up and she was cured by Pink Pills."

And the young man volunteered to guide me to Mr. Sparks' home. The courteous young man was Mr. Willie Covert, a resident of the place, organizer in the Methodist church, and formerly organizer for the Young Men's Christian Association of Rochester. So getting a horse we started in the storm, with the mercury ranging at zero, for a five-mile drive over the snow-drifted roads of Hornby Hills. When we reached our destination we found a very comfortably housed family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Sparks, one son and five daughters. The oldest of the daughters, Miss Lillian, twenty-two years old, is the one whose reported wonderful cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People your correspondent had gone out there expressly to verify by actual knowledge. This is the story told by Miss Sparks to your correspondent in the presence of her grateful and approving father and mother, and is given in her own language:

"Yes, sir, it is with pleasure that I give my testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was ill for four years, doctoring nearly all the time but without any benefit. I had six different doctors; Dr. Heddon, Dr. Parry and Dr. Hoar of Corning, Dr. Butler of Hornby, Dr. Remington of Painted Post, and

Dr. Bell of Monterey. They said my blood had all turned to water."

"I was as pale as a corpse, weak and short of breath. I could hardly walk, I was so dizzy, and there was a ringing noise in my head. My hands and feet were cold all the time. My limbs were swollen, my feet so much so that I could not wear my shoes. My appetite was very poor. I had lost all hope of ever getting well, but still I kept doctoring or taking patent medicines, but grew worse all the time. Last September I read in the *Elmira Gazette* of a wonderful cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I thought I would try them. I did so, giving up all other medicines and following the directions closely. By the time I had taken the first box I was feeling better than I had been in a long time, and I continued their use until now, as you can see, and as my father and mother know, and as I know, I am perfectly well. I don't look the same person, and I can now enjoy myself with other young people. Indeed, I can't say too much for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for I am sure they saved my life. I have recommended them to others who are using them with much benefit, and I earnestly recommend them to any who may be sick, for I am sure there is no medicine like them. I am entirely willing you should make any proper use of this statement of my sickness and cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

In further conversation Miss Sparks said she fell away during her sickness so much that she only weighed eighty pounds, while now she weighs one hundred and seven.

"I suppose," said her father, "that it was overwork that made her sick. You see we have four hundred acres of land, keep thirty-five cows, and there is a great deal to be done, and Lillian was always a great worker and very ambitious until she overdid it and was taken down."

The facts narrated in the above statement were corroborated by a number of neighbors, who all express their astonishment at the great improvement Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have worked in Miss Sparks.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipela, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale, sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Make Your Own Opportunities.

The true way to deal with adverse circumstances is to be a still greater circumstance yourself. Nine out of ten of the men who have been eminently successful in their callings have fought the battle of life uphill against many opposing forces. Instead of bemoaning their hard lot they have bowed to the inevitable and used it to their advantage. Instead of asking for an impossible chess-board they have taken the one before them and played the game. Look at that tireless worker, Lord Brougham. Can anyone believe that by any combination of circumstances his talents could have been kept from asserting themselves and winning recognition? It has been said that if his station had been that of a shoemaker, he would never have rested content till he had become the first shoemaker in England. The luck of Napoleon and Nelson consisted, they said, in being a quarter of an hour before their time. When, in the darkest hour of the Indian Mutiny, a handful of Englishmen, poorly armed and provisioned, but splendidly led, won eight victories in succession, the revolted Sepoys said their conquerors had "the devil's luck," but the only luck in the case was that of force of will, invincible courage and skill in arms.

Good luck is desirable even when you have done your best to succeed, but remember that the most favorable circumstances or strokes of fortune are of little value unless you have prepared yourself to take advantage of them. Of what advantage would Hayne's fiery speech have been to Daniel Webster if he had not with the instinct of genius long before equipped himself for the assault which he repelled with such crushing energy? Had he not previously weighed and refuted in his own mind the charges of his opponent, his reply, instead of ranking amongst the greatest masterpieces of oratory, might have revealed his own weakness. Thousands of men had seen the prints of a horse's hoofs in the soil before Faust discovered by them the art of printing. The discovery by Edison of the carbon by which he perfected his telephone seems a happy accident; but such accidents never happen to common people.

The great inventor scraped some soot from the blackened chimney of the laboratory lamp, and in a spirit of curiosity tested its properties. It proved to be the very thing for which he was searching; but behind this fortunate discovery was a series of exhausting and exhaustive experiments with all kinds of likely materials,

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available



Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto JAMAICA 1891

absorbing the energies of many months. The lucky hit rewarded the persistent will of a patient workman. So with the young and obscure lawyer who conducts and wins a difficult case, as did Thomas Erskine, in his elder's illness; or the struggling surgeon who has a sudden chance of distinction offered to him; he must have had a long and laborious preparatory training before he can profit by such an emergency. In short, a great opportunity is worth to a man precisely what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.—William Mathews, in *Harper's Young People*.

Do Ants Talk?

I once saw a drove of the small black ants moving, perhaps to better quarters. The distance was some one hundred and fifty yards. Most all which came from the old home carried some of the household goods. Some had eggs, some had what may have answered for their bacon or meat; some had one thing and some another. I sat and watched them closely for over an hour. I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing occurred, as though a short chat were necessary.

To prove more about it, I killed one who was on his way. Others being eye-witnesses to the murder, went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these parties met hastily turned back and fled on another course, as much as to say, "For the king's sake and for your safety do not go there, for I have seen a monster, just behind that is able to destroy us all at one blow. I saw him kill one of our family. I do not know how many more are killed." So the news spread, and it was true. How was the news communicated if not by speech?—*Magazine of Natural History*.

Modern Advertising.

Mr. Blake—Marla, what on earth have you been doing with the morning paper? There is absolutely nothing left of it but the death notices!

Mrs. Blake—Simply cutting out the free coupons, my dear. I've got lots of nice ones this morning; one's for a free ticket to Alaska; and I'm going right down town, because it must be presented before twelve o'clock.

In Peril.

Society Man—My baby had a very narrow escape this morning.

Friend—Indeed! How so?

Society Man—The nurse-girl thoughtlessly left it alone in the care of its mother.

BEECHAM'S PILLS will save doctor's bills.

A Quotation Verified.

Inquisitive Guest—You get all sorts of tips, I suppose?

Philosophic Waiter—Yes; "All things come round to him who will but wait," you know.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Goat Hill Gossip.

Nanny—We mustn't associate with Murphy's Billy any more.

Billy—Bah!

Nanny—He is a cannibal. He ate a "Bock Beer" sign yesterday.

Two Flyers of New York, via Picturesque Erie Railway.

Something every person should remember: Time is money. You can save money by purchasing your tickets via one of the greatest double track roads of the United States. Leave Toronto at 12.50 p.m., arrive at Buffalo 5.50 p.m., and leave Buffalo 7.30 p.m., and arrive in New York at 7.30 a.m. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m. and connect with the Erie flyer at Hamilton, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York. Dining-room cars attached to all trains for meals. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 9 York street. Telephone 103, Toronto.

Other Professionals Ahead of Them.

First Burglar—What, back so soon, Bill! What did you get?

Second Burglar—Nothing—we're too late—the table's a receipted plumber's bill a'layin' on the table!

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

Above the Average.

Hahfbroke—Cheer up, old fel! There's hope for us yet. Listen to this advertisement: "Wanted, young man of average intelligence—"

Dredbroke—There it goes again! Hampered at every turn!

Through Wagner Vestibule Buffet Sleeping Car Toronto to New York via West Shore Route.

The West Shore through sleeping car leaves Union Station, Toronto, at 4.55 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving in New York at 10.10 a.m. Returning, this car leaves New York at 5 p.m., arriving in Toronto at 10.25 a.m. Sundays leaves Toronto at 12.50 p.m.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents each for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.



ARE THE BEST

LADIES! If you desire CLEAR, FRESH complexion, free from blotch, blemish, roughness, coarseness, redness, freckles, or pimples, use VIENNA TOILET CREAM, the finest preparation for the skin, perfectly harmless, and delightfully perfumed. Very useful for gentlemen after shaving. Price 25c. Vienna Pharmaceutical Co., A. Druggists, 111 West 4th St., Agents, Toronto.

FOR FIFTY YEARS! MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

RIPANSTABLETS regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and purify the blood; are safe and effective in all the best medicine known for indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, dyspepsia, chronic liver troubles, dizziness, chronic piles, diarrhoea, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. One tablet gives immediate relief. Take one at meal time, sold by Druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. RIPANSTABLETS, 15 Spruce St., New York.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE ADAM'S PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI FOR INDIGESTION. SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

Not in His Line Ad. Vase—Don't work for another man all your life. Strike out for yourself! Wright Field—That wouldn't do in my profession. Ad. Vase—Why wouldn't it? Wright Field—I'm a baseball player.

New Facts About the Dakotas is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding the growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Sent to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

Music.

THE large and fashionable audience which filled the Pavilion on Friday evening of last week furnished gratifying and tangible testimony of the deep impression created by Mme. Nordica on the occasion of her first concert during the earlier part of the season. Messrs. Suckling & Sons, under whose management the concert was given, have added one more to the long list of splendid successes which have placed the citizens of Toronto under obligations to that enterprising firm. Mme. Nordica was accompanied on this occasion by Herr Fischer, who was accorded so flattering a reception at his last appearance with the prima donna, and Herr Franz Rummel, the celebrated pianist, who was first heard in Toronto some years ago. Interest in the programme was maintained to the last number, each artist being most enthusiastically received. The chief attraction, of course, was Mme. Nordica herself, who repeated her triumph of some months ago, completely winning the hearts of her audience. It will not be necessary to repeat what has already been stated in these columns concerning the chief characteristics of her singing. The same high artistic qualities which have won for her a world-wide renown, such as purity of tone, ease of execution or faultless phrasing, distinguished all her work, whether in the most dramatic numbers or in the simplest ballad. Encores and recalls followed her every selection, her most pronounced popular success being Gomez's Waltz Song, *Mia Picciarella*. In response to a persistent encore after this number Mme. Nordica gave an exquisite rendition of *When Love is Kind*, which quite captivated the audience. For response to a third encore the perennial *Home, Sweet Home* was given.

Herr Rummel, the pianist, contributed Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*, Chopin's *Beauce* op. 57 and Polonaise op. 53, Brassin's *Nocturne* op. 17 and Liszt's hackneyed *Rhapsodie Hongroise* No. 2. As an encore number Herr Rummel played Mendelssohn's *Pavane* Capriccioso, op. 14. In all of these numbers the pianist gave evidence of a maturity of style, and great technical skill which stamp him as one of the best performers at present before the public. The rendition of the Beethoven *Sonata* was thoughtful and scholarly. The first and second movements were models of graceful repose and dignity. Students who have been accustomed to hear these two movements hurried, and in some instances hurriedly, will have felt in Herr Rummel's interpretation of the favorite composition of Beethoven's the revelation of a hitherto hidden meaning. Herr Rummel showed himself equally at home in Chopin or Liszt, scoring a general triumph in his rendering of the *Rhapsodie*. The Brassin *Nocturne* was also charmingly played, Brassin, by the way, having been Herr Rummel's old master.

Herr Fischer's reception must have been most gratifying to that splendid singer. His happiest effort, no doubt, was the rendition of Schubert's celebrated song, *The Wanderer*, which was given by Herr Fischer with a remarkable depth of feeling and dramatic power. The beautiful German ballad, *Schoenste Engli*, by Graben Hufmann, was also charmingly interpreted. As an encore to this Herr Fischer sang Balfe's *The Heart Bowed Down*, in English, which, despite a pronounced foreign accent, was one of Herr Fischer's best numbers. The accompaniments throughout were played by Mr. F. H. Torrington with his usual taste and judgment. An unaccountable delay of half an hour in beginning the concert severely tested the patience of the audience, or at least that portion of it which was seated punctually. As usual, the late comers in large numbers straggled in even after the performance had begun, evidently oblivious of the annoyance and inconvenience they were creating.

The Harmony Club's performance of *Falka* maintained their interest to the end of last week, some of the representations being remarkably effective and creditable to performers and conductor alike. The friendly rivalry between the two casts of characters and the curiosity which was occasioned thereby materially increased the attendance during the week, many of the patrons of the club's performances being present twice. The Wednesday night performance, which marked the first appearance of the second cast, was taken as a whole, as successful as the first evening. While several of the principal characters were hardly as strong in their parts as their fellow members on the first evening, others again were much more effective, so that the general ensemble might fairly be regarded as tolerably equal between the two casts. The following changes in the cast were made for the Wednesday evening performance:

Falka	Miss Maud Beach
Edwige	Miss Jardine-Thomson
Janotha	Miss Marion Chudwick
Alexina	Miss K. Morris
Miona	Mrs. E. H. Duggan
Arthur	Mr. F. Baker
Pelouse	Mr. E. Donald
Boleslas	Mr. J. F. Kirk
Konrad	Mr. G. Brennan
Bobok	Mr. M. D. Muir

Miss Beach as *Falka* acted and sang admirably, being well up in her part, which she interpreted with considerable freedom for a debutante. Miss Jardine-Thomson as *Edwige* scored one of the most pronounced successes of the entire series of performances. Her acting and singing were thoroughly artistic and won for her several recalls. A mirth-provoking bit of acting was Mr. Donald's impersonation of *Pelican*, whose work would have reflected credit upon any professional. The other characters were well taken, and the stage evolutions were particularly effective, several movements being heartily applauded. Considerable freedom was gained as the performances were repeated, and this year's work of the Harmony Club has revealed several singers and actors whose success in light opera would be assured were they disposed to follow it professionally. This is especially true of Miss Gaylord, whose *Falka* proved a revelation to many of her auditors.

Counter attractions, no doubt, influenced

the attendance at the pianoforte recital given by Miss Neely Stevens of Chicago in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last. An appreciative and thoroughly representative audience, however, gathered to hear the fair pianist whose programme embraced standard works and novelties from the works of classical and modern composers. Miss Stevens showed to best advantage in compositions which afforded an opportunity for *bravura* playing. Particularly brilliant was her performance of Moszkowski's *Caprice*, *Espagnol*, and her interpretation of Liszt's *Rhapsodie* No. 15. The *Bach Toccata* and *Fugue* lost in effectiveness through a pronounced unsteadiness of rhythm, which indeed predominated in most of Miss Stevens' work. Her scale passages were blurred, partly through too generous use of the pedal, which was indulged in probably to cover a marked unevenness and lack of flexibility in her touch. Several unfortunate slips of memory in the *Bach* number and Liszt's *Liebestraum* threatened disaster, but were cleverly handled nevertheless, indicating a self-possession which many would envy. Taken as a whole the recital was an enjoyable one and deserved much more generous support than it received. Mme. D'Auria sang several selections during the evening in her usual excellent style, winning the hearty applause of the audience. The accompaniments were most artistically played by Signor Giuseppe Dinelli, whose work in this capacity I have had frequent occasion to admire. To Mr. W. O. Forsyth's enterprise is due Miss Stevens' appearance in Toronto. It will be remembered that to Mr. Forsyth also we have been indebted for the appearance of the magnificent pianist Friedhelm, whose recital in Toronto proved one of the most enjoyable events of its kind ever held in this city.

Mrs. George Hamilton, formerly of Hamilton, but latterly of Toronto, who is now sojourning in Germany, has been winning golden opinions by her singing in musical circles in Leipzig. Several musical receptions have been given in her honor there, at one of which, at the rooms of the Countess of Holstein, Mrs. Hamilton gained great applause by singing a number of Brahms' most difficult songs at sight. Mrs. Hamilton's voice is said to have wonderfully improved since she went to Europe, partly no doubt the result of improvement in her general health. At a reception before the King of Saxony some weeks ago, she was warmly complimented by that monarch for her singing. Several well known composers of Leipzig have asked for the privilege of dedicating songs to her. Mrs. Hamilton will in all probability return to Toronto next November, visiting on her way home Berlin, Vienna and London.

Another Canadian who is doing good work in Germany and who is expected to return to Canada in June, is Mr. J. Guest Collins, who has been studying in Berlin for some years past. Mr. Collins has made a specialty of organ-playing and composition, also devoting considerable time to the pedagogical aspect of pianoforte teaching. At a recent organ recital given by Mr. Collins in the Imperial capital, he played the following numbers: *Sonata* in D minor, op. 118, *Rheinberger*; *Repose*, *Tours*; *Cantata Pastorale*, op. 15, *Gullmant*; *Allegretto*, *Merkel*; *Fugue* in G minor, J. S. Bach; a programme well calculated to display Mr. Collins' versatility.

One of the most promising young sopranos in Toronto is Miss Lennie James, a pupil of Mr. H. M. Fletcher, whose singing has been creating considerable interest wherever she has been heard of late. Miss James is but sixteen years of age, but her solo work is surprisingly mature and effective. With care and judicious study she should in time take her place among the most prominent of our local vocalists.

The Toronto Vocal Society is having splendid success with its subscription list for its concert on April 27. The great attractions offered by the New York Symphony Orchestra, together with Mrs. Lillian Blauvelt and Miss Evelyn Street, are bearing good fruit, and this event may be looked forward to as one of the greatest in Toronto's musical history. The plan of seats opens to subscribers on Thursday, April 20.

The choirmaster and members of the choir of the Church of the Redeemer have had so many requests for a repetition of the cantata, *The Last Night in Bethany*, that at the last rehearsal it was decided to accede to the desire of the many friends of that prosperous organization and repeat the work. The date fixed upon is Friday, April 21. This second production will no doubt attract as large and well pleased a congregation as were present at the first presentation of the work during Passion week.

Miss Nora Hillary's Ladies' Choral Class is making excellent progress in the preparation of the beautiful cantata specially composed for them by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher. The date of the first performance of this interesting work has been set for May 16. Violin solos will be contributed by Miss Katie Archer, a rising young violinist of undoubted talent and the possessor of considerable technical skill. The net proceeds will be equally divided between the Sick Children's Hospital and the Nursing at Home Mission. Admission will be by invitation and the ladies will no doubt be greeted by as large and liberal an audience as attended their last successful performance in Association Hall, where the forthcoming concert is to be held. The executive committee feel under obligations to Mr. Newcombe for the promised loan of a splendid piano for the concert, and also for his liberality in providing for a portion of the expenses of printing.

The executive committee of the Toronto Orchestral School have issued invitations for the closing concert of this season, to be given by that organization on Monday, May 1, in the Pavilion. This concert will be under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

A Masked Ball.

"Papa, what is a masked ball?"
"Whisky as it is served in Maine. It goes as tea."

St. Catharines.

The seventh social of the Fortnightly Club was given by Miss Maggie Dawson on Easter Monday evening. After the quiet Lenten season this delightful dance was a great treat to all. The music from Hamilton was thoroughly enjoyed by the gay dancers until the early hours of the morning. Among the many invited guests those present were: Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Clench, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss McKewen of Chicago, Miss M. Ross of Toronto, Miss King, Miss M. Coy, Miss Monro, the Misses Lay, Miss McLaren, Miss Mack, the Misses Larkin, Miss Maguire, Miss A. Shaw, Miss Davis, Miss Lyons; Messrs. Ramago, Coy, King, Jemmitt, White, Boyle, Stuart, Collier, McLean, Burson, Nay, Nelles of Niagara, Campbell, Chatterton, and many others.

On Tuesday evening, April 4, Mrs. P. Larkin gave one of the most charming dances of the season. Mrs. Larkin and her gracious daughters received their guests in the spacious parlors to the left, and shortly after half-past nine the young people, eager to enjoy the entrancing music furnished by two of Buffalo's favorite musicians, withdrew to the large dancing hall. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Miss B. Clark, Miss Short of London, Mr. and Mrs. Clench, Miss F. Ingersoll, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss M. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. C. Norris, Miss M. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss McKewen, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Miss Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, Miss A. Shaw, Miss Souter, Miss Lay, Miss E. Bate, Miss King, the Misses Mack, Miss McManus of Buffalo, Miss H. Merritt, Miss A. Benson, Miss E. Woodruff, Miss Monro, Miss McGuire, Mrs. W. Benson, Miss M. Coy, Miss Burson, Miss Fenton of Cleveland, Miss Davis, Miss McLaren; Messrs. Campbell, Collier, Crombie, Helliwell, Bate, Ramago, Coy, Shaw, H. Woodruff, Boyle, Chatterton, Jemmitt, Nay, King, P. Ball and Nelles of Niagara, McLean, White, Stuart, Price, Sangster, P. Woodruff, F. Coy, Burson, and others.

Mrs. W. Ingram Price gave a most *recherche* At Home on Wednesday afternoon, April 5, from four until seven.

The marriage of Miss Maude Groves to Mr. Vaughan Roberts of Toronto took place on Thursday evening at half-past five in St. George's church. Although it was reported that it was to be a very quiet affair, a great number of the bride's friends and acquaintances were present, and the church was well filled with interested spectators. The service was officiated by the Rev. Mr. Kee. The bride's dress was of white *faitte*, trimmed with crystal and girde of the same. The bridesmaid, Miss Keating of Guelph, looked very sweet in white, with a large loose bouquet of yellow roses. The invited guests present were: Mr. George Nelles of Guelph, who acted as best man, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Groves, Miss L. Groves, Mrs. Beverley Clark, Miss Kathleen Clark, Mrs. George Hamilton of Chicago, Miss Ida Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Schram, Miss Schram, Mr. and Mrs. Daly, Mrs. and Miss Thompson, Mr. W. Thompson, Miss M. Larkin, Miss Lay, the Misses Mack, Miss King, Mr. Gagner, and Mr. T. Reynolds, uncle of the bride. After the service the guests returned to the family residence, where they were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Groves. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. After their return from the States Mr. and Mrs. Roberts will take up their residence in Toronto.

Miss Short of London is the guest of Miss Atkinson of King street.

Miss McManus of Buffalo is visiting her friend, Miss Larkin.

Miss Austin of Buffalo is spending a few weeks with Miss Maguire of Queen street.

Mr. Boyle, M.P., and his daughter were present at the Bachelors and Benedicts' Ball on Friday evening, April 7.

Mr. H. Y. Compin of Ottawa and Mr. D. M. Sanson of Toronto spent Easter with their friends here.

Mr. W. Archer Kilgour paid a flying visit to his numerous friends here on Good Friday, on his way to New York. Mr. Kilgour sailed for England on Easter Monday.

The Bachelors and Benedicts' Ball on Friday evening, April 7, was a grand success, a full account of which I will give next week.

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. Taylor, Yate street, next Wednesday afternoon.

The next attraction is the grand Fortnightly Club entertainment on Thursday evening, April 13, an account of which I will give next week also.

Barrie.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Giles, Dr. Chas. H. Bird, Mr. Ernest Kortright, Mr. W. Campbell, and Mr. Homan Lount spent their holidays in Barrie.

Mrs. H. H. Morris gave one of the most enjoyable dances of the season on Friday night of last week. She was assisted in her duties as hostess by her guest, Miss Maggie Watson of Hamilton. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Unwin, Mrs. Howson, Mrs. Vansittart, Misses M. Cotter, E. Hornaby, A. Dymont, Bell, Hamilton, B. Holmes, M. Spry, E. Spry, M. Stevenson, N. Baker, M. Baker, N. Thompson, R. Bird, Bolster, and Brydon, and Messrs. F. Hewson, H. Giles, C. G. K. Nourse, E. A. Crease, P. Kortright, R. Kortright, W. A. Boys, J. R. Boys, H. Lount, J. Baker, Dr. W. A. Ross, and Capt. Whish.

Miss Alice Shrieber left last week for New York City, where she intends residing for some time.

Miss Bell, who has been the guest of Mrs. Dymont, returned to her home in Hamilton on Monday last.

Miss Marks of Bruce Mines, who has also been the guest of Mrs. Dymont, returned home last week.

Invitations were sent out two weeks ago for a Bachelors' Ball to be held last evening. From the list of lady patronesses and the committee in charge every success was assured. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames

Cotter, Dickinson, Holgate, Holmes, J. A. McCarthy, Spry, Vansittart, Way; the committee, Messrs. Dr. H. S. Arnall, J. Baker, W. A. Boys, C. G. K. Nourse, F. Norman, D. L. McCarthy, Dr. W. D. McLaren, Mr. E. M. Saunders; secretary, Mr. E. A. Crease. Corlett's orchestra was engaged to provide music for the evening. Full particulars will be given on Saturday next.

Miss May Ardagh is the guest of Mrs. John Strathy.

Hockey being now out of season, the numerous and pleasant hockey teams which helped much to enliven the Lenten season are now a thing of the past.

Seaforth.

The Junior Bachelors gave their annual Easter Assembly on Monday evening, at which all the local lovers of the torsephorean art spent a most enjoyable time. From 8:30 until the lazy moon went on morning duty the hall resounded with the music of Briglia's orchestra. Among those present were: Messrs. Geo. Anderson, W. Ament, Geo. Artzel, A. K. Bauslaugh, F. Beattie, G. Burton, G. F. Belden, C. Broadfoot, H. Cowan, H. J. Crawford, Jas. Clark, Jas. Cavan, T. F. Coleman, Peter Dill, L. Devereux and the Misses Devereux, J. F. Daly and Miss Daly, John Downey, Jas. Devereux, Miss L. Devereux, John Ferguson, J. Greig, W. Govenlock, Wm. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Hays, Mr. W. and Miss Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Messrs. Geo. Jackson, Robt. Jackson, Harry Jackson, H. Jeffrey, Mr. H. and Miss McDermid, Mr. W. and Miss McDougall, Mr. A. E. Manard, W. D. McLean, John McTavish, N. McTavish, Dr. and the Misses Mackay, A. Piercy, J. Rankin, G. Strong, A. Scott, W. Shane, Alex. Winters, Mr. John A. and the Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson, Mr. Wm. Watson, Mr. J. L. and the Misses Killoran, Mr. T. J. and Miss Stephens, Mr. J. Livingstone, Mr. W. Prendergast, Mr. H. W. Cresswell, Mr. M. Spear, Mr. W. and Miss Kidd, Miss Buchanan, the Misses Downey, Miss Clark, Miss Cavan, the Misses Hill, Miss Porter, Miss L. Campbell, Miss Barton, Miss Duff, Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Dickson, Miss Coventry, Miss Shoots, Miss Morrison, the Misses Watson, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Henderson, Miss Winters, Miss M. Dorsey, Miss Kate Devereux, and Miss Hays. The patronesses were: Mrs. Alex. Wilson, Mrs. J. C. Laidlaw, Mrs. J. S. Jackson, Mrs. W. D. Van Egmond, and Mrs. R. S. Hays. The committee of management consisted of: Messrs. H. J. Crawford, J. W. Livingstone, J. L. Killoran, T. J. Stephens, H. W. Cresswell, and W. Prendergast, secretary.

The Fate of a Suit.

Willie Slimson—Mamma, I'm in love with the beautiful girl that most ever lived and I want a new suit to cut that Bobby Bunster out with.

Mrs. Slimson—But you have one new suit already, Willie.

Willie Slimson—I know that, mamma, but I've got to lick him in that suit.

INCORPORATED 1886 HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses

University affiliation for Degrees in Music. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals, etc.

Free instruction in Theory, Sight Singing, Viola, Orchestra and Ensemble playing. The Concerts and Recitals by teachers and students are alone invaluable educational advantages. Teaching staff increased to 52. New music hall and class rooms lately added. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed. Pupils may enter any time.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Mr. H. Shaw, B.A., Principal

Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Verbal, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression. Delicate and Swedish Gymnastics. Special course in Physical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice, also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma.

Conservatory and Education Calendar mailed free.

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

Corner Yonge Street and Wilson Avenue.

ARTHUR E. FISHER

Mus. Bac. A.C.O. (Eng.), and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)

Harmony, Composition, Pianoforte and Organ

Residence, 29 Wellesley Street, Toronto

MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony

AT THE

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.)

Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2, at her residence

14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.

Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

ONTARIO COLLEGE

OF MUSIC 36 HUNTERMAN AVE. TORONTO, Ont.

Established 1884 by C. Farringer

We guarantee thorough work from the lowest to the highest grades of music, as the instruction is given by experienced teachers only.

Our advanced pupils are not only excellent sight readers, but also show careful and thorough training in touch, technique and expression.

Practical instruction in harmony in connection with piano studies.

CERTIFICATE AND DIPLOMAS

Telephone 3591

TORONTO COLLEGE

OF MUSIC

ARTISTS' CERTIFICATES: DIPLOMAS (LIMITED)

Send for calendar F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

NEWCOMBE

PIANOS

Endorsed by the highest musical authority.

THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA

Head Office—107-9 Church St.

MUSIC

Musical Instruments of All Kinds

See Our Specialties.

The Imperial Guitars

The Imperial Mandolins

The Imperial Banjos

The ELITE Song Folio, the STAN-

DARD Vocal and Instrumental Folio

and all classes of Sheet Music and Music Books.

When you need anything in the music line please remember

Send for catalogue.

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 155 Yonge St., Toronto

MR. E. W. SCHUCH

Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.

Choirmaster St. James' Cathedral.

Conductor University Glee Club.

Conductor Harmony Club.

Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.

35 Grenville Street

HELEN M. MOORE, Mus. Bac.

Harmony, Counterpoint, Etc.

Students prepared for the University examinations in Music. Toronto College of Music and 608 Church Street.

W. KUCHENMEISTER

VIOLIN SOLOIST AND TEACHER

(Late a pupil of the Ruff Conservatory at Frankfurt-on-Main, and of Professor H. E. Kysar, Hugo Heermann and C. B. Richter, formerly a member of the Philharmonic Orchestra at Hamburg, (Dr. Hans von Bulow, conductor.)

Studio, Odd Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College Streets, Room 13, or College of Music.

Residence, Corner Gerrard and Victoria St. Telephone 930

FRANCIS J. BROWN

President of the Deane College of Oratory.

Shakespearean and Bible Readings a Specialty

Open for engagements.

For terms address FRANCIS J. BROWN, Y. M. C. A.

HERBERT W. WEBSTER

CONCERT BARITONE

Choirmaster St. Peter's Church, Late of Westminster Abbey, Eng., and Milan, Italy. Instruction in Voice Culture, Opera, Oratorio. Telephone 1227.

64 Winchester St., or College of Music.

OPEN TO CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS.

MR. A. S. VOGT

Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ

Residence, 695 Church Street, Toronto

J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.

Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

ORGAN AND PIANO

13 Dunbar Road, Rosedale

MR. F. WARRINGTON

BARITONE

Choirmaster Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will receive pupils in Voice Culture, Expression in Singing and Piano at his residence, 214 Carlton Street, Toronto.

OPEN FOR CONCERT ENGAGEMENTS.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS

returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '84 to '88 with Dr. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans von Bulow, in Frankfurt in '87. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply to Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

STAMMERING

CHURCH'S AUTO-VOICE SCHOOL. No advance fee.

3 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

MRS. E. M. FOX

Teacher of Guitar and Banjo.

Studio at 52 Queen Street East.

LOYD N. WATKINS

303 CHURCH STREET

Thorough instruction on Banjo, Guitar, Mandolin and Etc.

BERT KENNEDY

Teacher of Bandola and Saxophone (A. & S. Nordheimer sole agents) Toronto College of Music. Private instruction given in Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin at residence, 714 Jarvis Street. Call Monday or Wednesday.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP

Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano

Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany

NEW NOVELS

AT
John P. McKenna's

80 Yonge St., near corner King.

COL. HENRY SAVAGE'S

The Masked Venus

J. M. BARRIE'S

Tillyloss Scandal

G. A. HENRY'S

In the Days of the Mutiny

IK. MARVEL'S (Donald G. Mitchell)

Dream Life and Reveries of a Bachelor

GEOR. MANVILLE FENN'S

A Secret Quest

Spring and Summer Fashion Magazine,

Le Bon Ton, L'Art de la Mode,

Myra's Journal, Season.

80 YONGE STREET

TELEPHONE 1717.

NEAR COR. KING

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY

EIGHTH SEASON

SECOND CONCERT

The Second Concert of the present season will take place at the

Pavilion, on Thursday Evening, April 27

New York Symphony Orchestra

Conducted by MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, has been secured for the occasion.

MISS LILIAN BLANVELT,

SOPRANO

From the Royal Opera House, Brussels, and

MISS EVELYN DELATRE STREET

Of Toronto, from the Conservatory at Leipzig, will make her first appearance before a Toronto audience.

The Plan will be open at Nordheimer's music store on April 20, at 10 a.m.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT

F. H. TORRINGTON, CONDUCTOR

Handel's beautiful Serenata

"Acis and Galatea"

And Miscellaneous Selections

FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA

And eminent solo talent

Pavilion, Thursday Evening, April 20

Tickets, 50c., 75c., and \$1. Reserved seat plan at Nordheimer's PUBLIC REHEARSAL, Pavilion, Wednesday 5 p.m., April 19. Admission, 25 cents.

ROBT. G. INGERSOLL

AUDITORIUM

THURSDAY, APRIL 20

Subject: **ROBERT BURNS**

Prices, \$1.; 75c.; 50c. Plan at Nordheimers.

3 Nights, Monday, April 17 MATINEE TUESDAY

YOU will have to come early to secure seats, as we have the banner attraction this week, C. D. McCaull's elaborate scenic production

—MASTER AND MAN—

SEE CARLTON IRON WORKS IN FULL BLAST
A GREAT COMPANY IN A GREAT PLAY
THE IRON MOULDERS' QUARTETTE
SUCCESS OF THREE CONTINENTS

Grand Opera House

ONE WEEK COMMENCING **MONDAY, APRIL 17**

SATURDAY MATINEE

ENGAGEMENT OF THE ORIGINAL AND WORLD-FAMOUS

HANLON BROTHERS

Presenting their Greatest Triumph, the Magnificent, Grand, Gorgeous and Beautiful Spectacular, Fairy Trick Pantomime

.. SUPERBA ..

which, Phoenix-like, has risen from the ashes of the late Cleveland fire. A Monster New Production.

NOTE—Notwithstanding the enormous expense attending the engagement there will positively be no increase in prices.

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.
**THE AFRICAN
NATIVE CHOIR**

Association Hall, May 4, 5, 6

And Matinee Saturday, May 6, for Children

RESERVED SEATS, 50 and 75 CENTS

A subscription list is now open for specially reserved seats at 25c. extra, at Messrs. Suckling & Sons' Music Warehouses

SPECIAL MUSICAL SERVICE

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

Bloor and Avenue Road

Dr. C. Lee Williams' Sacred Cantata

THE LAST NIGHT IN BETHANY

Collection at the door. Service starts at 8 o'clock.

MISS MILLS, Dressmaking Parlors,

Dominion Bank Buildings,

Corner, College Street and Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

WHEN YOU

are out walking to-day drop in at 168 Yonge Street and see how much you can save in the purchase of Diamonds, Watches, Jewellery, Etc., Etc. Our Clearing Sale is being appreciated and thousands are taking advantage of it. We are making a reduction of from 25 to 50 per cent. in every line. Bargains in every department. Come and see.



KENT BROTHERS
168 YONGE STREET
RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

Simmers' SWEET PEAS

THE COMING FLOWER

No other annual is so universally popular. The delicate fragrance of these old-time favorites has endeared them to thousands. But do you know the best novelties that have created such a furore of late?

While retaining all their simplicity, these new types display rich and exquisite coloring, with flowers of larger size and more graceful form. To still more widely popularize this floral favorite, we have secured the product of several acres of Sweet Peas the past season, and harvested over half a ton (more than 1,000 pounds) of the choicest seeds, enabling us to offer a collection of most beautiful Rose Novelties at a bargain.



FOR 25c.

In cash or postage stamps we will mail one packet each of all the following:

DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH—Sweet, beautiful orange-scarlet flower, flushed crimson.

MRS. GLADSTONE—Exquisite soft and bright pink, with rosy blue wings; large and profuse flowers.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND—Rosy pink shaded by lilac, a magnificent flower and of large size.

COUNTRESS OF RADNOR—Delicate lavender and mauve; a really lovely variety.

REVEREND'S SURPASSING SWEET PEAS—This grand strain of new Sweet Peas in mixture is unequalled. It includes not only the best of Simmers' novelties, but also many new seedlings not yet named and of surpassing beauty.

Our enormous stock, specially grown, of Novelties described above, enables us to offer the complete collection, one packet of each, postpaid to any address, **FOR 25 CENTS**. In addition we present "Simmer's" New Catalogue for 1913 with every order. Send to-day 25 cents in cash or stamps for a sample collection. Everyone who sees this offer will want one. We want to make acquaintance with every reader who has a garden. You cannot do better than our offer of Sweet Peas above.

CYTOSOMA GRANDIFLORA (Look at Me).—An entirely new plant—a perfectly hardy perennial vine growing from 6 to 8 feet high, of rare and exquisite beauty. Blooms early in June from seed sown in April and bears the greatest profusion of pea shaped flowers from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 inches in diameter, and ranging in color from a rosy violet to a reddish purple with a broad feathered white marking through the center. The large buds and the back of the flowers are pure white, making it appear as if one plant bore many different colored flowers at one time. It is one of the most original and striking Novelties offered to the public in many years. Price, 20 cents per Packet, 3 for 50 cents, or 6 Packets for \$1.00. Postpaid to any address.

SIMMER'S Toronto Parks Lawn Grass Seed (for sowing now) 30c. per lb.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO

J. A. SIMMERS, SEED MERCHANTS & GROWERS,
TORONTO, CANADA.

147, 149 AND 151 KING STREET

Headquarters for Select Seeds, Bulbs and Plants.

Please Mention this Paper.



PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS

You Can Take and Finish Hundreds of Photos with them.

No. 1, \$1.00
No. 2, \$2.00

Our No. 1 Bijou Camera outfit is a complete photographic outfit consisting of camera, trays, printing frame, ruby light, book of instructions, six dry plates, mounts, and all chemicals necessary to develop and finish photos. Thousands of these have been sold in Canada, and we have yet to hear of a single complaint.

We have had so many enquiries for a larger camera that we are now manufacturing a larger size, with extra fine lens, accurately focused, which takes a photo as large and perfect as any \$25 instrument.

This No. 2 outfit contains a strong, elegant tripod in addition to all the articles in No. 1 outfit. The instructions accompanying these cameras are so simple that a child can understand them and take successful photographs and, with care, results can be obtained as satisfactory as with any of the expensive cameras. We supply extra chemicals at a trifling cost. These outfits and extra chemicals are for sale by all live dealers throughout Canada, or can be had from us direct.

ATKINSON BROS., MANUFACTURERS, 50 and 52 Bay St., Toronto.

CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

Have pleasure in announcing the arrival of their Importation of

.. :: SPRING GOODS :: ..

Having last year devoted their attention to the **REDUCTION OF THEIR STOCK**, they are now in a position to show almost an entire new range of goods in all departments. These will be found, on examination, to be the freshest they have ever shown. In no preceding season have they had colors and designs so carefully selected, many of the ideas having been got up expressly for the firm after a great deal of time, thought and trouble. But the results obtained repay them for all this. Being the largest importers of first-class Carpets and Curtains in the Dominion, purchasers will find no better value anywhere. The stock consists of:

CARPETS	RUGS	LACE	CURTAINS	VARIOUS	DRAPERIES	NAIRN'S	SOLE AGENTS
Axminsters	Antique Kezao	Brussels Point	Silk Turcoman		Velours	Oilecloths	FOR
Wiltons	Antique Afghan	Irish Point	Chenille		Brocades	and Linoleums	LIBERTY'S
Velvets	Antique Sumack	Colbert Point	Tapestry		Art Silks	Inlaid Linoleum and	ART FABRICS
Brussels	Parquet Squares	Egyptian Point	Dejegin		Cretannes	Cork Carpet	AND
Tapestries	Daghestan Squares	Marie Antoinette	Negus		Art Muslins	CHINESE and JAPANESE	The Far-Famed
Kidderminsters	Japanese	Frisled Shille	Brocaded Silks		Fringes	Mattings	AURORA SWEEPER
	Smyrna	Vatlean	Fancy Stripes		Loops	COCOA Mats and	
	Kensington Art Squares	White Embroidered Muslin			Etc., etc.	Mattings	
		Sash Curtains to match					

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 KING STREET WEST, = = = = TORONTO.

The Scholastic Grove.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.
OUR Alumni Association is making a laudable and fairly successful effort to fulfill its special function of promoting the interests of University College and of the Faculty of Arts in the University of Toronto. At the recently held annual meeting a number of interesting topics were discussed. In President Loudon's address, perhaps the most noticeable point was his incidental remark that the department of political science is showing a tendency to swamp all the others. There is a well grounded suspicion that this state of affairs is not altogether due to the intrinsic superiority of the department in question, and the general tone of the University would be improved by a lessening of the number of adventitious inducements to the pursuit of this particular branch. The affairs of "K" company also came up for consideration and it was evident that there is a wide-spread feeling of regret at the severance which has taken place. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. H. Blake, B.A.; vice president, Chancellor Boyd, J. M. McDougall, Rev. J. A. Turnbull, Lieutenant-Col. J. M. Gibson, Mr. H. J. Strange and Dr. Reeve; secretary-treasurer, Mr. W. Dale, M.A.; councillors, Messrs. R. E. Kingsford, M.A., John Somerville, M.A., Alexander Steele, B.A., W. H. Squair, M.A., W. H. Ballard, M.A., John Henderson, M.A., John Ferguson, B.A., G. E. Shaw, B.A., John Galbraith, M.A., A. H. Young, B.A., J. G. Hume, M.A., G. M. Wrong, M.A., G. Waldron, M.A., J. Patterson, M.A., W. Hunter, B.A., A. T. De Lury, M.A., and Miss Eliza Balmer, M.A. This list embodies a very happy selection, inasmuch as it contains the names of several who do not make their residence in the city of Toronto. Until very recently one of the most marked peculiarities of our graduates has been the jealousy with which those of them who live in the city have been regarded by those who are scattered in outside places. This feeling has now happily almost died out and the Alumni Association may claim the credit of having been the chief factor in restoring harmony.

Class societies are growing among our undergraduates and seem to have even obtained a sufficiently strong hold to enable them to perpetuate themselves in the years that follow graduation. The class of '90, at any rate, is still a vigorous organization. Its annual meeting, recently held, attracted a large attendance. After the transaction of routine business the following officers were elected: Mr. G. B. McClean, president; Mr. J. W. Mallon, first vice-president; Mr. J. B. Peat, secretary; Mr. T. H. Whitlaw, treasurer; Mr. H. A. Dwyer, poet; Miss G. Lawlor, historian; Mr. W. G. Fortune, orator; Miss Annie Wilson, musical director.

By the death of Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie the University will profit to the extent of \$16,250. This money was raised at the time of her husband's death and given to her on the understanding that on her departure from this world it would be devoted to the foundation of scholarships and fellowships for the perpetuation of their joint memories.

Mr. W. P. Mustard, M.A., of '86, has been appointed professor of Latin in Haverford College, near Philadelphia. The salary attaching to the position is two thousand four hundred dollars per annum. In his undergraduate days here Mr. Mustard was distinguished not only for his knowledge of the *Ecce dignum*, but also for his skill as a player of Rugby football. After graduation he occupied the position of Fellow for three years, during which he succeeded in gaining a high reputation for classical scholarship. He then went to the University of Johns Hopkins, where he pursued a further course of study for two years, taking his degree of Ph. D. with a very high standing. Thence until now he has been professor of Latin in the University of Colorado.

Students of the course in political science think they have a grievance against Professor Mavor. It appears that at the end of the term he has suddenly announced that the examination for the third year will include some fifteen volumes, or parts of volumes, of which no previous mention had been made. This, at least, is the case as stated by the boys, but it seems quite certain that a misunderstanding exists somewhere. Professor Mavor has assuredly no intention of being unfair, and those who have done a faithful year's work need be under no apprehension as to their academic standing.

The mundane affairs of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science will for the next twelve months be looked after by the following gentlemen: President, Mr. J. D. Shields; vice president, Mr. Harold Rolph; recording secretary, Mr. J. W. Armstrong; treasurer, Mr. A. T. Tye; corresponding secretary, Mr. W. A. Buck; librarian, Mr. H. H. Moore; editor and fourth year representative, Mr. H. F. Ballantyne; third year representative, Mr. A. E. Bergey; second year representative, Mr. J. Guernsey.

Our reading room in the east wing has a rather forlorn appearance and its *habitués* are comparatively few in number. The monthly magazines have all been removed and nothing is left but the city morning dailies. The sale of periodicals this year realized about enough to pay for the paint which the curator's boots scraped off the desk on which he stood while acting as auctioneer.

Lacrosse is booming. Practice has begun and everybody is hard at it. The schedule for the trip is now pretty well arranged and it is understood that it will comprise games with Cornell, Lehigh, New York Athletic Club, Staten Island, Steven's Institute and Montreal. On June 10 the final game of the series will be played here with the Toronto Lacrosse Club, and it is confidently expected that the undeserved defeat of last fall will not be repeated. The following are the officers for the season: Honorary president, Prof. Alfred Baker, M.A.; president, Mr. P. White (re-elected); captain, Mr. C. W. Cross; secretary-treasurer, Mr. W.

E. Burns; councillors, Messrs. W. W. Jones, J. W. Gilmour and W. Keith. In the selection of the team it has been agreed that the captain shall choose the first four players, who, together with himself, shall then form a committee for the selection of the other seven. By this means all friction and jealousy will be avoided.

A few of our oldest inhabitants may still remember when Pete Wood was in attendance here. It would be something of a misnomer to say that Pete ever was a student, but his services on the diamond were always in demand. His name this year appears among those who have completed their course in medicine at the Western University, London, a fact which goes to show that he suffered no real hardship when a strained arm forced him to abandon the profession of baseball. Dr. Wood's old friends will be glad to hear of his academic success. Pete's arm having now quite recovered, his love for his favorite pastime is said to have returned in full force and he will probably be found this summer in the ranks of the Amateur League.

A vexatious delay has occurred in the work of fitting up the new gymnasium. The fittings were shipped from Akron, Ohio, in due time, but the car accidentally went astray and is now probably side-tracked at some one of the countless railway stations on this continent. If it does not soon turn up the various sporting aggregations that will cross the line this spring to play the American colleges will receive a roving commission to examine the freight yards on their route.

Ten years is a long time, but in passing over the boys of '83 it has left them as young and as light-hearted as when in by-gone days they marched across the "quad" by the light of the moon, or kindled their enthusiasm for learning by warbling the soul-stirring strains of *ad infandos tirones*. The recent re-union of these striplings attracted the ancient neophytes from all parts of the country. The chair was occupied by Professor Squair, and among those who gathered around him were: Messrs. W. S. Ormiston, E. J. Bristol, A. H. Campbell, W. S. Cody, C. L. Crasswell, A. M. Denovan, H. H. Dewar, H. R. Fairclough, Rev. W. Farquarson, J. T. Fotheringham, Dr. Gilbert Gordon, E. W. Hagarty, H. H. Langton, Lyman Lee, A. F. Lobb, E. J. McIntyre, F. E. O'Flynn, George Ross, C. P. Smith, A. Stevenson, W. E. Thomas, J. Watt, W. B. Willoughby, A. W. Wright, and Rev. G. M. Wrong.

No member of the staff is more popular than the genial and obliging Professor Chapman, who presides over the allied branches of mineralogy and geology. This is the professor's fortieth year in connection with the institution and an address is being prepared which will be presented to him as a token of the esteem with which he is regarded.

Registrar Brebner announces that seven hundred and seventy-three applicants will present themselves on the first of May for examination in the faculty of arts. They are divided as follows: Fourth year, one hundred and thirty-one; third year, one hundred and sixty-four; second year, two hundred and thirty-one; first year, two hundred and forty-seven. Lectures in all departments will stop on April 21. The decision of the college council to set several additional papers in political science and history is causing a good deal of grumbling, as it will protract the ordeal for at least another week. In the School of Practical Science the examinations will begin on April 17. The estimated cost of paying the examiners for all the arts departments this year is \$6,265; of this amount not more than one half is provided by the examination fee levied on the students.

KNOX COLLEGE.
Last week was an eventful one in Knox College. Graduates from various parts of the province were in attendance at the closing exercises of the year to welcome to the ministry this year's graduating class. Principal Caven and Professor Thomson of the college and Principal MacVicar of Montreal delivered sound and practical addresses, and this year's class leave with an abundance of wholesome advice. The number who graduate is in excess of any previous year in the history of the college, being twenty, seven in all, and according to the opinion of a lady present no better looking young men have ever been presented by Knox to the ministry.

The Knox College Monthly received a great deal of attention at the annual meeting of the Alumni Association. The paper has met with fair success but not success commensurate with its excellence. The following gentlemen, in conjunction with a large outside committee, will assume the management next year: Rev. J. A. Turnbull, Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Rev. W. G. Wallace and Professor Thomson. A number of interesting papers were read by different members of the association, after which the election of officers for the ensuing year resulted in the following being chosen: President, Rev. K. N. Grant; vice-president, Rev. John Mutch; secretary-treasurer, Rev. W. A. J. Martin; mission treasurer, Rev. W. Burns; committee, Mr. Haddon, H. E. A. Reid, D. M. Ramsay, J. McP. Scott and J. S. Henderson.

In no place does the student show to such splendid advantage as in the dining-room. Ample testimony was given to this at the annual students' banquet, held in the college dining-room. An artistically designed menu card upon which, under various disguises, delicate dishes were inscribed, was a new feature. Mr. W. G. Fortune presided, and a long toast list was successfully carried out.

The memory of Professor George Paxton Young is to be perpetuated by the erection of a bust. Knox College claims especial honor in having had Professor Young as a member of its professoriate prior to his connection with University College.

The graduates of '93 have formed a class society, having for its immediate object the continuance of the bond of union which has

resulted from years of connection in the lecture-room and residence. Mr. J. H. Courtenay was elected president, and Mr. James Wilson secretary-treasurer.

VICTORIA COLLEGE.
One of the annual events which is looked forward to in Victoria is the oration contest, held under the auspices of the Jackson Literary Society. The contestants on the present occasion were Messrs. W. J. Conolly and M. W. Leigh. The subject which they had chosen for the display of their oratorical powers was Poetry: Its Place and Power. Both men acquitted themselves in a way that would have done credit to Demosthenes or Cicero, but as the judges had to award the prize to somebody, they gave it to Mr. Conolly. Throughout the evening music was furnished by the Jackson choir and the members of the Gwynne Literary Club.

A game of Alley is something not often seen in Canada, though in old Vic. it has long been a favorite amusement. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be stated that its requirements are a frame platform with a wall at one end, and a rubber ball. The alley is divided into four boards, each board being occupied by one player of each side. Each side take an innings alternately. The first player on the inside throws the ball against the wall and his opponent strikes it back on the rebound. The player on whose board the ball next rebounds tries to return it in like manner, and so it goes until one side misses. If it be the outside that falls, the inside scores; if it be the inside, a man is put out. And so it goes until the whole inside is put out and the opponents take their place. The game requires quickness of movement and sureness of vision, but its chief advantage is that it can be played all the year round. The last match between Victoria and the city resulted in favor of Victoria by a score of forty-nine to twenty-one. The following were the teams: City—J. Starr, D. Hooey, J. Gash, and Prof. A. Wilmott. Victoria—A. Massey, N. Burwash, Allan Sheppard, and L. Burwash. ADAM RUFUS.

Queen's College.

The results of the medical exams. were posted on the bulletin board on April 6, and during the afternoon were eagerly scanned by many an anxious med. and by scores of other students also. All the men of '93 were successful and will receive their degrees on convocation day. Some of the students of other years failed in one or more subjects, but as the bulletin announced that the usual supplementals will be held in September, these poor unfortunates may by dint of hard plugging during the hot summer months be able to get off their subjects and tread on sure ground again in the fall. The medals and hospital scholarships were captured as follows: First-year medal, T. H. Farrell, M.A.; final-year medals, R. S. Minnes, M.A., and George McGrath; hospital scholarships, T. Ross Allen, Walter Connell and W. Young.

A rather highly colored story was set afloat the other day concerning one of our professors, who, it was alleged, had been pelted with overripe oranges by some of the students. It now turns out that the attempt was made by three disgruntled med., who were quite willing to disgrace themselves and the college if only they could vent their enmity against a professor whose greatest crime was that he insisted upon honesty in examinations. Like most stories, however, this one has two sides, and it now appears that these doughty champions of the rights of students had the tables turned upon them, and had to beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat, closely pursued by their intended victim.

The Sunday afternoon address for April 2nd was delivered by Prof. Shortt, who took for his theme "What are the influences of various kinds of labor upon those who perform the labor?" The address was earnest and thoughtful, and the points raised by the speaker are well worthy the careful consideration of all young Canadians.

The class of '93 intends celebrating its exit from the stage of college life by a grand dinner to be held on April 24 after all examinations are over, and before the members gather for the convocation on April 26. An energetic committee has the affair in hand, and as no one can do better justice to a good square

OUR NEW 1903 FLOWER SEED OFFER.

A Magnificent Collection of FLOWER SEEDS

200 Varieties, FREE!

An Unparalleled Offer by an Old-Established and Reliable Seed Publishing House. The Ladies' World is a large 20 page, 40-column illustrated magazine for ladies and the family circle. It contains the latest in fashion, home decoration, housekeeping, fashion, hygiene, juvenile reading, etiquette, etc. To introduce this charming ladies' paper into 100,000 homes where it is not already taken, we now make the following colossal offer: "Upon receipt of only 12 cents in order or stamps, we will send The Ladies' World for Three Months, and to each subscriber we will also send Free and postage, a large and magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, ten hundred varieties, including Pansies, Verbenas, Chrysanthemums, Aster, Pinks, Dandelions, Baisens, Cypripis, Violets, Daisies, Double Zinnias, Pinks, etc., etc. Remember, twelve cents pays for the magazine three months and this entire magnificent Collection of Choice Flower Seeds, put up by a first-class Seed House and warranted fresh and reliable. No lady can afford to miss this wonderful opportunity. We guarantee every subscriber many times the value of money sent, and will refund your money and make you a present of both seeds and Magazine if you are not satisfied. There is an old and reliable publishing house, endorsed by all the leading newspapers. We have received hundreds of testimonials from pleased patrons during the past five years: 'I had beautiful flowers from the seeds you sent me in your magazine, and from your flower seeds are really an advertisement.'—Mrs. K. C. Baynes, Dana, Wis. 'I myself and friends have had so much pleasure in growing the seeds you sent me in your magazine, that I am sure you will find them to be entirely satisfactory.'—M. J. Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher (a regular subscriber), and Grace Greenwood, who related our seeds last season. Do not lose this offer with the magazine, which we offer, the collection of unsurpassed prizes. Write today—We will not let you off! Our collection and our Seed Collections sent for 12 cents.

SPECIAL OFFER! To any lady who for three orders, and sending the paper in which she saw this advertisement, we will send free, in addition to all the above, one packet of the celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas, containing the newest varieties, including Revolution, Ice Apple Blossom, etc. Sweet Peas are the most popular and fashionable flower now cultivated, and the Eckford varieties which we offer, are the largest, finest and most celebrated known. They grow to a height of 4 feet, and produce for three months a continuous stream of fragrant blooms of the most brilliant coloring.

ANOTHER GREAT OFFER! Five Cents for regular subscription (also we will send The Ladies' World for five years, together with our magnificent Collection of Choice Flower seeds above described, likewise one packet of the extensively advertised and highly celebrated Eckford Sweet Peas. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 27 Park Place, New York.

meal than a hungry student, the affair should be a grand success.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting on April 1 was a very interesting one. The hour was spent in listening to short addresses by a number of those who will graduate from Divinity Hall this spring, and the words of encouragement and counsel will no doubt benefit the association. RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

At the Opera.

Riverside—That little chorus girl in blue is rather giddy.
Jack Lever—Oh, come! You shouldn't talk that way! What do you know about her?
Riverside—Why, I can remember when she used to sing in a church choir!
Jack Lever—Oh, well, of course that settles it!

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a deliciously flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."
—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.



THE FINEST IN THE LAND.

Are most delicious CHOCOLATES with soft creamy centers and an outer coating of the finest blended chocolate

THAT G. B. MARK

IS STAMPED ON EVERY ONE

Sold by all the best Confectioners from Halifax to Vancouver.

GANONG BROS., Ltd., ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



IF Old Noah had worn a Rigby Waterproof he could have made the Ararat voyage in quicker time, for he could have stayed on deck during the shower.

'RIGBY'

POROUS WATERPROOF CLOTHING AND CLOTH

RIGBY IS the only chemical compound that will water proof woolen fabrics so that they will remain waterproof for ever. It cannot be washed, boiled or scoured out of the cloth once proofed, and if no other chemical waterproof can this be truthfully said.

RIGBY IS USED for both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments, and is made into Suits, Overcoats, Cloaks, Wraps, just the same as any other woolen fabric. The Texture, Feeling or Appearance of the cloth is not in any way changed by Rigby proofing.

It keeps you warm, dry and comfortable, without confining the body or preventing the free respiration of the skin, and this is its great advantage over rubber garments. No one in this climate can afford to be without a Rigby.

Porous, Waterproof, Sanitary, Economical, Comfortable.

To be had of All Dry Goods and Furnishing Goods Houses throughout the Dominion.



FRANCIS' PATENT LOOP HOOKS AND EYES, made in all sizes, silvered and black. The loops are set in place instantly by passing the points upward through lining and the material, and then down again, leaving the loop exposed for hook. Our numerous repeat orders are evidence of the value of these goods. For sale by live dealers everywhere.

THE BOYS SAY "PARISIAN" That the finest laundry work in this city is done at the 67 to 71 Adelaide St. West. Branches—93 and 729 Yonge St. 'PHONES 1127, 1496 and 4087 And what the boys say "GOER." TRY IT AND SEE

BUY THE Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL CO. FROM THE GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street. BRANCH OFFICES: 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bahurst Street and C. P. Ry.

IT A DOSE THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ 75¢ Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Sold by Hargreaves Bros.

PRESENTATION ADDRESSES DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY A. M. HOWARD & CO. 33 KING ST. EAST TORONTO FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

J. YOUNG THE LEADING UNDERTAKER 347 Yonge Street, Toronto TELEPHONE 679

TELEPHONE 932 W. H. STONE 349 YONGE ST. OPPOSITE ELM ST. ALWAYS OPEN



CHOCOLATES G.B.

now until a sort of as we have just to by on a tack

The base for the their ants out too early men, but process more full campus again and ing the cr the dates matches a

The ten taken looked for Inter-University formed some time but certainly might easily ment at a exerts a certainly

On April Club gave ing they at The City H ence of best Toe Guelph column, fr "A large and Guitan Mockridge Hall. It v greater por ing dress. Banjo and dozin stud their orga director is a banjo solo dozen piece pleasing. effort and dard. Me a mandolin ner, and t finest num solo by Mr. tieman's of The perfor Every time called. Cer nely." The tained an "fayre maid royal name, some satisf know."

The next George's H twice on each after each n

The next April 18, Cor Hall, Yonge made in Ha to give a con son will c

Tae Mand Ezlinton on cause to be always prove gramme.

The concer promises to given in the dollin club w Dr. Crawford Mr. Giles, an speaks for its begun, and prices are seventy-five ba opened at concert will

The exami cine, Dantle results publi of Divinity at course do r

Mr. Revell a Value of Indu Acceptably; A of a Mounta Miss Wilkin reading The H pa sketches Mr. Sherwoo best parts of a large crow well pleased.

The At Hon 21 McGill str very successf talment is p J. C. Forbm Governor of missioned to for the State \$3,000 has be this end. Th State to the m

Trinity Talk.

THE Easter vacation ended on Saturday, April 8, the men returned on Monday, and on Tuesday lectures started. The university exams come on at the end of the term, and from now until June, "grind" is spelt with a capital, a sort of capital punishment as it were. But as we have said before, this is too painful a subject to be dwelt direct upon; it's like stepping on a tack.

The baseball men are at work and candidates for the first and second teams have given in their names. Captain Wadsworth has aspirants out daily for work on the diamond. It is too early to know much yet about the new men, but after a week or so the weeding out process will begin, and then one can criticize more fully the make-up of the team. The campus is gradually getting into condition again and the ground men are carefully nursing the crease. The pro is expected on May 1, the dates are about made for the season's matches and the teams will start work at once.

The tennis courts are also being carefully taken care of, and a good season is being looked forward to. It is to be hoped that an Inter-University Tennis Association will be formed some time in the future. At the present time there seems to be no prospect of it, but certainly there should be such an organization. McGill, Queen's, Toronto and Trinity might easily form one, and the annual tournament at some central point would no doubt excite a great deal of interest, and it would certainly stimulate university life.

On April 4 the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club gave a concert at Guelph—properly speaking they assisted at a concert given in Guelph. The City Hall was filled, there being an audience of between six and seven hundred people. The Guelph Herald in speaking of it gave a column, from which the following is clipped: "A large audience greeted the Trinity Banjo and Guitar Club and Miss Cushman and Mr. Mockridge on Tuesday evening in the City Hall. It was a fashionable audience, too, the greater portion of those present being in evening dress. As to the programme, The Trinity Banjo and Guitar Club consists of about a dozen students of the University, from which their organization takes their name. Their director is Mr. Richards, himself a competent banjo soloist. The club performed about a dozen pieces in a manner that was highly pleasing. The Clover March was their finest effort and was carefully and accurately rendered. Messrs. Reed, Becket and Clarke gave a mandolin trio in a thoroughly capable manner, and their encore piece was one of the finest numbers on the programme. The banjo solo by Mr. Richards demonstrated that gentleman's thorough mastery of his instrument. The performance was thoroughly artistic one. Every time the club appeared they were recalled. Certainly, for amateurs, they play very nicely." The club was more than hospitably entertained and speak in glowing terms of the "fayre maids" and jolly boys of the city of the royal name. As one fellow remarked: "There's some satisfaction in going to a town that you know."

The next dates were on April 7 and 8, in St. George's Hall. The club was on the programme twice on each evening and were loudly encored after each number.

The next dates are: April 17, Broadway Hall; April 18, Convocation Hall; May 2, Association Hall, Yonge street. A date will possibly be made in Hamilton, as the club has been asked to give a concert there, and with this the season will end.

The Mandolin Guitar Quartette played at Edlington on Tuesday last. The club have just cause to be proud of the Quartette, and they always prove a fetching number on the programme.

The concert in Convocation Hall on April 18 promises to be one of the best of the kind ever given in the city. The Banjo Guitar and Mandolin club will be assisted by Miss Gaylord, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Miss Ridley, violinist, Mr. Giles, and Mrs. Mervyn McKenzie. This speaks for itself. The sale of seats has already begun, and the seats are rapidly going. The prices are, admission fifty cents, reserved, seventy-five cents. The plan of the hall will be opened at Nordheimer's on April 14. The concert will commence at eight o'clock sharp.

The examinations in the Faculties of Medicine, Dentistry and Music are over and the results published. The exams in the Faculty of Divinity are being held now; the arts exams, of course do not come on until June 8.

RED AND BLACK.

Art and Artists.

VERY pleasant entertainment under the auspices of the O. S. A. was given in the Art Gallery on Thursday evening. The programme was varied and interesting. Mr. Hardy played a piano solo; Mr. Revell gave an interesting talk on The Value of Industrial Art; Mr. License sang very acceptably; Mr. Coleman's paper on In Search of a Mountain was very cleverly prepared; Miss Wilkinson acquitted herself creditably in reading The Painter of Seville; Mr. Radford's pen sketches were quite clever and enjoyable; Mr. Sherwood's Sketch Talk was one of the best parts of the programme. There was quite a large crowd present and everyone seemed well pleased.

The Art Home held at the Galbraith Academy, 21 McGill street, on Thursday, April 6, was very successful. As a full account of the entertainment is given in the social and personal column it need not be repeated here.

J. C. Forbes has been informed through the Governor of New York State that he is commissioned to paint a portrait of Ezra Cornell for the State library, and that the sum of \$5,000 has been appropriated by the treasury to this end. This is a graceful tribute from the State to the memory of Mr. Cornell on account



The Crinoline.

The Crinoloon.

of his great services to the cause of higher education. Mr. Forbes has already painted several portraits at Ithaca, including ex-President Adams and W. H. Miller, the architect of the University buildings. Toronto loses Mr. Forbes to Ithaca for good and all in May, and it is a distinct loss. The portrait of Mr. Cornell is expected to be finished in time for unveiling at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the inauguration of the university in October next.

Have you seen the portrait of Sir Oliver Mowat, painted by Harris of Montreal? If you have not it is worth the trouble of a visit so that you may judge for yourself and be convinced that the work is no better than can be done in Toronto. It seems strange that our friends could not patronize Ontario artists instead of going to Quebec for a portrait of the champion of provincial rights. Toronto always desires the best of everything and we are willing to have work done by Egyptians if it is better than home production, but we respectfully submit that there are at least four first-class portrait artists in Toronto who can produce a portrait equal to, if not better than, that in the new Legislative buildings. The same may be said of Mr. Mowat and the architect. There was no need to go to Buffalo for this work. Gentlemen of the committee (providing Mr. Mowat shelters himself behind the plea that he personally is not responsible), we are not proud of you and your action is not creditable. Mr. Mowat could quite easily have suggested a Toronto artist if he desired, and we know many Reformers who are disappointed at this action of the committee and do not hesitate to express themselves so.

EFFIGY.

New Books and Magazines.

In the April number of *Outing* appears the first instalment of an account of a trip from Dublin to Killarney on a bicycle by Grace E. Denison of Toronto. Through Erin Aweel is the title of the series of papers which will cover a period of six months. The first instalment, which lies before me as I write, is prettily illus-

trated and written with a charming humor and a fascinating descriptive style. Mrs. Denison made the trip last June, accompanied by an Irish cousin, also an enthusiastic cyclist. That it was a splendid trip one cannot help realizing after reading half a page of the written account, and all cyclists in America will be deeply interested in following the incidents of the tour. Another capital thing in *Outing* for April, although certainly of less consuming interest to the generality of readers, is a paper by Mr. Ed. W. Sandys on Sport with Canada Geese.

Scribner's for March contains the story of Audubon's youth as written by himself, with an introduction by Maria R. Audubon and portraits reproduced from the paintings of F. Cruickshank and J. W. Audubon, and drawings by O. H. Bacher and W. J. Baer. The early life of the great naturalist is extremely interesting, and surely no person who pretends to read anything will fail to take an interest in this great and lovable man whose life was consecrated to the study of bird, beast and insect. *Scribner's* is second to no magazine published anywhere, and is, in fact, by long odds my favorite.

James A. Tucker of Owen Sound, whose verses have frequently appeared in this paper, had a very fine poem in the *New England* for January, entitled *Lost at Sea*.

The *Canadian Magazine* for April has appeared and proves to be a very good number. Frank Yeigh contributes a nicely illustrated paper on Ontario's New Parliament Buildings, and Attorney-General Langley writes about the Nova Scotia Coal Mines. The other contributors are: Charles A. Stuart, Alex. McNeill, M.P., Stuart Livingstone, LL.B., Professor Chapman, Henry Lye, J. J. Bell, J. Castell Hopkins, Cecil Logsdail, Gertrude Bartlett, Henry Marmaduke Russell, William T. James, James A. Tucker and Rev. Chancellor Rand.

The J. B. McLean Publishing Company has just issued a fine spring trade number of *The Canadian Hardware Merchant*. It has a handsome colored cover and the contents are admirable. Altogether it is a credit to the company and to the editor of *Hardware*, Mr. W. L. Edmunds.

REVIEWER.

DEATHLY FEELINGS!

Debility and Weakness After an Attack of La Grippe!

"Under a Kind Providence I Am Indebted to Paine's Celery Compound for My Life."



MRS. C. M. HERSEY.

Mrs. C. M. Hersey, a most estimable lady, living in Hawkesbury, Ont., owes her life to the healing and fortifying powers of Paine's Celery Compound. Mrs. Hersey's condition for a time was alarming, and called for very careful and sure treatment. The use of the compound saved a valuable life. Read the following letter:

"Early in January last I had a severe attack of la grippe, which, however, soon yielded to prompt treatment. I was only confined to my bed for three or four days, and congratulated myself on having recovered in so brief a time. As the days rolled on, however, I found I was, day by day, growing weaker and weaker, till by the last of the month I was unable to walk across the room without availing myself of the help of every chair, table and door, to keep from falling. About the last week in January I commenced taking your Paine's Celery Compound according to directions, and by the time the bottle was finished I was feeling as well as usual, but in a few days I found myself running down again with such deadly feelings coming over me at times, as no words can describe. I then procured a second and third bottle, with results as before. The last bottle, however, I took in smaller doses, and less frequent, so that when spring came on I discontinued it entirely. Having part of a bottle left, I am now taking it occasionally as a sedative, to procure quiet sleep, which I find very effective. I have no hesitation in saying that under a kind Providence I am indebted to your Paine's Celery Compound for my life, and the comparatively good health I now enjoy."

Respectfully, "Mrs. C. M. Hersey."

Calling "Melud" Down.

At a dinner given by an American banker a few years ago in London, somebody asked Lord Houghton if he would take his duck rare.

"Rare! rare!" said the lord; "now there is another of your Americanisms which make it so difficult to understand you. And pray what do you mean by 'rare'?"

An American present piped out from the other end of the table: "We mean by 'rare,' my lord, what Dryden meant when he wrote, 'Roast me quickly an egg, and see that it be 'rare.'"

Everyone flatters himself that he understands the English language if only he can express his thoughts with tolerable clearness. But this is a popular error. Lord Houghton should have known that the word "rare" in the sense of underdone, was frequently used in Elizabethan literature, and to this day it is to be heard in many parts of England, from Yorkshire to Devonshire. Credit is due to the American who so quickly and effectually responded to his lordship, and at the same time taught him a good English word.

Her Armory Added To.

Mr. Chickpeck—It's a Samoan war-club, Myrtle. My friend Weeder of the navy sent it to me for a present.

Mrs. Chickpeck—It was very kind of him, Wallace. Stand it right over there by the broom and rolling-pin.

A Betrothal

is generally followed or rather sealed by the gift of a ring. Probably you've either had or expect to have personal experience along that line.

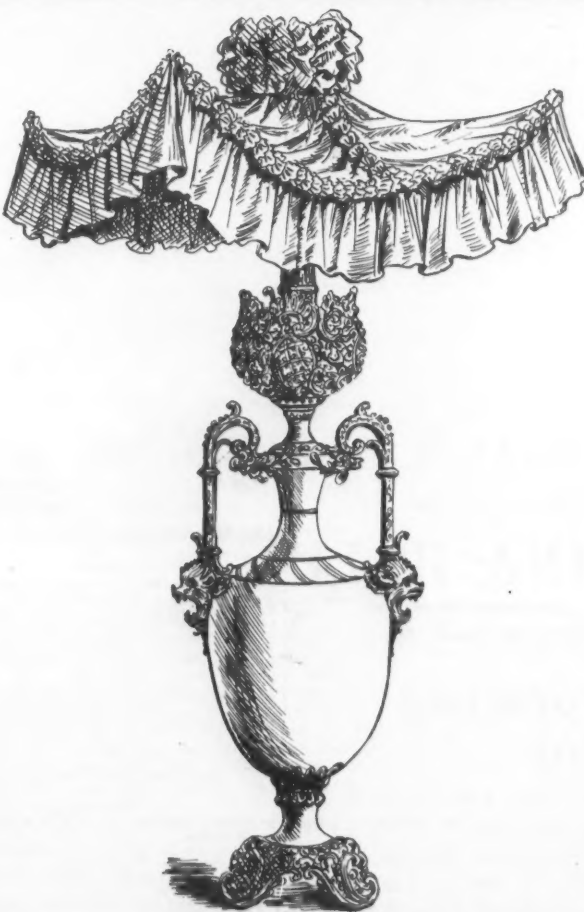
Different persons have different ideas as to the most appropriate stones for the purpose. Some prefer the diamond either as a Solitaire—Half-Hoop or Marquis. Others, the PEARL, TURQUOISE, OPAL, EMERALD, SAPPHIRE or RUBY, set either alone or in combination with the DIAMOND.

How does your taste run? Which ever it is we show the most complete line of such goods in Canada to-day, selected personally in Europe.

Ryrie Bros.

JEWELERS
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Goods sent on approval to responsible parties living at a distance.



The Art Room which we have added to our Sales Rooms, 570 King Street West, is now completed. For the present we are devoting it to Banquet Lamps and kindred goods, of which we have a very large selection of new designs. These goods we are offering to the retail trade at wholesale price.

THE TORONTO SILVER PLATE CO.

Manufacturers of Sterling Silver and Electro Silver-Plate
E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager. JNO. C. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

DENTISTRY.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, Dentist

Cor. College and Yonge Streets. Tel. 4908

Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

N. PEARSON DR. C. H. BOSANKO

Dentists

Rooms No. 45 King Street West

OVER HOOPER'S DRUG STORE

DR. ALFRED F. WEBSTER,

DENTIST

Has removed to 33 Bloor Street West. Tel. 3866.

DR. FRANK J. STOWE, Dentist

Student of Dr. Farley Brown, New York. O.M.S., 463

Spadina Ave., close to College St. Teeth filled evenings by use of Electric Mouth Illuminator.

M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon

Central Dental Parlors

N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.

Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to

Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 32, Arcade, cor. Yonge

and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with

his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 6. Tel. 2232.

MEDICAL.

MASSAGE

THOMAS COOK, 204 King Street West

TELEPHONE 1286.

DR. BERTHA DYMOND

Diseases of Women and Children

196 COLLEGE ST. TELEPHONE NO. 2688

Dr. Oronhyatekha

Special attention given to diseases of Throat, Lungs and

Nervous System, Electricity and Inhalations.

Consultation rooms, 29 and 30 Canada Life Building.

Hours—10 a.m. till 4 p.m., and 7 to 9 p.m.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D.,

EYE AND EAR SURGEON

137 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

ANDERSON & BATES

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist

Telephone 3922. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis

Street. HOMEOPATHIST

Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases

of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

DR. PALMER

40 College Street

Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

GALBRAITH ACADEMY

In affiliation with Academie Julian, Paris, France.

School of Painting, Modeling and Drawing

Young Women's Christian Guild Building

19 and 21 McGill Street, Toronto

The pupil advances from the study of the finest antiques

to the living model.

FACULTY—G. A. REID, R.C.A., J. W. L. FORSTER,

R.C.A., HAMILTON MCCARTHY, R.C.A., L. R.

O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

Circulars and terms on application at the studios, or by

mail on addressing the Secretary.

ATTEND THE BEST—IT PAYS.

CENTRAL

Business College.

TORONTO AND STRATFORD.

The Largest

The Best Equipped

The Most Practical

Commercial Schools

In Canada.

Toronto local corner Yonge

and Gerrard Streets.

SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

FOR A

BUSINESS

EDUCATION

ATTEND

THE

British American

Business College

404-406 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

SEND

FOR

CIRCULAR.

C. O'DEA,

Secy.

MEISTERSCHAFT SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES

30 Queen Street West

Conversational lessons in French, German, Italian, etc.

Preparations for University examinations. JAMES CUSIN,

Principal, of Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

FITS

There are a great many kinds of fits,

but the worst is a pair of boots that

don't fit. We have overcome that diffi-

culty. From our long experience in

business we can tell whether or not a

boot will fit. That is the kind we buy.

Then we order them in sizes and

different widths, which makes the

certainty of a fit doubly certain.

We have some of the daintiest

shoes you ever saw this season.

H. & C.

BLACHFORD

83 to 85

King Street East

WHO'S YOUR

HATTER

WHO'S YOUR

HATTER

ESTABLISHED 1907

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 9275

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00.

A crate holds as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1670 or send Post Card.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street

This well-known restaurant, having been recently

enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public.

The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare

carefully arranged and choice, while the WINE and LIQUORS

are of the best quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed.

Telephone 1080. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

"PLACE AUX DAMES"



The Latest Styles
The Newest Cuts
The Nobbiest Cloths
IN CLOAKS
CAPES
COATS
JACKETS
AND MANTLES

A further shipment just opened 5,000 garments and a stock valued at \$85,000 to select from.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35, 37, 39, 41 and 43 KING STREET EAST

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE

COMMENCING
THURSDAY MATINEE, APRIL 20
THREE NIGHTS AND THURSDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES

SUPERB SPECTACULAR OPERATIO EXTRAVAGANZA

M.B. LEAVITT'S NEW SPIDER & FLY



ENTIRELY NEW PRODUCTION ORGANIZED IN EUROPE.

60 PEOPLE IN THE PRODUCTION 60

30 EUROPEAN CELEBRITIES 30

2 MAMMOTH CARS LOADED WITH GORGEOUS PARAPANELIA 2

OPENING PERFORMANCE THURSDAY MATINEE

SECURE SEATS EARLY AND AVOID THE CRUSH THAT IS BOUND TO OCCUR.

The Native African Choir.

A troupe of performers, coming, not from Germany, Italy, France, or England, but from the "Dark Continent," will make their appearance in Toronto, May 4, 5, 6, at Association Hall. The members of the choir, who dress in accordance with their peculiar notion of comfort and attractiveness, will offer an unusual spectacle. They represent seven distinct tribes, Amazo, Fingo, Tembu, Bapedi, Basuto, Zulu and Cope. They have had the distinguished honor of appearing before Her Majesty the Queen at Osborne, also the nobility and Church of England. Messrs. Harris and Vert, the managers, purpose giving a big matinee for the schools only on Saturday, May 6.

Monsieur Cusin, of the Meisterschaft School of Languages, 20 Queen street west, is now receiving applications for new classes now being formed in French and German.

USE

Royal Irish Linen

For polite correspondence. In boxes. Paper and envelopes to match, at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Pure Flax Linen

For ordinary writing. In boxes at 60 cents.

Royal Academy Note

For every day use. In boxes at 30 cents.

JAS. BAIN & SON'S

FINE STATIONERS.

53 King Street East

DICKSON &

TELEPHONE 2973 TOWNSEND

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

Household Furniture

We have received instructions from

MR. MERVYN MACKENZIE

to sell his household furniture at the residence,

NO. 15 DUNBAR ROAD, ROSDALE, ON WEDNESDAY, 19th APRIL.

Consisting of handsome drawing-room furniture, dining-room and bedroom furniture in oak, Brussels carpets, Turkish rugs, Doullon ornaments, easy chairs, gentleman's bureau, curtains and portiere, kitchen range and furniture, pictures, chinaware, etc., etc.

TERMS CASH. Sale at 11 a.m.

DICKSON & TOWNSEND,

Auctioneers.

A Crowning Triumph

in the Wallpaper World is the Crown for the Sidewall. The Frieze is printed on the end of each 12-ft. length of Wallpaper, and when on the wall presents the appearance of Fine Hand Decoration. Some beautiful examples in our present stock.

Elliott & Son

92 to 96 Bay St.

CHINA HALL

(ESTABLISHED 1864)

49 King St. East, Toronto

Decorating China

We have now in stock the finest collection of White China at prices that cannot fail to please. Examine our goods. New shapes all through.

SPECIAL TERMS TO TEACHERS.

Write for prices.

GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE

IMPORTERS

Telephone 466

UNEQUALLED for hand use,
unexcelled for the machine

Corticelli

Silk and Twist has an established reputation of over half a century, its superiority being acknowledged by the award of thirteen gold medals during the last five years in competing exhibits with the world's manufacturers.



Ladies -
DO YOU KNOW
R. WOLFE

The German
Mantle
Manufacturer?

If you want the latest styles in Spring Wraps of any description or any elegant costumes at moderate prices—call and see the favorite ladies' tailor at 117 Yonge St., east side, between Adelaide and the Arcade. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Extra sizes a specialty; no extra charge. A large stock of the latest novelties in Wraps, Capes or Jackets constantly on hand.

For the Ball Room...

For this and all other state occasions occurring in the evening a full dress suit is indispensable. To the casual observer there are few perceptible variations in the conventional evening dress of the period, but to the man of taste and style the gradations of change from year to year are plainly discernible. For the past two or three seasons, it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in the making up of dress suits.

Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal rage in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chine, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

Such are the styles as furnished by
Henry A. Taylor
No. 1 Rossin House Block

CHAS. E. BURNS

STEAMSHIP AND TOURIST AGENCY

FOR

England, Ireland, Scotland, the Continent and all parts of the World.

LOWEST RATES to West Indies, Florida, Georgia and all Southern States.

April, May, June and July Tours in Europe.

Best hotel accommodation World's Fair, and all places in U. S. and Canada.

For all information, call or address

CHAS. E. BURNS, 77 Yonge St., TORONTO

Phone 2490 (2nd door above King)

EASTER

NOVELTIES

Some very pretty Bohemian

Flower Tubes, Lemonade Sets,

etc., etc., in the new colors.

New Shapes in WHITE

CHINA for decorating.

WEDDING GIFTS

WILLIAM JUNOR

Tel. 2177 109 King St. West

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MULHOLLAND—At 6 Howard street, on Sunday, April 9, the wife of F. A. Mulholland, of a son.

MACDONALD—April 9, Mrs. C. Macdonald—a daughter.

KILVERT—April 10, Mrs. F. E. Kilvert, Jr.—a son.

WEEK—April 9, Mrs. C. Edgar Week—a son.

WALLACE—April 8, Mrs. W. Wallace—a son.

MANNING—March 30, Mrs. C. E. Manning—a daughter.

LEAKE—April 8, Mrs. B. J. Leake—a son.

McFARLANE—April 7, Mrs. McFarlane—a son.

McGACHEN—March 30, Mrs. D. McGachen—a daughter.

IRVING—April 4, Mrs. W. O. Irving—a son.

ARMSTRONG—March 31, Mrs. B. J. Armstrong—a daughter.

FAIRCLOUGH—April 5, Mrs. W. E. Fairclough—a son.

HEMMING—April 5, Mrs. H. K. T. Hemming—a son.

HALL—April 6, Mrs. A. Hall—a son.

Marriages.

FLETCHER—WADDS—April 5, W. T. M. Fletcher to Annie M. Wadds.

SAVAGE—GALT—April 6, John G. Savage to Helen Leane Galt.

MAYNE—MOORE—April 6, Major C. B. Mayne, R.E. to Victoria Moore.

MONTGOMERY—ELLIOTT—April 5, Wm. Montgomery to Jessie Elliott.

ROBERTS—GROVES—April 6, Vaughan M. Roberts to Minnie Somerville.

TURNER—BOMERVILLE—March 29, Thomas Turner to Minnie Bomerville.

INGLIS—BALL—April 4, William Inglis to Olive Ball.

SIMPSON—LEVES—April 10, Charles Simpson to Adelaide Leves.

Deaths.

MITCHELL—At his residence 269 Palmerston avenue, John Mitchell, aged 29 years 9 months. Sor-in-law of J. Lowther, H.M. Customs.



The Fashionable Bag for 1893

ABOVE illustration represents the most stylish Bag that will be used during the present year, when so many of our citizens will visit THE WORLD'S FAIR at Chicago. They are made either with the American rivetted frame or with the English sewn in frame, and are in three colors, Black, Brown and Tan; all are leather lined and well finished. Sizes—16, 18 and 20 inches. Can be seen in great variety at H. E. CLARKE & Co's, 105 King St. West.

GRIFFITH—April 9, Robert E. Griffith, aged 81.
RODGER—March 31, James Rodger, aged 38.
SMITH—April—Dr. Wm. Smith, aged 92.
HAYTON—April 11, John Brooks Hayton, aged 70.
MCALLUM—April 10, John McCallum, aged 94.
GILLIES—April 9, Jane Gillies, aged 62.
HARRIS—April 11, A. R. Harris.
SILVESTER—April 10, Rev. Charles Silvester, aged 80.
NICHOLLS—April 8, Phillips M. Nicholls, aged 60.
BURGER—April 9, Dr. J. A. Burger.
WOODRUFF—April 8, Margaret Woodruff, aged 60.
BAIRD—April 8, George Baird, aged 6.
HINES—April 8, Wm. Hines, aged 18.
HOLNESS—April 7, Gervase Holness, aged 67.
CARRIQUE—April 6, Eva Carrique.
CHAMPNEY—April 4, George Champney, aged 72.
SCOTT—April 6, James A. Scott, aged 38.

INSIST UPON A HEINTZMAN CO. PIANO

When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dulness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what is is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION

HEINTZMAN & CO.

117 King Street West

MICROBE KILLER

The great truth established by modern

microscopic investigation is that a living poison, a live animal germ, is the seed principle of all disease, and that Microbe Killer, being an antidote to this seed poison, is the natural remedy for sickness. The curative chemicals and medicines heretofore relied upon to counteract microbe poisons are under a kind of ban with the medical profession itself. They are administered under a tacit protest as a necessary evil—as vile and vicious germ-poisons. Quinine, bromine, chloral, calomel, opium, can deaden the animal germs of fever, of rheumatism, of malaria, of la grippe only by injuring and befouling the inviolate human system, by their violence on the one hand or their filth on the other. They are poisons, strict and straight, and are remedial only through their poisonous activity and power. Thus strychnine, the base of so many tonics, is the same terrible chemical we use to exterminate rats. How different the function of Microbe Killer, which is at once a nutritive and a curative, a drink that feeds and nurses and rebuilds the poisoned and wasted body at the same time that it delivers it from the swarming microbes of disease and decay.

For sale at all druggists, or at Head Office,

120 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Wm. Radam Microbe Killer Co. Ltd.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

PEOPLE'S
POPULAR
ONE WAY
PARTIES

Will leave Toronto at 11.30 p.m.

EVERY FRIDAY

For British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, California in Tourist Sleeping Cars, Toronto to Seattle without change.

EVERY FRIDAY

A through Tourist Sleeping Car will leave Toronto at 8.45 a.m. for Boston, Mass., and

EVERY WEDNESDAY

A through Tourist Sleeping Car will leave Toronto at 3 p.m. for Chicago until further notice.

Apply to any C. P. R. Ticket Agent for full particulars.

FINE FURNITURE

FOR

Drawing-Room

Bedroom

Dining-Room

IN THE LATEST DESIGNS

And at Reasonable Prices.

The CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO., Ltd.

97 Yonge Street

CARPET CLEANING

Done by the HYGIENIC Carpet-Cleaning Machine.

We also clean Carpets Without REMOVING from the floor if necessary.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY

FURNITURE WAREHOUSES

Telephone 1057 180 Queen St. West

In Court

"Rastus, your wife charges you with pulling her bang in a brutal manner. What have you to say for yourself?" said the judge.

"She da'd me to do it, yo' honor," said "Rastus."

"She done told me I couldn't pull de wool ober her eyes, an' I done it fo' t' prove I could, sub."